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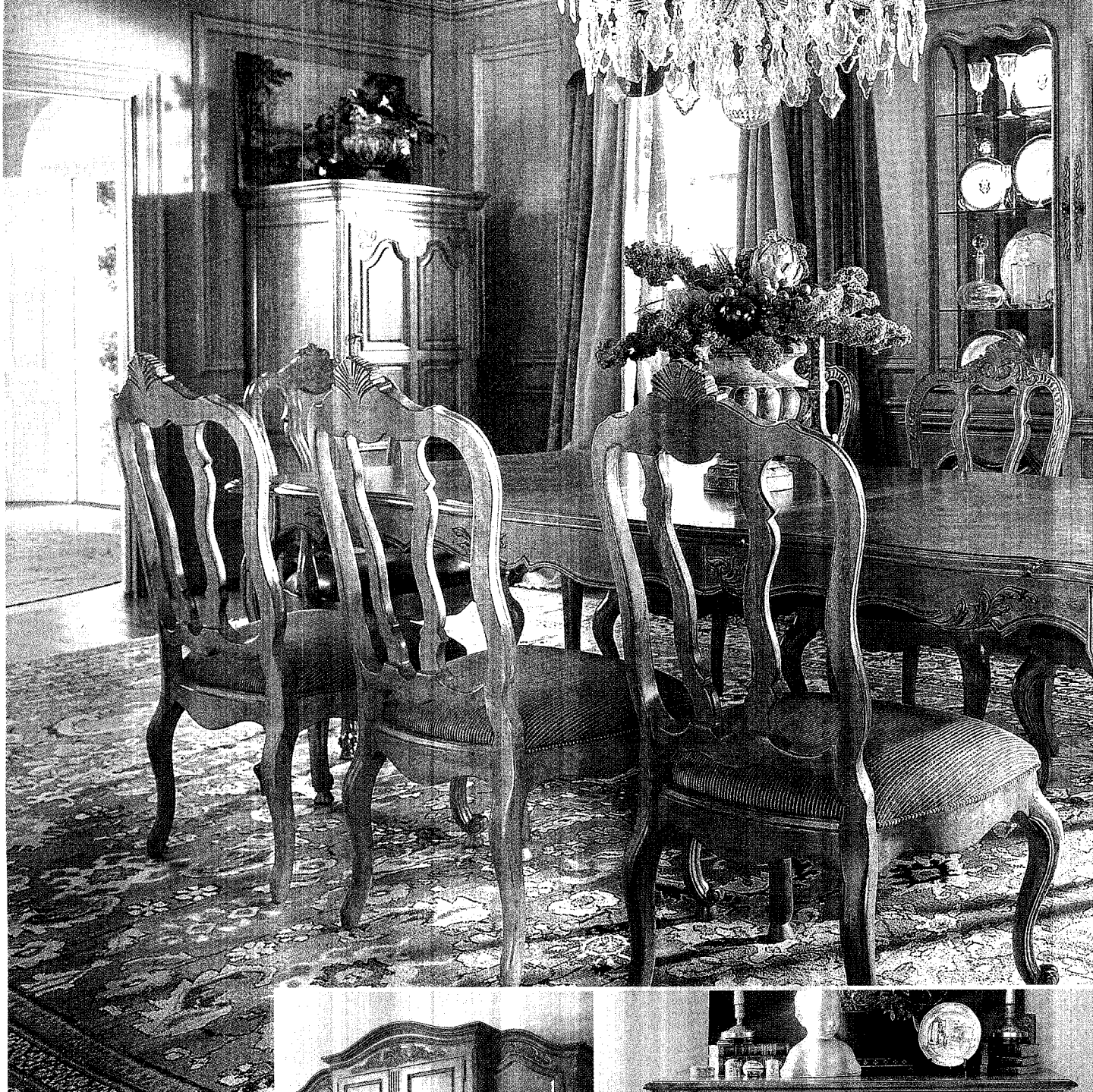
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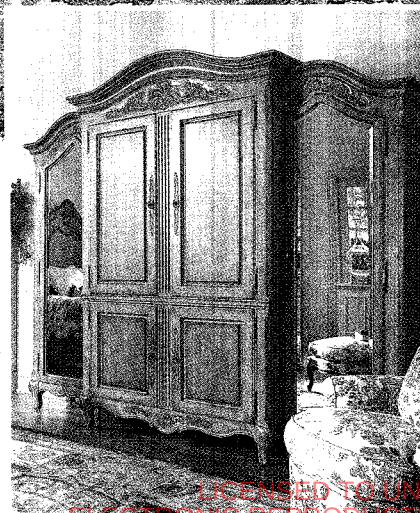
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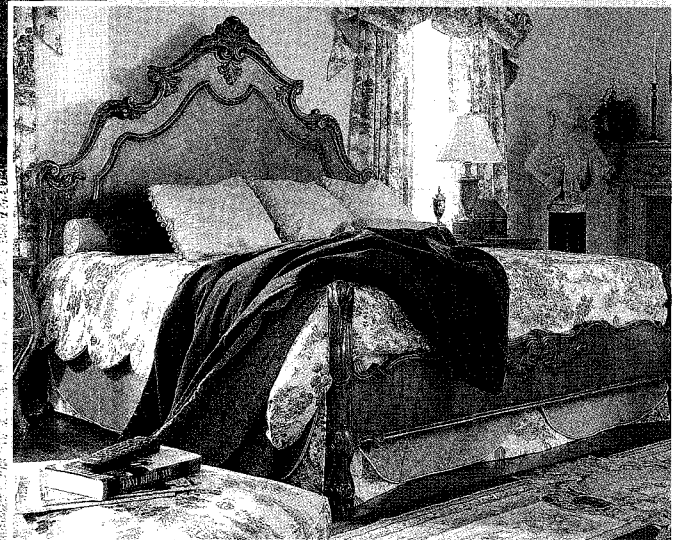
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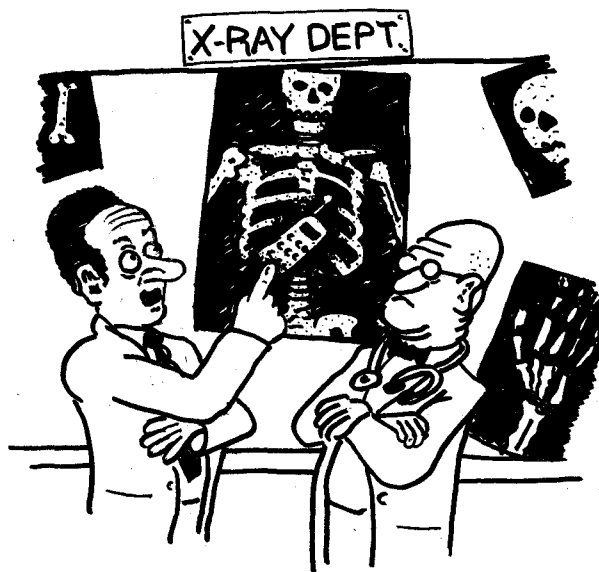


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This is where the next information revolution will be."*

DR. LANCE LIOTTA, OF THE NATIONAL CANCER INSTITUTE, PAGE 26

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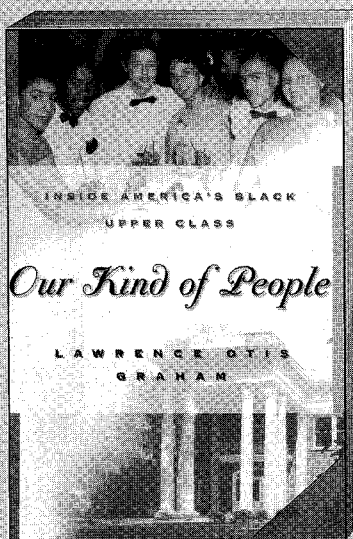
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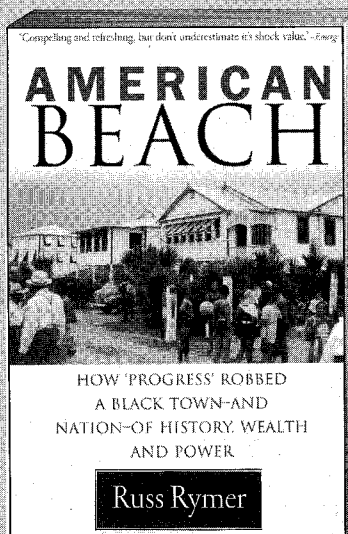
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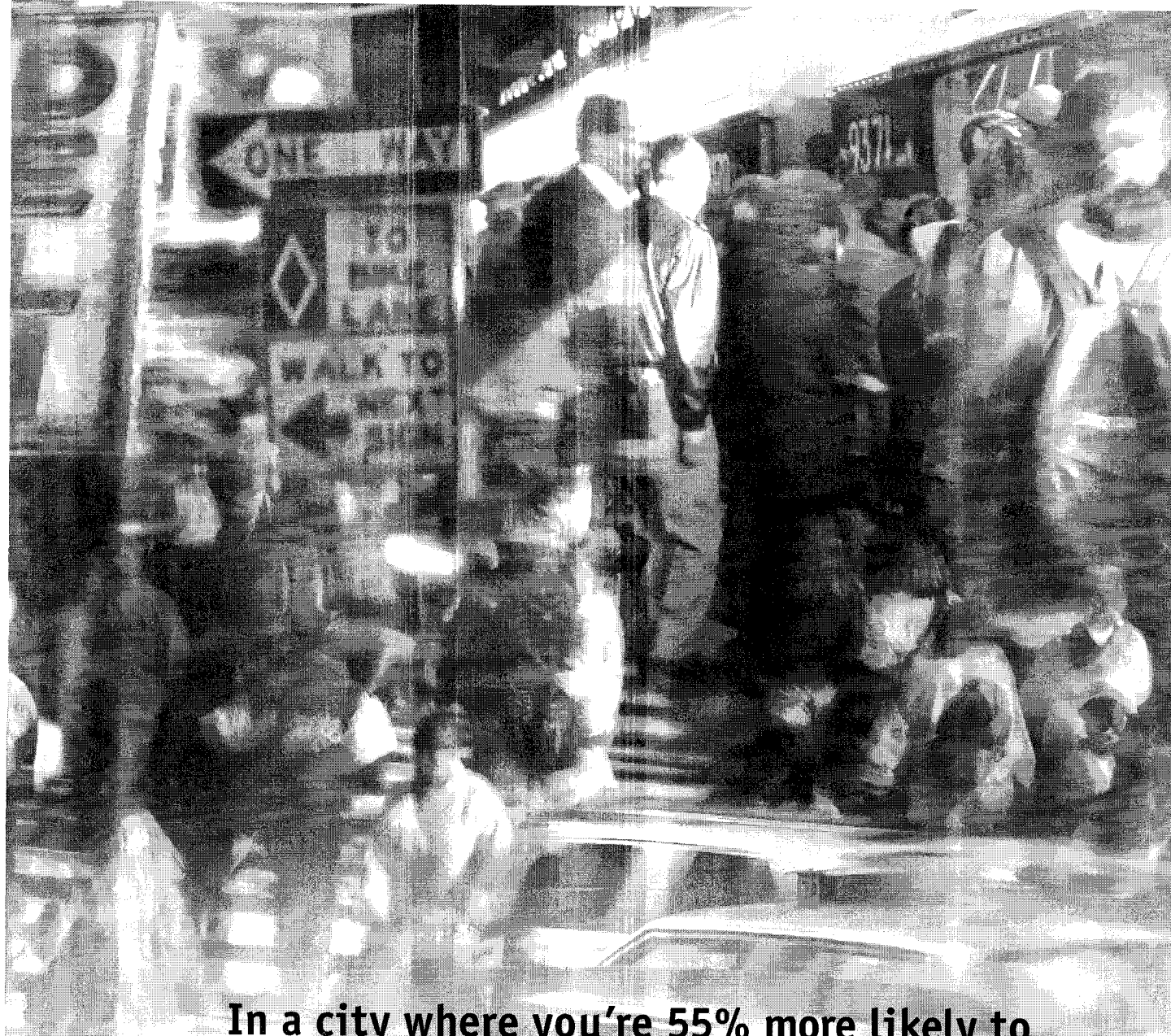
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LETTERS FEBRUARY 7, 2000

Talking the Walk

If Hillary had to drive in Manhattan, she'd declare war on jaywalkers too; a Brasserie romance.

I'VE LIVED IN MANHATTAN FOR FIFTEEN years, which makes me an experienced urban biped. However, New York pedestrians are the worst! Michael Tomasky's "last helicopter out of Saigon" reference certainly applies ["The City Politic: Caution, Wind, Etc.," January 31]. For some reason, the majority of pedestrians prefer to stand in the street as opposed to on the curb, and then there are the intelligent individuals who walk down the middle of the street at night, wearing black. You toot your horn and they give you the finger. Hillary should drive herself around Manhattan one day. Chances are, jaywalking would become her No. 1 campaign issue, giving her the so-called spunkiness she needs.

Alan Roberts
MANHATTAN

Truffle Trifle

IN "THE BIG DIPPER" [JANUARY 31], Gillian Duffy reacts with surprise at chef Terrance Brennan's dish of fondue with white truffles, but the combination—called fonduta—is a venerable specialty of Italy's Piedmont region. Diners are served a creamy mixture of Fontina cheese, milk, and eggs, served over toast or polenta and topped with as much shaved white truffle as the restaurant—or one's budget—permits. (With luck, that's a lot.)

Arthur Boehm
MANHATTAN

Money Matters

IN MERYL GORDON'S ARTICLE ON THE RE-opening of the Brasserie ["Table Stakes," January 10], she quotes Gael Greene's description of Restaurant Associates' fall from grace: "Money men, not food men, were making the decisions." How reminiscent of David Halberstam's commentary on the U.S. automobile industry in his classic book

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The Reckoning: "Numbers people were making the decisions at Ford; car people were doing so at Nissan." The same held true for Xerox in the eighties when M.B.A.'s and CPAs, not techies, made the decisions that caused the company to forfeit the technological advantages in the new digital technologies that its PARC laboratory had wrought. That's also behind the story of why the great industries of yesteryear missed the information and Internet revolution. Of the dozen or so companies in the computer business prior to 1970, only one, IBM, is a major player in the industry today in the PC and server arena.

It's too bad the Brasserie has ended its 24-hour policy. How well I remember the early days of my romance, which led to a most successful, 25-year marriage. I was out of town and could only come to the city late in the evening to court the woman who would become my wife. And only at the Brasserie could we anticipate a respectable culinary offering at those hours. We always considered the Brasserie a catalyst to a wonderful romance.

Jack Goldman
Former senior vice-president of Xerox
STAMFORD, CONN.

Wicked Words

FOR YEARS, WHILE LIVING HERE IN THE hinterlands, I have read John Simon's reviews—sometimes with dictionary in hand—amazed that so few theater folk in New York seem to be able to "get it right." But I do believe Mr. Simon has outdone himself in his recent review of *Wrong Mountain* ["Theater: Twin Piques," January 24]. How can anyone say that a playwright "wallows in his own erudition" and is "pretentious in prose" and in the same review use the words "chrestomathy," "Gongoristic," and "recondite," and the phrase "sucking on his polysyllables as if they were jujubes"? Methinks Mr. Simon is the pot who has called the kettle ebon.

John Marshall
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Correction: The January 3 issue was numbered Vol. 32, No. 50, when it should have read Vol. 33, No. 1.



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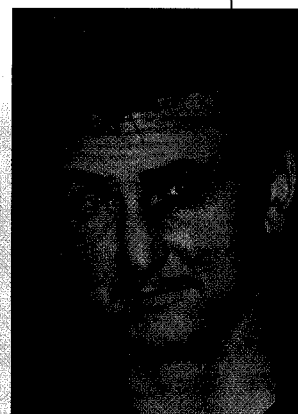
Don't filmmakers read the *Wall Street Journal*? The troubled screen adaptation of **Bret Easton Ellis's** *American Psycho*—recently slapped with an NC-17 rating—has hit a new obstacle. Months ago, director **Mary Harron** was advised by lawyers to change the name of the character played by **Jared Leto**—originally called Paul Owen—when they couldn't get a release from a New Yorker with the same name.

Movie sources say the absent-minded lawyers came up with a new choice: Paul Allen. Unaware of the significance of that name, Harron breathed a sigh of relief—but not for long. The Sundance festival screening created confusion among audience members, who thought that

PENN A STONE'S THROW FROM FIGHT

Oliver Stone's hackles are up—again! When the director crossed paths with surly thespian **Sean Penn** at L.A.'s trendy Sunset Room recently, the two came so close to blows that Penn's wife, **Robin Wright Penn**, had to play referee. It started when Stone spotted a producer friend lounging nearby and got up to say hello. The scene quickly turned tense when Stone noticed Penn, who has repeatedly called Stone a "pig" since the two filmed *U-Turn* together, seated next to the producer. According to an eavesdropper, the *Sweet and Lowdown* star turned sour, firing off a snide remark about the director. Stone snapped back, saying that

he had no desire to be in the same restaurant with Penn, let alone at the same table. The onlooker reports that the fracas then almost turned physical, and that the two were *this* close to fisticuffs when Wright jumped up and separated them. Stone was uncharacteristically tight-lipped about the quarrel, refusing to comment, while Penn, on location in Canada, couldn't be reached. Guess this means there won't be a *U-Turn 2*.



THE GEORGE HAS MANY FACES

Can ex-*Money* man **Frank Lalli** do for *George* magazine what **Tina Brown** couldn't pull off at *Talk*? Lalli's reworking of John F. Kennedy Jr.'s glossy debuts with the March issue and will feature a multiple-picture cover. Accord-

ing to publishing sources, when it was pointed out to Lalli that even Brown couldn't make the many-faceted cover work, he boldly replied that she just hadn't executed it correctly. In the meantime, editors at the mag were left scrambling when Lalli pulled musician Bono from the main photo on the cover for March—which is slated to be a music-themed issue—in favor of a sexy portrait of potential presidential candidate **Donald Trump** and his then-girlfriend **Melania Knauss**. "You know, because of Donald's close ties with the music world," cracks one source. When Trump and Knauss broke up, the magazine had to scramble to do a pricey reshoot of Donald solo, a decidedly less alluring option. Of course, Trump is now back with his Slovenian mannequin. But will the mag bank on the relationship enough to restore the original shoot? When called, Lalli declined to comment.

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Sehgal.

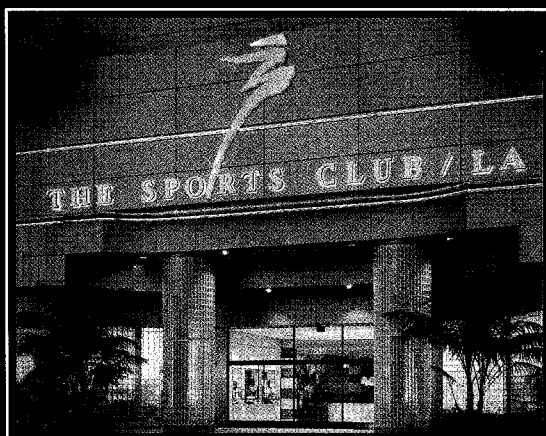
CELEBS DUKE IT OUT OVER SWANK DRESS

Golden Globe winner **Hilary Swank** (pictured) aced almost as much competition for her dress as for her Best Actress award. Fashion insiders say the *Boys Don't Cry* star's stylist spotted a sheer, sequined **Randolph Duke** gown at the designer's showroom months ago, and a delighted Swank announced her intention to wear the frock at the L.A. event. Then **Charlize Theron's** stylist visited the popular showroom, looking for something the actress could wear to dazzle the same red-carpet crowd, and snatched up a similar sequined see-through number. A Randolph Duke employee pointed out that Theron's choice had already been worn at a high-profile awards show—*Frasier* star **Jane Leeves** was seen in it at the Em-

mys—but Theron was undeterred. Swank cried foul, insiders say, when she found out that Theron's Duke duds would resemble hers. "I hope you've taken care of the Charlize problem," a somber Swank told Duke at a fitting. A showroom staff member sheepishly called Theron's camp and asked if the starlet would change her choice, reminding her that Leeves had worn the gown and suggesting a darker color. No way, said Theron, who called Duke on his cell phone and personally told him that she wasn't giving up the sexy threads. "I don't care who wore it before. There's no way they're going to look as good as me," she snapped. Thankfully, the crisis was averted when Swank's crew, noticing the sheer gown was showing a bit *too* much of the actress, ditched it for a Versace. Fortunately for Swank, the Versace gowns worn by **Winona Ryder** and **Elizabeth Hurley** looked a bit different. Whew.



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GOTHAM



All the Trimmings

The wolves of Wall Street get hands-on attention at the private club John Allan's.

POOL TABLE, BEER, nice-looking girls," says Jimmy Sano, a 33-year-old Manhattan money broker. A mounted lion's head stares glassily over a gold felt billiard table as Jimmy lines up a shot. "And they even make a bald guy look good." Though Sano's head is not quite cue-ball material, it's clear that the haircuts are not the main reason he keeps his John Allan's membership up-to-date. "The girls really go out of their way to take personal care of you," he says. "It's just relaxing after a long day."

Stop thinking what you're thinking. No hush-hush Wall Street bordello, John Allan's, across from the American Stock Exchange, is merely "a

glorified barber shop," insists manager Michael Giordano—with a staff of fifteen alluring, black-clad young women. Since 1988, only about 900 Wall Streeters at a time have held annual memberships at the private men's club, their \$490 in yearly dues entitling them to as many haircuts, manicures, and shoe shines as they can stand—not to mention the free keg-tapped beer (cigars are extra). But with the rip-snorting bull market attracting even outer-borough *Boiler Room* operators, John Allan's is leveraging its position among Wall Street's Young Turks to expand its membership rolls. This spring should also see the opening of a midtown branch, which will save members like

investment banker Avery Byrd the inconvenience of a Town Car trip from his office at 52nd and Fifth twice a month. "I brought a managing director of my firm here and he couldn't believe it," says Byrd, 36. "He said, 'No wonder you come back to work looking so tranquil. It looks like you're getting a little more than a haircut.'"

The staff, of course, is discouraged from fraternizing with the clientele. "That's one thing about this joint; it's strictly professional," says broker Eddie Keslo, 34. "There's no fooling around." Still, it's easy

to see how unsuspecting execs could get the wrong impression. You're sitting in a green leather tuck-and-roll club chair as Marisa runs her fingers through your hair and Flavia takes your hand in both of hers. A cigar awaits you in the smoking room, and the taste of the cold beer Patricia's just brought you is fresh on your lips. There is the *snick* of Marisa's scissors, the slight pressure of Flavia's nail clippers. Okay, so it's only a beauty treatment, but you're a hungry young broker surrounded by sexy young women, and for

Campaign-Trail Traffic Report



Direct-mail appeals to far right yield mucho cabbage, but aren't these the same wackos Rudy has said he's in the GOP to counter-balance?

Papers let Rudy off easy on sharing podium with neo-Nazi Joerg Haider, but this one may come back around.



Call it a not-so-bad hair day: Hill gets mocked for saying some don't like women taking strong positions, but Ferraro, Holtzman, Bellamy, et al., just might agree.

Listening tour over, talking tour—i.e., campaigning—begun. Good. Not saying anything worth remembering. Bad.



30 minutes, all's right with the world. (Of course, there's that Qualcomm stock eating a hole in your portfolio, but...)

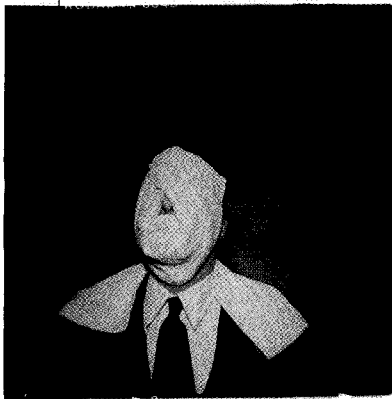
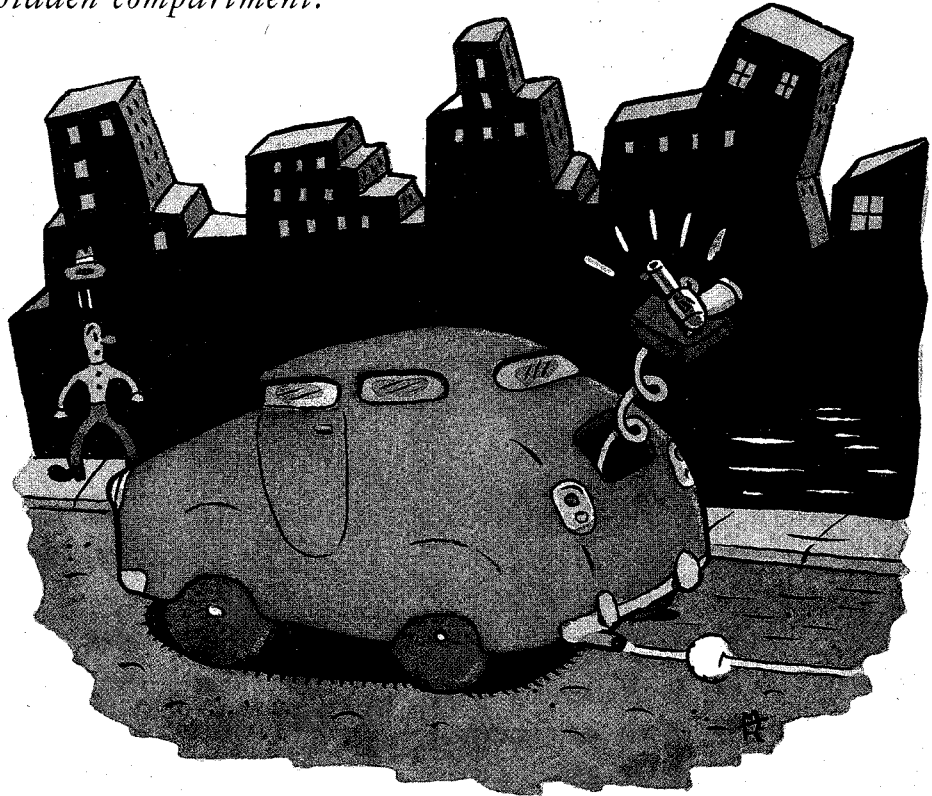
Oddly, John Allan's fairest feature is also a sticking point for many members. "I was very skeptical about having women cut my hair," says Byrd, who had only been to barbers before stepping into 95 Trinity Place. "But now the beautiful technicians doing the work is my favorite part." "It was all just a matter of education," says proprietor John Allan Meing.

Though appointments don't begin until 11 A.M., members often drop by on their way to work for a shoe shine from Francisco, the club's unofficial father figure. Evenings find tired traders stopping in for refreshment. "I like to have a drink after the day," says Shawn Smith, 26, "but sometimes beer just don't cut it." Fortunately, members can bring their own bottles of harder stuff for the club to keep on hand.

Besides Wall Streeters, club members include lower-Manhattan types like former assis-

Secret Society

The city's car customizers weigh in on Puff Daddy's hidden compartment.



tant district attorney Kevin Hynes, son of Brooklyn D.A. Charles Hynes, and Chris and Dan D'Amato, sons of senator turned lady-killer Al. Senator Joe Biden's sons drop in occasionally for a \$49 nonmember treatment. Recently, Giordano has been signing up about two new members a day, though the window will close once membership reaches about 1,000. "Any more," he says, "and we wouldn't be able to service the guys the way they need to be serviced." MARK WALLACE

WHEN SEAN "PUFFY" Combs was recently busted with a handgun found lying on the floor of his SUV, nobody was more surprised by the incident than the city's high-end auto customizers—who install everything from upgraded upholstery to bullet- and bombproof armor and hidden drop boxes. After all, the *Post* reported that the rapper had a secret electronically controlled compartment in his Lincoln Navigator for just this sort of situation—and that he and his posse simply couldn't get the hydraulic trapdoor open before the police pulled them over.

"Maybe Puffy's not the sharpest knife in the drawer," offers Marsha Tortora, co-owner of Empire Custom Coach in Brooklyn. "I guess under duress it *can* be hard to remember a combination."

"If the battery had been disconnected recently, that might have deleted the code," hypothesizes an employee at Lafayette Street's NoHo Auto who identifies himself only as David. He adds, sensibly, "If he had something that opened with a key, he wouldn't have a problem."

Puff Daddy's difficulties notwithstanding, driving around with a secret onboard safe sounds pretty nifty. So do you need a ride as big and pricey as Puffy's to qualify for one? "If somebody wants to pay for it, there's space in *any* car," says Empire's Tortora, whose company is best known for turning SUVs and Hummers into prom-ready stretch limos. "It might only be a six-by-ten-inch box in the floor of your trunk, but we'll find a spot." The cost: \$1,200 to \$3,000—though, Tortora adds, "if you're doing

a \$100,000 conversion, I might just throw the safe in."

Not everybody is happy to install stash boxes. "I avoid that kind of work," sniffs Michael Angelo, the general manager at UltraSmith, a Manhattan customizing firm. "Usually when people ask for something like a hidden safe or compartment, it's not for good reasons."

"We've done them for a diamond broker and a woman who owned a beauty parlor in Bed-Stuy," Tortora says cheerfully. "A telecommunications executive had us install two traps in his car, one for his driver and one in the back for him."

Just like Puffy, the executive needed to stow a couple of guns. But the parallels end there: "He was worried about someone kidnapping his children," Tortora recalls. "And the firearms were all licensed."

ETHAN SMITH

The First Foodie

Gael Greene remembers Craig Claiborne.

IT WAS IN TAPIOCA-PUDDING TIMES, BEFORE lemongrass and Cuisinarts, before crème brûlée and chefs as matinee idols. I followed Craig Claiborne's stars, worshiping in his wake. One day, the sour cream in my zucchini gratin curdled. I called the *Times* food department for help, and to my shock the deity himself picked up the phone, with a slightly clipped but decidedly southern accent: "Lower the temperature," he suggested.

Smitten, I persuaded *Look* magazine to let me profile him. Invited to lunch at his home in East Hampton, I watched him stand pecking away at his typewriter on the kitchen counter while Pierre Franey hacked the lobster for our soufflé Plaza Athénée. He could grab Pierre's hand to measure, translating a shower of salt or a fistful of flour into quarter-cups and teaspoons for the recipe that would appear in the *Sunday Magazine* some weeks later.

I have a photo of us dancing to *West Side Story*. He was singing along to the record with extravagant gestures. After dinner one night, over stingers, his passion, he announced: "You and I



have much in common. We both love men. But I prefer older men. And unlike you, I find love icky, disgusting. . . ." A few years later, in spite of himself, he did fall in love, dizzily, babblingly.

Craig created the commandments of serious restaurant criticism. He changed the way we cook and the way we eat: the twenty cookbooks, the chefs he crowned, the tastes he unleashed—for Sichuan pepper and jalapeños, tangy citrus sorbets, pilgrimages in Parisian truffle fields.

Ailing after heart surgery, he grew increasingly frail in recent years and spent days in his bed at the Osborne on 57th Street, though he was able to get to Zarela for dinner and his day nurse often wheeled him down the block for lunch at Trattoria del'Arte. Few friends called. Articles documenting America's love affair with food did not mention him. Two years ago, *The New Yorker* referred to him as "the late."

He could be cranky, but he was always happy to see people. Ten longtime pals gathered at Shun Lee two Chinese New Years ago in his honor. He nodded and smiled, ate and didn't say much, but his passion for propriety sparked him suddenly to chide the waiter: "It's not proper etiquette to clear plates when people are eating." After the fifth course, he announced he was ready to go home. G.G.

Dogg Days

In the music business, it seems, the times are *always* a-changin'. Only yesterday—well, 1995—flannel was flyin', online music was what you heard while you waited to buy records, and political activist C. DeLores Tucker was pressuring Time Warner to sell its interest in Interscope Records because the company distributed gangsta rap by the likes of Snoop Doggy Dogg. These days, grunge is what gets caught in a D.J.'s turntables, and even the most avant A&R executives are more interested in buying Cisco than signing Sisqo. But once Time Warner announced it was merging the Warner Music Group (Warner Bros., Elektra, Atlantic) with EMI (Virgin, Capitol, Priority) last week, the company was back into business with Snoop—now signed to Master P's No Limit Records, which is distributed by EMI's Priority. And Tucker, last seen reciting Lil' Kim lyrics at a 1997 Time Warner shareholder meeting, says she's ready for her comeback. "If Time Warner is going to continue to pollute the minds of children, America will know all about it," says Tucker. "I think buying into this company with Master P takes the place of [the deal with] Death Row." Time Warner could not discuss the not-yet-official merger, but Snoop Doggy Dogg, reached as he was being fitted for a special-effects body cast for his role in the forthcoming New Line horror movie *Bones*, was typically mellow—he said through a spokesman that Time Warner "does their thing, and I make music." Tucker has apparently kept the Time Warner stock that allowed her to disrupt shareholder meetings, so does that mean she was happy to see her shares rise in the wake of the Time Warner-AOL merger? "That," she says dismissively, "didn't interest me at all."

JULIA CHAPLIN AND ROBERT LEVINE

Big Bust in Boy-Mag Biz!

For gentlemen's magazines of a certain class, adding readers is as simple as subtracting clothes from the cover model. For those without money to burn, however, the going can be considerably more difficult. And when the going gets tough, some drop out while others fight on bravely, masterfully, manfully. Herewith, a toast, of sorts, to those who struggled against an uncaring newsstand.

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

MAGAZINE MAN AT HIS BEST

RANDOM NOTES

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

P.O.V.

Think *Details* for M.B.A.'s: "Internet Start-up From Hell," "Victoria's Secret Weapon Daniela Pestova."

Who needs the "Capitalist Pig" column when *The Industry Standard* runs "The Rich List"?

R.I.P. But editor Randall Lane says, "The phone's been ringing a lot." Founder Drew Massey is mulling Live-large.com Website.

BIKINI

Think *Details* for film students tending bar at Chateau Marmont: "Jenny 2000," "Hoho Hieronymus."

There comes a time in every man's life when sharing salad with models doesn't compensate for checks that never seem to be in the mail.

Folded into *Raygun*, with New York office closed since summer.

ICON

Think *Details* for cultural-studies majors: "The Year in Riots," "The Serial Killer, My Dad, and Me."

Hasn't paid writers. But in May, founder David Getson told the *Times*, "In five years . . . we'll be paying more than *Vanity Fair*."

Running on empty. "In five years, iconmag.com will be bigger than *Salon*," says Getson. "Make that Pathfinder."

NOTORIOUS

Think *Details* for people who have Puffy's second album: "Bisexual Women—Straight by Day, Gay by Night."

Publisher Puffy Combs interviews Jennifer Lopez for cover story. *Brill's Content* investigation is ongoing.

Still publishing, but advertisers are unhappy about Puffy's indictment, and editor Tiarra Mukherjee has just left. Lopez covers may be more difficult.

Scent and Sensibility

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE SNOW-COVERED SIDEWALKS OF SOHO WERE EERILY QUIET, but the Visionaire Gallery was jammed on January 25 with fragrance fans flocking to celebrate the launch of Paco Rabanne's new perfume, Ultraviolet. The doomsdayer-designer must have been slightly disappointed: Five months after he excitedly predicted the end of the world, claiming that the *Mir* space station would crash into Paris during a solar eclipse on August 11, the party was still on. "It feels very Kubrickesque in here," one guest remarked, as flat-screen televisions broadcast images of Rabanne's metal-plate tunics to a rapt audience of platinum-haired Japanese kids and dot-com beauty editors in moon boots. *Visionaire*'s Cecielia Dean and Stephen Gan patrolled the room as photographer Roxanne Lowitt and *Paper*'s Lauren Ezersky perused a display of books written by Rabanne about the end of time. According to the stylists and editors preparing for takeoff, the fate of the world rested on the evening's dinner reservations and outfit options. One underfed editor interrupted a conversation with socialite Elizabeth Lind to pluck a minuscule cell phone from her equally tiny beaded purse, barking, "I need a table for four!" A gaggle of *Glamour* girls discussing cold-weather costuming looked positively earthbound in their shearling hats, Sonia Rykiel wellies, and bare legs, compared with Rabanne's cropped hair and billowy black clothes—he looked ready to board the starship *Voyager*. MAURA EGAN



1. Simon Doonan (with his dog, Liberace), Elaina Richardson, and Mark Welsh (with his dog, Sweetie) at Le Cirque for *Elle*'s luncheon to celebrate the magazine's new "Sweetie" column. 2. Eve at *Teen People*'s "What's Next?" party at the Apollo Theater. 3. Helen Costantino Fioratti, Markham Roberts, and Katherine Bryant at the opening of the "Tempting Pandora" exhibit at L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur. 4. Amy Sacco and Holly Solomon at Sacco's birthday party at Lot 61. 5. Harry Belafonte and Colin Powell at the University of the West Indies 2000 Gala honoring Powell. 6. Roberto and Joanne de Guardiola at the Winter Antiques Show opening at the Seventh Regiment Armory. 7. Annie Leibovitz at Danziger Gallery for a benefit auction for the International Center of Photography at the Point community center. 8. Lauren Ezersky, Paco Rabanne, and Roxanne Lowitt at Visionaire Gallery. 9. Anthony Minghella, Sydney Pollack, Kevin Spacey, and Willem Dafoe at the William Morris Agency's party for the National Board of Review Awards winners at Gabriel's.



What's wrong with shoeing the homeless? -Kenneth Cole

Donate shoes in support of HELP USA*
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*HELP USA, largest provider of homes, jobs & services for the homeless.

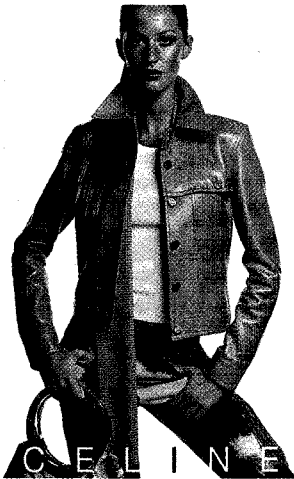
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GOTHAMSTYLE

EIGHTIES EDITION

Jeremy Scott

Chloé's gold chains



Gold-chain bracelets

Roller-skate redux

Ungaro's acid-wash and Celine's spot-bleached denim

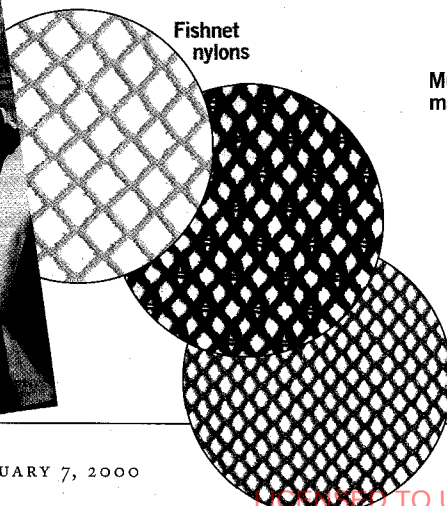
Don't Stop Believin'

Forget tech fabrics, boot-cuts, and delicate beads—we're going back to leg warmers, skinny ties, and Huey Lewis. The industry's young designers are recalling their favorite excesses from the greed decade as next season's look; Jeremy Scott, the 26-year-old designer darling of the moment, tells *Harp-er's Bazaar* that the Reagan years were "the last time fashion was truly fashion-able." Scott provoked gasps at the European spring shows with his pastel chiffons, *Flashdance*-inspired sweatshirts, and shoulder pads worthy of Krystle Carrington. Stella McCartney, another eighties adolescent turned fashion wunderkind, pays tribute to the Thatcher era by draping thick gold chains as a halter and over suede boots in her spring Chloé collection. The decade's darkest moment is revived in Emanuel Ungaro's spring collection of tight-fitting acid-wash jeans complete with ankle slits (\$890) and Michael Kors's spot-bleached jeans for Celine (\$550). Making a run on well-toned legs, fishnet stockings are becoming the status accessory of choice, with Prada going standard French-maid chic and Gucci layering them over hot-pink tights—very "Like a Virgin." Both *Grand Royal* and Gucci trumpeted the return of the mullet a few seasons back; now the publication of *The Mullet: Hairstyle of the Gods* (Bloomsbury Publishing; \$14.95) confirms that the Kajagoogoo coif is no longer just a punch line. At the East Village's Wonder Bar, the dance floor is a tangle of Patrick Swayze-style bi-level manes. And for those who *really* want to get back to their junior-high roots, the Roxy's weekly roller-rink party has become a hotbed of hipsters—even if, in one blessed bit of resistance, REO Speedwagon has been replaced with the Basement Jaxx.

MAURA EGAN AND ALEXANDRA HAMILTON

Fishnet nylons

Mullet mania



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Bradley Do-Right

Bill takes the high road as Al takes the low road—but Al may walk off with the nomination. Too bad Candidate Bradley didn't take off the gloves sooner.

BILL BRADLEY'S MOST IMPRESSIVE quality as a senator—his self-sufficiency—has done him no good as a campaigner.

In 1984, with his campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination suddenly surging, Gary Hart looked at his staff and realized they were in over their heads. This was not a strong enough team to knock off front-runner and former vice-president Walter Mondale. Hart had gained ground simply because he *wasn't* Mondale. Now he was going to have to run a real campaign with a real strategy to win the nomination and another campaign with another strategy to win the general election. He knew what he needed: a proven campaign strategist. "Get me a Russert," he said.

Hart wanted "a" Russert because *the* Russert was unavailable. Tim Russert was in Albany, advising Mario Cuomo and getting ready to make his move to NBC. As a senator contemplating a run for president, Hart had kept his eye on Senate staff who he thought could help him someday. No one impressed Hart more than Russert, who served as Daniel Patrick Moynihan's top Senate aide and campaign manager before directing Cuomo's emergence as a national political figure. Russerts are always hard to come by for a challenger like Hart, since the front-runner usually has all of them signed up already. But at least Hart knew he needed one, which is more than we can say for Bill Bradley.

Bradley did not use his time in the Senate to scout talent for his presidential campaign. He had good working relationships with the most important staff on the Hill—the majority and minority leaders' top aides and the chiefs of staff of the committees he was assigned to—but he would have had trouble coming up with the name of anyone who worked for any other senator. His attention to his own team was minimal because he was the least staff-dependent member of the Senate. He

knew tax and trade policy—the two most complex areas of government—better than his advisers. In hearings, when his turn came to question the likes of Alan Greenspan, he was not one of the many who depended on large-print questions placed in his staff-written briefing book.

At the end of last summer, when Bradley started to pick up momentum simply by not being Gore—and winning New Hampshire was no longer a pipe dream—Bradley did not ask for a Russert. By the end of October, the Bradley campaign was beginning to sink in a way that only a Russert would have been able to stop.

Al Gore's October surprise was to attack Bradley's plan to replace Medicaid (the federal government's health-care program for the poor) with a system that would subsidize the purchase of private health insurance for those who could not otherwise afford it. Gore's first line of assault was to assert that Bradley's subsidy plan would harm Medicare, the government's more lavish health-care program for senior citizens. How could a Medicaid-replacement plan that had nothing to do with Medicare harm Medicare? Because, said Gore, it was a new spending program that would reduce the amount of money available for Medicare. Since any form of government spending reduces the amount of money left for any-

thing else, you could make that same case against any new spending proposal of any size, including the Clinton laundry lists of new spending that appeared in every State of the Union address. It would not be a point worthy of much rebuttal in the Senate.

In keeping with his campaign style of trying to appear above the fray, Bradley did not immediately respond. In debates, Bradley mounted technical, jargon-filled defenses of his plan while Gore pushed much simpler points: Bradley would "eliminate Medicaid" and endanger Medicare. This turned out to be the ideal roadblock to throw up between Bradley and the most reliable Democratic constituencies: minorities and senior citizens. Bradley's clearest response came in the January 8 debate when he replied, as if little more needed to be said, "What we have here is a scare tactic."

By last week's debate in Manchester, New Hampshire, Bradley seemed in an outright panic over Gore's attack. Bradley's defense was loud but unclear—still impenetrable policy-speak, and a bit frantic. More important, it did not shift the focus to his accuser's credibility, a soft spot ever since Gore invoked the "no controlling legal authority" defense of his fund-raising techniques.

Bradley should have been very worried about what Gore was up to way back in October. In campaigning, nothing is more effective than scare tactics. And no scare tactic has ever been more effective than the Clinton-Gore Medicare scare tactic. They did it to Bob Dole in 1996 and never looked back once the message that Dole's tax cuts would eat into Medicare took hold in the summer. They'd never done it to a Democrat before, but these were desperate times for the vice-president of the United States.

In the face of the Medicare attack, Bradley should have immediately dropped the holier-than-thou campaign style that was serving him so well.



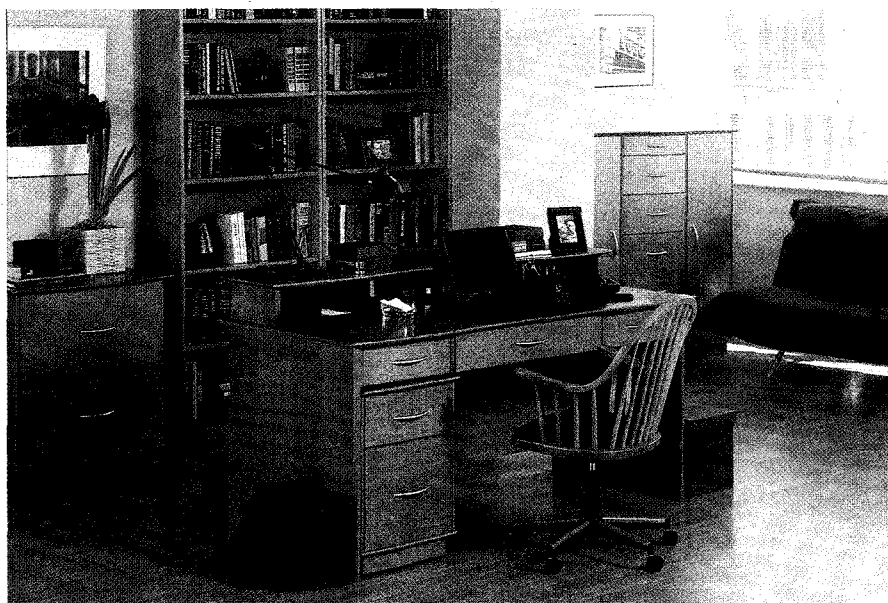
It was time to cash in the goodwill earned with the press and the public and return Gore's fire with an explosion of articulate outrage. A special event with a senior-citizen audience should have been arranged within 24 hours, preferably in Florida, where Bradley happened to be when Gore lobbed his first grenade. Bradley should have stepped out of character and found his loudest volume to defend himself on Medicare and turn the story into a low blow by Gore.

A Russert would have grabbed the candidate by the lapels, figuratively, of course, and forced him to do what had to be done. Bradley's Russert would need to have a command of policy and politics and the personal authority to lead a headstrong man where he did not want to go. No one in the Bradley campaign has that kind of sway with the candidate.

Last week, a CBS poll showed that the No. 1 policy reason why Iowa-caucus vot-

"In the face of the Medicare attack, Bradley should have dropped the holier-than-thou campaigning style. It was time to cash in the goodwill he'd earned and return Gore's fire with an explosion of articulate outrage."

ers chose Gore was his strong support for Medicare. Surely few of those voters knew that everything Gore criticized in the Bradley health plan was also part of the Bill and Hillary Clinton health-care plan that Al Gore pushed so hard in 1994. Like the Bradley plan, the Clinton-Gore plan would have eliminated Medicaid and replaced it with a subsidy for poor people to buy health insurance; it would have done nothing to help finance Medicare. But the Clinton-Gore plan would have cost almost ten times what the Bradley plan would cost. The plan Al Gore backed would not only have kept the federal budget in deficit, according to the independent Congressional Budget Office, it would have added \$74 billion to the deficit by now. A Russert would have made sure that Iowa voters knew that. And the flurry of Bradley press releases papering New Hampshire this week is probably too little, too late. ■



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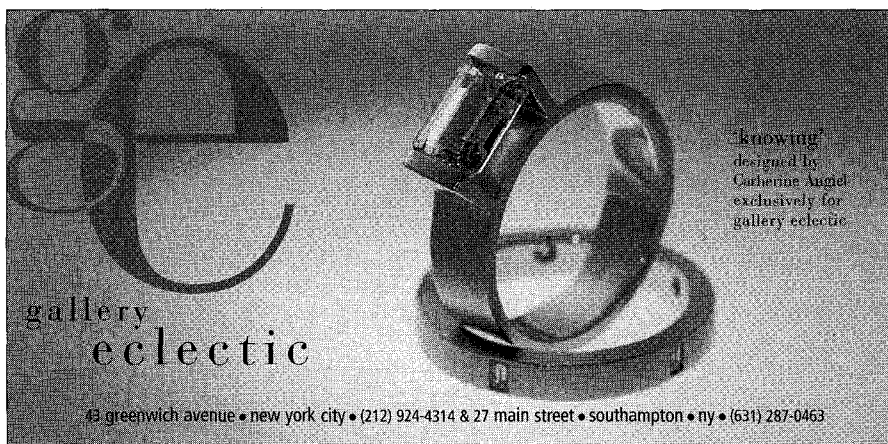
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IT'S NOT A TV COMMERCIAL. IT'S NOT an advertisement. It's not a spot. It's a "short movie." Or at least, that's what one very annoyed executive at Goodby Silverstein & Partners—Budweiser's lead agency—persists in calling "Wazzzup," the awfully amusing 60-second Budweiser *thing* that ran on prime-time network television in the weeks leading up to Super Bowl Sunday.

Goodby, it turns out, had nothing to do with "Wazzzup." Bud's latest campaign—including a 30-second variation on "Wazzzup" shown during the Super Bowl—is the work of a complete outsider: Brooklyn director Charles Stone III, until now best known for his music videos for the Roots and A Tribe Called Quest. Though one of Bud's other agencies, DDB Needham, helped broker the deal with Stone, he basically got to produce the commercial the way he wanted—even hiring his own cast and a hand-picked New York crew to film it. "I didn't know it was running," says my unhappy Deep Throat at Goodby, "until I started getting calls asking about it."

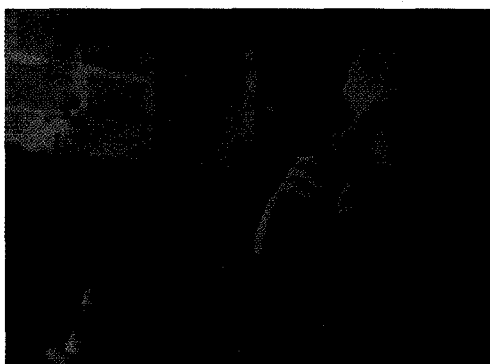
Unfortunately for Goodby, "Wazzup" happens to be one very popular ad. It's begun to enter the vernacular—I've already heard young suits in a midtown bar quoting lines from it—and at press time, "Wazzup" held the No. 1 spot on AdCrit.com, a sort of indie fan site for TV ads.

"Wazzup" starts with a shot of a bored-looking black guy (Stone himself) lounging on a couch, watching a football game, holding a bottle of Budweiser. The phone rings. Quick cut to the guy who's calling—also lounging on a couch—saying, "Hey, wazzup?"

"Nothing, B," says Stone. "Just watching the game, having a Bud. Wazzzup witchu?"

His buddy answers, "Nothing. Watching the game, having a Bud."

Quick wide establishing shot of his loft apartment. A roommate entering the kitchen area in the



Stone yells back, "Wazzup?" and adds, "Yo, pick up the phone!" And so it goes, on and on, until the spot peaks in a chorus of almost hysterical, screeching, gleeful cries of "Wazzz-uuuuuppp?!" and fades out to a still frame of the Budweiser logo and the tag line TRUE.

It's an absolutely moronic and completely winning spot. Never mind the subtext that this spot celebrates brotherhood and appropriates a hip-hop term of approval ("true") for a mainstream prime-time audience. What makes the spot universally appealing is the way it captures, with its pitch-perfect dialogue, the way an idiotic catch phrase, repeated one (or ten) too many times, can take on inexplicably high-comic meaning among a group of friends. And it positions Bud as a brand that's enduringly unpretentious, that fits right into the daily rhythms of guydom. These guys don't need Corona. They don't even need Rolling Rock. All they want is a Bud.

"Short movie"? Well, yeah, you can call it that if you're an ad executive rankled by an indie maverick's creeping onto your turf. And in fact this 60-second spot had a previous life as Stone's two-year-old two-minute short film "True," which was duped from VCR to VCR and passed all around Hollywood. It uses almost exactly the same cast of real-life buddies, the same script, and the same quick-cut rhythm as the Bud spot. "I shot 'True' on Hi-8 video at a friend's house in Harlem," says Stone. "I must have spent under \$2,000."

While “Wazzup” looks artful, it also happens to walk and talk like an ad. By invoking the classic beer-drinking moment—you’re in the company of good friends, the game’s on TV—it makes you crave a Bud way more than Goodby’s Budweiser frog and lizard spots (which, by the way, are still running).

Which is, of course, a problem for Goodby.

Best buds: Charles Stone III, top, and pals in "Wazzzup."

ADD ADCRITIC.COM TO THE LIST OF PROBLEMS for Goodby—and for every major agency, come to think of it. On the surface, of course, what could be better for agencies than a site that celebrates advertising? AdCritic.com is, in its own very modest way, something like the Super Bowl—a forum for intense public focus on the commercial as pop-cultural art form. But consider, for a moment, the power AdCritic.com gives to consumers to demonstrate their receptivity—or lack thereof—to advertising, and it's not too hard to imagine how something like AdCritic writ large could really muck things up for the traditional brand-agency relationship.

Peter Beckman, a computer programmer in Virginia, founded AdCritic.com out of his home right after the last Super Bowl because of his peculiar layperson's passion for really good advertising. He still runs the site as an after-

“Like Hollywood studios, big agencies are hobbled by infrastructure—in-house art directors and copywriters and creative teams and millions of dollars invested in long-running campaigns.”

work hobby and with “practically no budget,” but already he draws an audience of roughly 5,000 unique visitors a day (watching nothing but commercials!). Beckman mostly records spots right off his TV and digitizes them himself (he planned to stay up late Super Bowl Sunday doing just that), but if you need any indication that agencies are more anxious than ever about how their work will be received, look no further than Portland-based Wieden & Kennedy, which just worked with Beckman on advance testing of a new Nike spot. A few weeks ago, AdCritic.com hosted the commercial's world premiere: A group of 800 people who registered to be in an AdCritic.com focus group were able to view the Nike spot at a secret online address three days before the ad made its debut on national TV. “They were looking for what people are saying about the spot,” says Beckman, “and what demographic they're in.”

Agencies test ads all the time, of course, but instantaneous Net-based feedback has the potential to screw up an agency's best-laid creative plans—instantly. This already happens with online advertising: Banner ads are gauged in real time with “click-through” rates; they don't work, they're gone. In the converged broadband near-future, the entire Net-TV viewing audience (think WebTV, TiVo, ReplayTV, AOL Time Warner) becomes one big focus group: Spots will be judged by whether or not users choose to watch or interact with them. Your agency's frog and lizard spots seem played out? They become instant road kill.

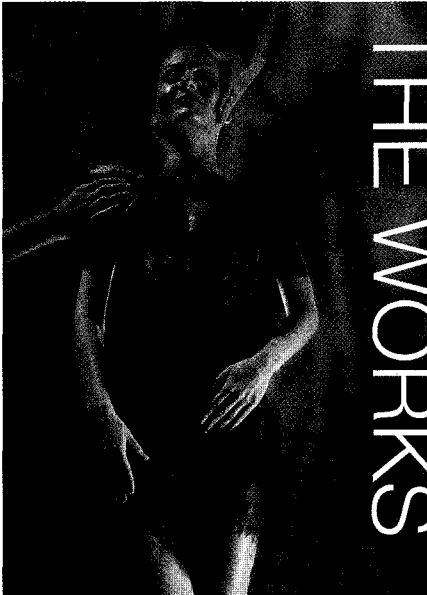
NOW ADD ONE LAST INGREDIENT TO THE combustible Net-TV advertising convergence: the rise of desktop digital video production—a revolution that Stone is at the heart of.

Last year, faced with the advent of digital video, big-budget Hollywood entered into a prolonged bout of soul-searching. It's the *Blair Witch* syndrome. The big ad agencies have no choice but to follow suit, thanks to the “Wazzup” effect (even though the Budweiser spot, unlike its precursor, “True,” was shot on film). Broadband Net will breed not only the next generation of Scorseses and Lees but the next generation of TV-commercial directors—who, like Charles Stone, have the potential to capture the popular imagination with quickly, stealthily produced advertising.

Stone's “Wazzup” is a paradigm shift: It demonstrates how major brands can develop and test entirely new approaches on the fly. Of course, just as Warner Bros. or Fox theoretically could have produced *The Blair Witch Project*, so could major agencies like Goodby have created something like “Wazzup.” But like Hollywood studios, the big agencies are hobbled by infrastructure—in-house art directors and copywriters and creative teams and millions of dollars invested in long-running campaigns. Such infrastructure is difficult to escape at a moment's notice.

Is there any hope, then, for agencies as the best, most proactive brand managers get more interested in quick-and-dirty, dynamically produced creative work? Well, sure. Consider what Miami agency Crispin Porter & Bogusky just did for its PlanetOutdoors.com account: It hired Haxan (*Blair Witch Project*) Films. There's always hope for creative types who are willing to absorb and co-opt new talent and new media. But watch for the big agencies that don't know wazzup to begin their fade to black.

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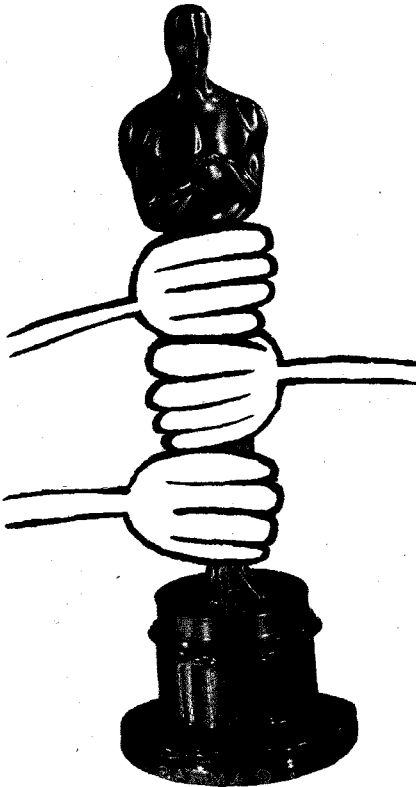
Along with watching the ball drop on New Year's Eve and overeating during the Super Bowl, we have a common need to handicap the Oscars; herewith, an insider's tip sheet.

THE OSCARS, ALWAYS XANAX time in Hollywood, are causing even bigger panic attacks this year, when no one film is thought to have a lock on an Academy Award. With such a wide-open field (a rarity in the nineties, when *The Silence of the Lambs*, *Dances With Wolves*, *Unforgiven*, *Schindler's List*, *Forrest Gump*, *Braveheart*, *The English Patient*, and *Titanic* swept the major categories), the next eight weeks get even tetchier.

In Hollywood (unlike New York, where the Academy Award ruckus takes a back seat to Puffy, Hillary, and the Donald), it's all Oscar, all the time. Radio stations broadcast back-to-back ads in an annoying effort to brainwash SUV-captive Academy members. Mail deliveries bulge with Oscar-related giveaways that instantly become trash-can throwaways. Even cable TV isn't safe: An entire channel has been taken over by "For Your Consideration" movie trailers screened what seems like 24 hours a day. And sporadically since December, a creepy infomercial starring Tom Cruise in the guise of his *Magnolia* character, Frank Mackey, has been airing in L.A.'s wee hours on VH1 and TNT. Cruise/Mackey pitches a "Seduce and Destroy" how-to video for picking up women, complete with phone number for "ordering." All that toil, just for a clip from the film; yet, weirdly, *Magnolia* is never mentioned (though the URL on the screen is a link to the *Magnolia* Website).

Irritating as all this may be, some missteps may prove even costlier to the studios, not exactly populated with geniuses in the first place. Both Universal and New Line decided to tinker with the traditional formula of sending out those all-important videocassettes of their major films to voters by mid-December. According to sources, the two studios feared their best prospects—Universal's *The Hurricane* and New Line's *Magnolia*, two of the year's longer films—would get lost in the barrage. Figuring that voters would remember best those pictures that were

fresh in their minds, the studios sent out the tapes just as the nominating forms were mailed. Many Academy members didn't get the tapes until *after* they'd received their ballots. Now, there's a real chance that they'll return their ballots without having seen either film, since it's virtually a given that few of those notoriously geriatric Academy members ever actually shuffle into a movie theater.



AS FOR THE MOVIES THEMSELVES, THE MUTTERING is that the current crop of Oscar contenders, many of them well-meaning and even well-received, are too flawed to sweep the awards. At one point or another this year, *Magnolia* (too self-indulgent), *The Hurricane* (too p.c.), *The Green Mile* (too saccharine), *The Straight Story* (too low-key), and *Being John Malkovich* (too bizarre) were each in turn touted as a sure thing to win Best Picture—shortly before they came out. But Oscar for-

tures run fickle right up until the final balloting: What looks promising in November, a sure thing by Christmas, can become a long shot by the end of January. On the other hand, a faint buzz in October can end up a lock by March. This is a faddist business, with Academy Award product no different than, say, pony-skin Prada purses.

Even the critics' favorites this year were all over the map, from *Topsy-Turvy* (no way an Oscar contender) to *Three Kings* (closer) to *All About My Mother* (though Pedro Almodóvar will surely win for Best Foreign Film) to *The Insider* (definite contender). But all four movies made bubkes at the box office, and—at least in the major categories—Academy members don't like to look out of step with public taste. As for former front-runner *The Insider*, Hollywood, ever a hotbed of antisocial behavior, is filled with smokers. Bad enough they can't puff away at their Beverly Hills bistros anymore; they're hardly going to cheer a movie that buries the tobacco companies besides.

Instead, this Joe Roth (you remember Joe Roth—used to be a Disney suit?) pet project has taken a back seat to *American Beauty* as the Best Picture front-runner right now. Yes, beating up on DreamWorks for offenses real or imagined ("Hemorrhaging money!" "The partners are fighting with one another!" "Prince of Egypt lost money!" "Where's the damn studio?") is de rigueur in these parts. But given that it makes only a handful of films each year, upstart DreamWorks should be grudgingly congratulated for having produced more Oscar-worthy movies than certainly Sony, Warners, Universal, Disney, and MGM (Paramount being the only exception) in the last few years. On the other hand, satirical movies don't go down well with Oscar voters.

Now the wild cards, starting with *The Talented Mr. Ripley*. Miramax can never be counted out, even though Harvey Weinstein spent most of this Oscar season in the hospital. (Get well soon, Harv. Life's less interesting without you.) Notwithstanding an aggressive Oscar campaign

run by Paramount, Harvey's partner on *Ripley*, this year Miramax simply doesn't have the goods. Did anyone really buy that *New York Times Magazine* effort to lay a patina of cultural significance on this flick about a psychopath? After flying high throughout December, *Ripley* is in a deep trough Oscar-wise, since the movie failed to live up to hyped expectations, either critically or at the box office. Miramax has a much better shot with **The Cider House Rules**. What's baffling is why parent company Disney didn't instead take some of that Miramax Oscar-marketing coin and put it behind **The Sixth Sense**, the Mouse House blockbuster even the worst cynic in Hollywood can't find fault with.

The colleagues nominated by the Directors Guild of America for its own best-of-show ribbon almost always go on to become the Oscar nominees. So add **Michael Mann** (*The Insider*), **Spike Jonze** (*Malkovich*), **Frank Darabont** (*The Green Mile*), and, most popular, **Sam Mendes** (*American Beauty*). (Missing was **Anthony Minghella**, yet another signal that *Ripley* is R.I.P.)

THE ACTING NOMINATIONS ALWAYS FOLLOW a few basic rules. If you're playing a member of a group shamelessly exploited by Hollywood—i.e., the handicapped, kids, ingenues, a racial or ethnic minority—that's a plus. So is being English or Irish, or being an American who talks as if you're English or Irish. More popular than ever are boys playing girls, or girls playing boys. Voters love superstars who agree to appear for no money in a small-budget picture (so long as the filmmakers tout your Oscar potential).

In the Best Actor category, forget that the NAACP is breathing down the necks of the networks and that there's always the possibility that Jesse Jackson will picket the Oscars. **Denzel Washington** would still be in front of this crowded field for a performance as chiseled as his abs in *Hurricane*. **Russell Crowe** and **Kevin Spacey** are shoo-ins. The two dark horses are **Richard Farnsworth** (for *The Straight Story*), who has that geezer thing down cold, and **Sean Penn**, whose performance in *Sweet and Lowdown* continues to generate great word of mouth, even if the theaters for this film are virtually empty. But they'd have to edge out **Tom Hanks** (*The Green Mile*), **Jim Carrey** (*Man on the Moon*), or **Matt Damon** (*Mr. Ripley*; c'mon, it's not all that brave to play near-gay).

Just as congested is Best Supporting Actor, jam-packed with living legends who can't possibly all get nods. **Kirk**

Douglas (*Diamonds*) may have the edge as a two-fer sentimental favorite (AARP and speech-impaired by a stroke), and **Michael Caine** (*Cider House Rules*) may not be quite old enough, but **Christopher Plummer** (*The Insider*) and **Max von Sydow** (*Snow Falling on Cedars*) qualify. **Philip Seymour Hoffman**'s performance as a transvestite in *Flawless* fulfills one of the crucial nomination rules, as do ankle-biter **Haley Joel Osment** (*The Sixth Sense*) and semi-teen **Tobey Maguire** (*Cider House Rules*). Don't forget HIV-positive **Michael Jeter** and African-American **Michael Clarke Duncan** (both in *The Green Mile*).

FOR BEST ACTRESS, IT'S COME DOWN TO A two-country contest: the Americans—**Hilary Swank** for *Boys Don't Cry* and **Annette Bening** for *American Beauty*—versus the Brits—**Janet McTeer** for *Tumbleweeds* and **Emily Watson** for *Angela's Ashes*. Swank currently has the edge, although Bening was the favorite until she stupidly opened her mouth about Hillary Clinton in this slavishly Democratic town. And even though Miramax promised **Meryl Streep** a nod for *Music of the Heart*, she isn't wrinkled enough for stature as a national treasure nor needy enough, with two golden boys on her mantel already. Finally, **Julianne Moore** (*Magnolia*) and **Sigourney Weaver** (*A Map of the World*) could be blanked in favor of **Reese Witherspoon** (*Election*) for no other reason than the fact that this town may venerate old age but it worships youth.

The Best Supporting Actress category should be changed to Best Daughter, with no fewer than four actresses who played one: **Thora Birch** (*American Beauty*), **Chloë Sevigny** (*Boys Don't Cry*), **Natalie Portman** (*Anywhere but Here*), and **Kimberly Brown** (*Tumbleweeds*). They're all so Savvy and Jane that **Angelina Jolie** (*Girl, Interrupted*) looks like their mother. And don't forget over-30 **Catherine Keener** (*Malkovich*), as a spoiler in this race.

Missing in action will be *The Muse*'s **Sharon Stone**, who is toast after her \$295-Coach-watch gambit to buy Golden Globes votes for her comic turn. Get real. She'd have to spend 100 times that to exchange Academy-member ballots for renovated kitchens with Sub-Zero refrigerators and Jenn-Air grills (as one movie studio purportedly does year after year). Then again, unlike making Oscar-worthy movies, spending money is about the only thing the moguls have ever done consistently well.

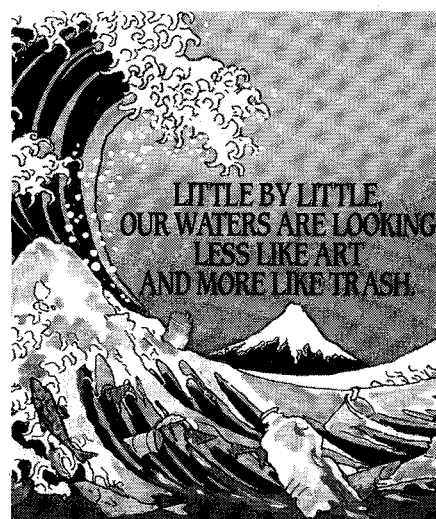
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Thanks to a revolution in the understanding of cell biology, leading doctors predict that cancer and other killer diseases will be highly treatable in as little as five years. Can you hold on that long? BY CRAIG HOROWITZ

Winning the Cancer War

UN A BEAUTIFUL WINTER AFTERNOON in Southern California, Dr. Dennis Slamon, one of the country's premier cancer researchers, is sitting at a picnic table on the

UCLA campus. The grounds are quiet, almost deserted for the New Year's break, and Slamon seems as relaxed as someone who runs a major research lab, a network of more than 50 patient centers, and two national cancer-research programs can be. Between bites of tuna salad, he is telling me, warmly and authoritatively, how life works. Life, that is, at the molecular level.

I'd come out to Los Angeles to have a conversation with Slamon that I hoped would make sense of the remarkable progress being made on some of the most intractable diseases—particularly cancer—in recent years. Even if you haven't been paying close attention, you've probably noticed that medical news now comes at a fast and furious pace. You've probably also noticed it now comes with a heightened if somewhat vague sense of optimism. Every few days bring fresh headlines about revolutionary treatments, newly discovered drugs, or miraculous cancer breakthroughs.

This, despite the fact that the major killers have barely been slowed. More than half a million Americans continue to die every year from cancer, and another million new cases are diagnosed. Clearly, there is a gap between what's happening in the lab and what's happening in

the doctor's office. So in one sense, my question for Slamon was simple: How long do I have to stay disease-free—two years, five years, ten years? more?—until whatever I get can be taken care of?

Straightforward, independent, and celebrated for his accomplishments battling breast cancer, Slamon is particularly well equipped to offer this kind of perspective. For more than a decade, he bucked a cancer establishment focused on radiation and chemotherapy to pursue the targeted, gene-based research he passionately believed in.

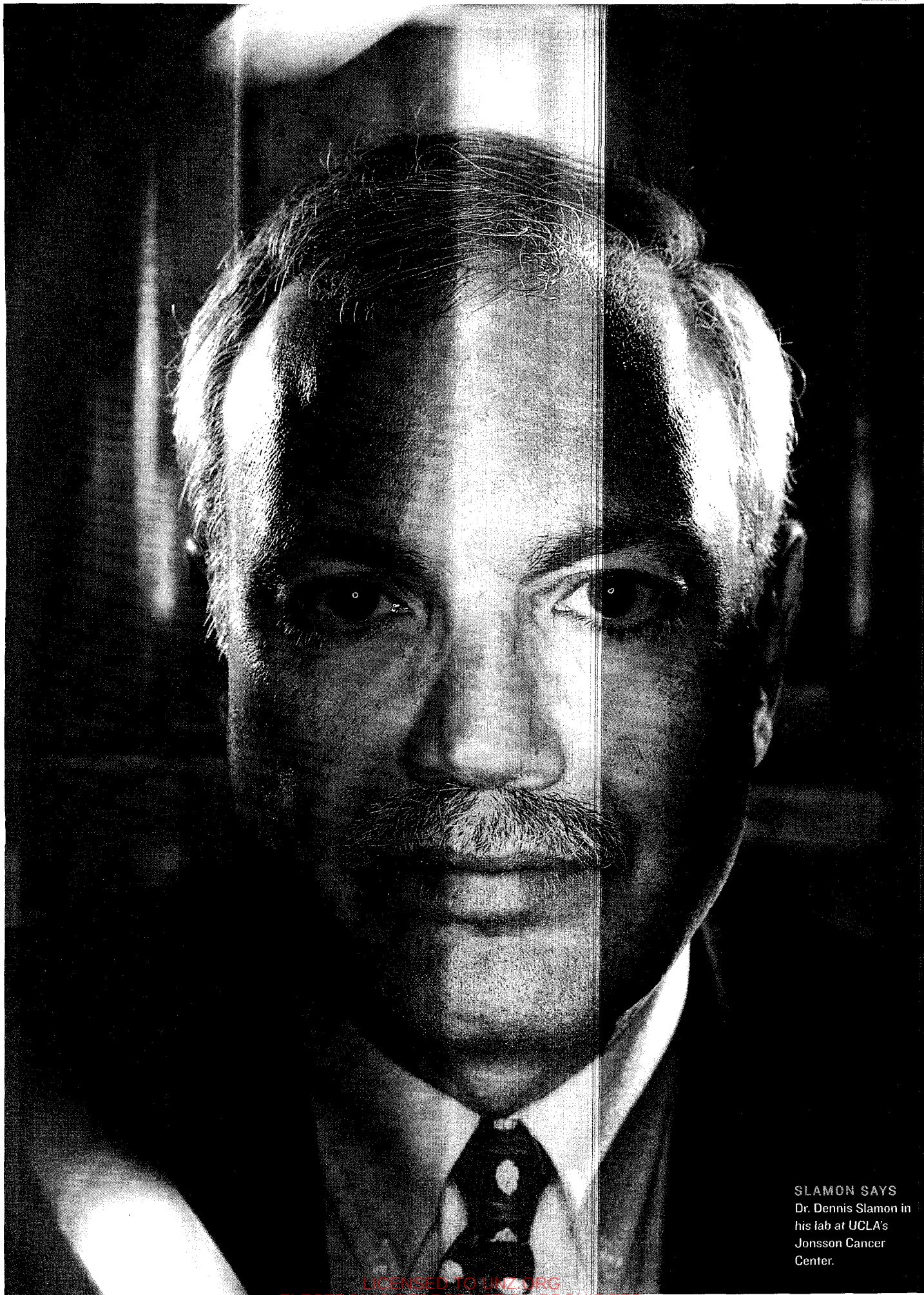
The result was Herceptin, the first drug to come to the market targeting a specific genetic alteration that plays a role in causing tumors. In addition to saving lives, Herceptin established a new research paradigm and made Slamon one of the avatars of the new age of molecular biology. And even though he's a leading member of the cancer-research establishment, he remains something of a maverick, unafraid to say what he thinks.

What I really wanted from Slamon was an expansion of an irresistible comment he made in casual conversation over veal and clams at Dominick's on Arthur Avenue in the Bronx, several weeks earlier.

"Just as Einstein completely changed the way people look at the physical world, what's happening right now is going to completely change the way people look at the biological world."

There is a palpable sense in the scientific com-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3



SLAMON SAYS
Dr. Dennis Slamon in
his lab at UCLA's
Jonsson Cancer
Center.

munity that we are in the early stages of what will be an extraordinary age of discovery. "Everyone has talked about the last hundred years, with telecommunications and computers, as having been the information age," says Dr. Lance Liotta, pathology chief at the National Cancer Institute. "But the next hundred years will be the age of biology. This is where the next information revolution will be."

At Johns Hopkins, Dr. Bert Vogelstein, perhaps the country's leading research specialist in colon cancer, is similarly buoyant. "When I was in medical school in the seventies, cancer was really a total black box, and we had no understanding of what caused it. That has completely changed. There's been a revolution in understanding cancer at a basic molecular level. And the whole history of medical research is that once a disease is understood, it's only a matter of time until that disease or its effects are ameliorated."

AND SO, WITH THE WARMTH OF THE L.A. sun on his face, Slamon is patiently laying out the newly developed battle plans in the war on cancer. The main target, he says, is the way the body's cells talk to one another, how they communicate through a critical process called signal transduction. This process

there's a foreign object in your body, and they develop an offense, attacking the invader. But it's understanding precisely how it all happens—what initiates the signal, where it comes from, what pathways are used, and which proteins and receptors are activated—that changes everything.

In the case of the flu, the body activates its defenses by producing proteins called cytokines or lymphokines. (It's these proteins, by the way, that make you feel crummy and cause your fever.) The proteins deliver a message to the bone-marrow cells to proliferate; this in turn raises your white-blood-cell count, and the white blood cells then go attack the interloper and kill it.

When the infection is taken care of, the cytokines, the bone marrow, and the white blood cells all return to their normal levels. "The system's got its own internal feedback, and it's all beautifully orchestrated while you're doing everything you normally do," Slamon says.

But what really energizes him is the extraordinary implications. "The most profound orchestration, of course, is the way the entire genetic blueprint is laid out and followed from fertilization to delivery of an infant. Understanding how that happens is, literally, having the keys to

life. And we're there now. We're breaking the entire code of the human genome so each gene will be identified and we'll know what each one looks like. To use an analogy, you can't read a book if you don't first know the alphabet. Identifying the genes gives us an alphabet."

The next challenge, in the language of Slamon's analogy, is to use the alphabet to then read and understand the story. "If we know the genes and we understand their functions, we can then actually alter what happens in the body in profound ways," Slamon says on the walk back across campus to his lab in UCLA's Jonsson Cancer Center. "That's both exciting and scary. If we put enough of this information together, it really could be the end of disease as we know it."

Like most successful scientific innovators, Slamon is a zealot. He is convinced he can see things others can't (or won't); he has complete confidence in his vision; and, most important, he is a true believer in the power of science. And at least on part of this particular prophesy, he is not alone.

"We are going to see a global conquering of cancer in the next five to ten years," says Dr. Carlos Cordon-Cardo, the director of molecular pathology at Memorial Sloan-Kettering.

"It could mean the end of disease as we know it," says Slamon

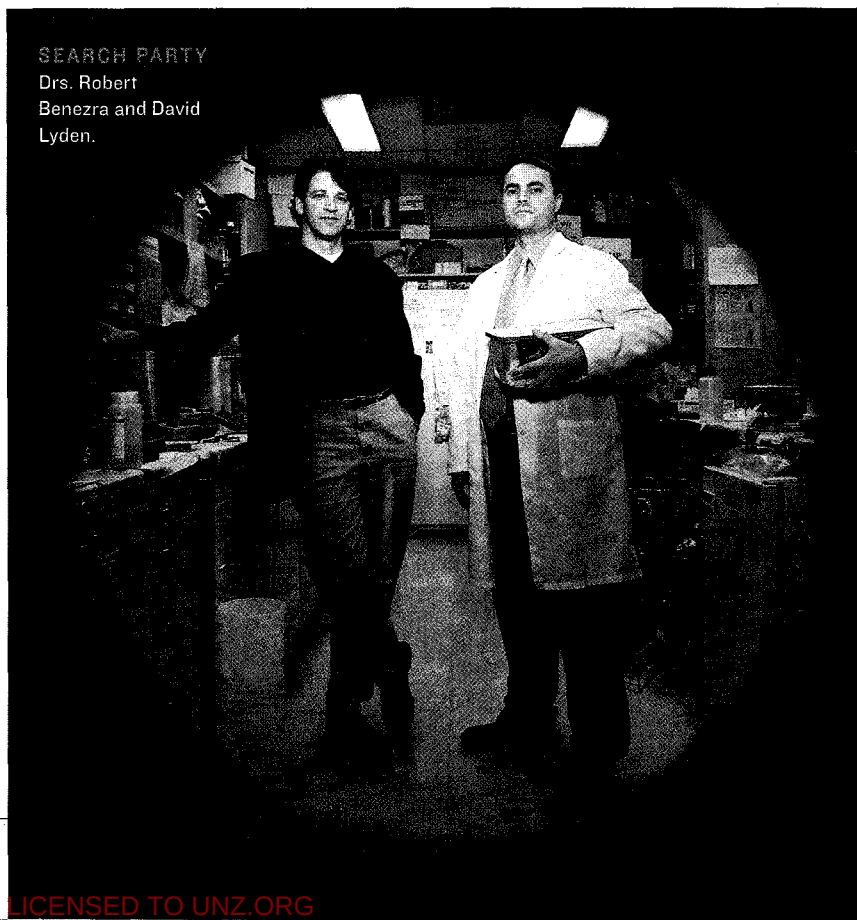
is to research scientists right now what the Internet is to investors; it's the place where almost all the energy, money, and creative attention is going. Essentially, the goal is to disrupt or somehow alter the lines of communication when they're being used by the disease.

When these lines of communication are working properly, they enable cells to perform their normal functions. When they break down, scientists now know, or when the "wrong" signals are sent, is when problems develop. Though the actual process is stunningly complex, the basic idea is relatively simple: Cells can send signals back and forth, using proteins as the messengers, based on information provided by the genes. (Manipulating this process is protein therapy; not to be confused with gene therapy, in which genes are introduced into the body. The 18-year-old who died in a clinical trial at the University of Pennsylvania was undergoing gene therapy.)

Everyone is taught in high-school biology that when you get a bug like the flu, the cells in the immune system recognize

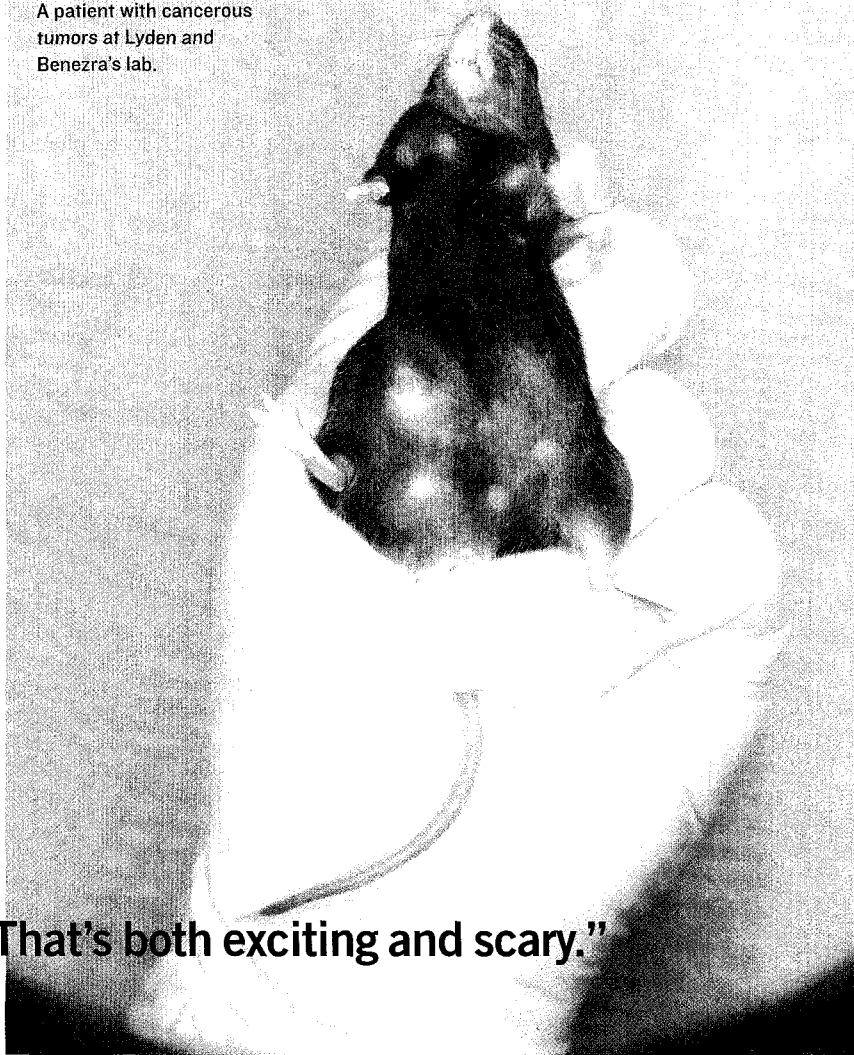
SEARCH PARTY

Drs. Robert Benezra and David Lyden.



OF MOUSE AND MAN

A patient with cancerous tumors at Lyden and Benezra's lab.



"That's both exciting and scary."

THE POTENT COMBINATION OF KNOWLEDGE (understanding which questions to ask) and technology (the means to actually get the answers) has begun to move science forward and make things happen at an unprecedented pace. When Slamon first began to look at genes involved in regulating cell growth back in the eighties, it was a cumbersome, exhausting process. He'd have to take a piece of tumor tissue that had been frozen in liquid nitrogen, grind it all up, liquefy it, extract the DNA, and examine one gene at a time for irregularities. This took days to accomplish, and in any event, there were only a handful of genes that had even been identified as being involved in growth.

Now not only are almost all of the body's 70,000 to 100,000 genes identified—with hundreds so far believed to be involved in growth regulation—but a researcher can look at thousands of genes at one time thanks to something called micro-array technology. And the

data can be analyzed relatively quickly on a desktop computer. It is only a matter of time before every doctor will have the equipment in his office to produce a genetic profile of each patient that could be used for prevention, diagnosis, and treatment.

"This really is a new era," says Sloan-Kettering's Cordon-Cardo. "This is the beginning of medicine that is much more scientific. It is going to change how we practice our specialties, how we diagnose, and how we orient our prognosis."

Both Slamon and Cordon-Cardo say doctors will move away from hit-and-miss empiricism to tools that are much more precise. "Rather than simply looking at tissue and saying, 'This is malignant, and I think it's bad because the cells are not well differentiated and I've seen this many times before,' we will have the technology to determine exactly what's wrong," says Cordon-Cardo.

"We will know why two people with what look like identical tumors under

MEDICINE: DISPATCHES FROM THE FRONT LINES

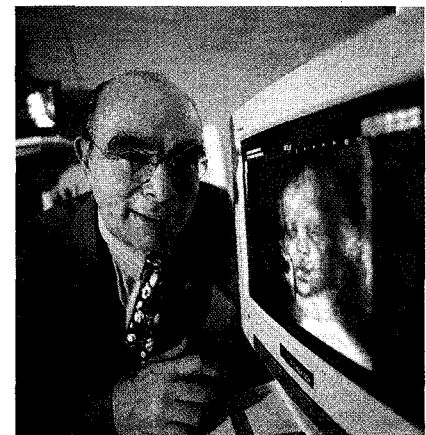
Fantastic Voyage

The images look like reptilian creatures out of a low-budget science-fiction film, but they are in fact the blood vessels that run through our bodies, amplified courtesy of the new 3D Virtuoso imaging system now in use at Beth Israel Medical Center. These vascular depictions allow physicians to accurately visualize even the smallest venous abnormality and better treat such disorders as aneurysms and strokes. "We can actually see inside the blood vessels," says Alejandro Berenstein, director of the Center for Endovascular Surgery at Beth Israel Medical Center and a scientific adviser on 3D Virtuoso. Developed by Siemens Medical Systems, the computer program weds separate X-rays to produce a three-dimensional image when viewed through special glasses. The software can also simulate endoscopy with one-millimeter accuracy, allowing doctors to virtually travel through the blood vessels *Fantastic Voyage*-style. Beth Israel is one of two sites in the United States using the system.

RACHEL ORVINO

3-D Baby Pictures

The 3-D ultrasound machine, which for close to a decade has discovered detailed anomalies, skeletal defects, and other health problems in fetuses very early in pregnancies, has improved markedly as its use around the country spreads. It now



produces X-ray renderings, surface renderings—want to see whether the baby looks like mom or dad?—and the traditional volume renderings, and it's now available at Albert Einstein, New York Presbyterian, and NYU Medical Center, where Dr. >>

the microscope are responding so differently to treatment—why one is thriving and the other is dying. And we will be able to use this information to specifically tailor treatment for individual patients. I would say it is the equivalent of society going from smoke signals and banging on drums to faxing and e-mail. This is the kind of technological leap we're looking at."

Slamon says oncology has been at the forefront of the research because it's such a profound disease process and the therapies currently used are so poor. "But this information we're learning from the cancer battles will be really broad-based and far-ranging," he says. "If we can control the genes, meaning that we can turn them on and off, think about the implications for virtually every disease, whether it's diabetes, heart disease, or even aging."

In the case of heart disease, people have heart attacks when blood flow to the heart is impeded and, as a result of this, part or all of the heart muscle dies. But, Slamon says, if scientists know which genes control tissue growth, they

could theoretically engineer regeneration to replace the dead heart tissue. Similarly with diabetes, it would be possible to intercede to repair whatever's wrong with the insulin receptors or in the signal-transduction pathways.

"The heart is an extremely complex organism that involves millions of cells connected in an intricate pattern that all have to contract together at the same time to push blood in the right direction," says Dr. Andrew Marks, director of molecular cardiology at Columbia University. "So heart-tissue regeneration is, at best, a long way off."

However, Marks points out that scientists do already understand some of the

course of a patient's treatment. Studies have been published, for example, showing that people with an alteration of a receptor in the heart called beta-2 adrenergic suffer the most aggressive heart disease; so their treatment can be planned accordingly.

And then, there's the aging process itself. "There's an old saying in biology, which is *ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny*, which means the development of the individual recapitulates the development of the species. So at some point during your early gestation, you had a tail and webbed hands and webbed feet, because biology is built on itself. Through evolution, however, you don't need the web-

The developments are "the equivalent of going from

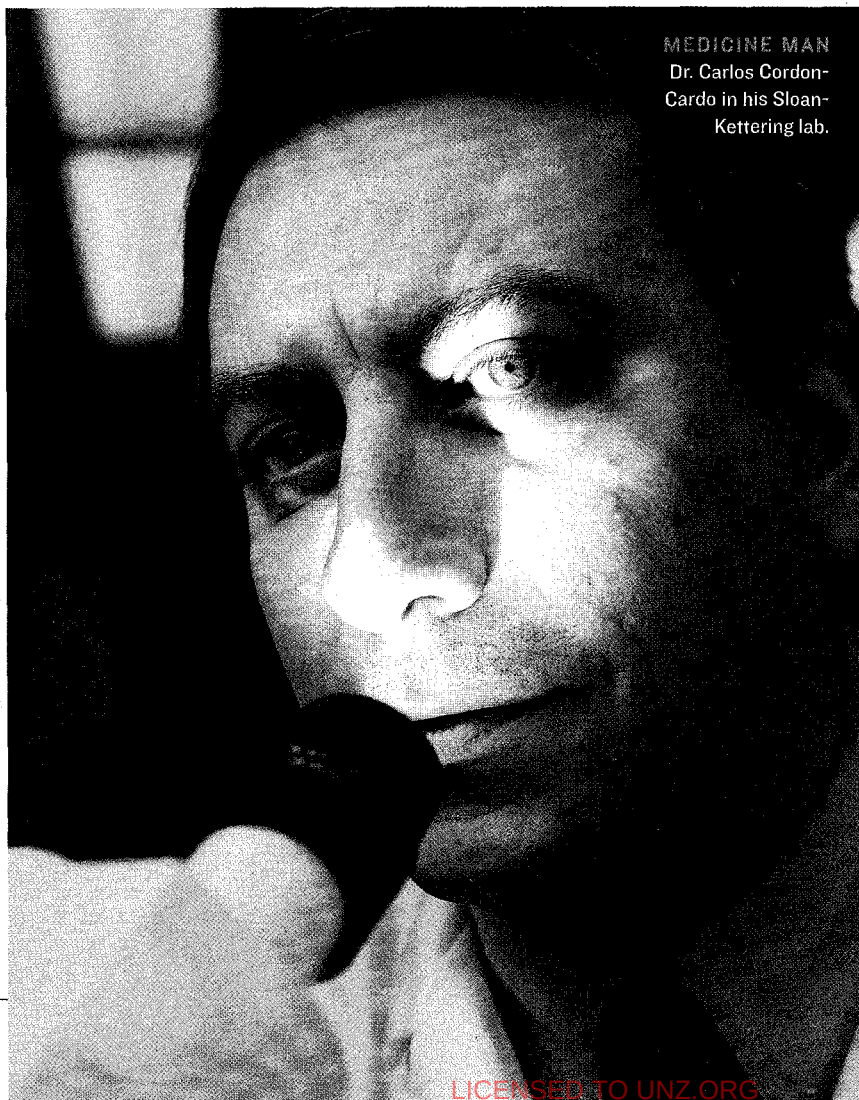
molecular mechanisms that control cell growth that results in blocked arteries. As a result, drugs to block these pathways have been developed and are already in clinical trials. In addition, markers are also being identified to help in both diagnosis and determining the

bing anymore, so your genes take care of killing that growth. It's called *apoptosis*, programmed cell death," Slamon says while taking a tissue sample out of a large freezer, where it's stored at 70 degrees below zero.

"Well, the same thing happens during aging. There's programmed cell death. Cells are eventually lost, and when they aren't replenished it results in organ failure. That's what we call it. From nature's point of view it's probably an entirely appropriate function. You're done, it's time for you to go away and a new individual or group to come. Again, if we can interfere with or manipulate the signals, we can stop programmed cell death and stop the aging process. That's the scariest part of the story, and I don't want to be around to think about it."

SURPRISINGLY, THE HIGH-TECH BET OF the moment in research labs around the country is *not* directed at killing cancer cells, or even at trying to fix what's broken in the cell that's causing unregulated growth. While there are labs doing this kind of work, of course, the avenue of hot pursuit is an all-out effort to find an effective weapon to interfere with the signals involved in tumor growth. In order to flourish, tumors need nourishment; they need to be fed. This is accomplished by the formation of new blood vessels, a process called angiogenesis.

The idea is simple: Cut off a tumor's food supply, and it can't grow. Equally significant, and one of the key reasons angiogenesis is such an attractive target, is the hope that any successful treatment would be generic. All tumors, whether in the lung, breast, prostate, or colon, need nourishment. Scientists also believe



MEDICINE MAN
Dr. Carlos Cordon-Cardo in his Sloan-Kettering lab.

angiogenesis may provide a big payoff as a point of attack because the cells involved in blood-vessel growth don't mutate. Cancer cells, on the other hand, are quite volatile and do tend to mutate to form resistance to drugs, which is why strategies that specifically target tumor cells tend to fail.

The theory was first proposed by Dr. Judah Folkman of Children's Hospital in Boston in the early seventies. However, back then, whatever the merits of the idea itself, the biology and the technology to take a serious shot at this strategy didn't really exist.

But the precocious Folkman, who's become almost a cult figure, thanks to a

one scientist in the field. "By that I mean nobody, including Folkman, has any idea how they work. The mechanism of action is completely unknown."

Using Folkman's basic premise, however, there are a number of specifically targeted compounds in clinical trials now for which the expectations are much brighter. Biotech companies like Sugen and Genentech, just to name two, both have drugs in the later stages of patient testing.

While Sugen's compound (SU5416) targets a receptor in the signal-transduction process, Genentech's (anti-vascular endothelial growth factor, or anti-VEGF) is aimed, as you can tell from its

make signals to faxes and e-mails."

front-page New York Times piece about his work nearly two years ago, was denied a grant for his research by the National Institutes of Health even as recently as 1992. Today, however, there are nineteen separate clinical trials under way for anti-angiogenesis drugs, including Endostatin, one of the two that have come out of Folkman's lab in conjunction with the company Entremed (Folkman's other drug is Angiostatin, not yet in trials).

When the Times piece by Gina Kolata was published, Folkman was still working only with mice. Nevertheless, DNA discoverer and Nobel winner James Watson, a towering figure in science, was quoted saying he believed Folkman would cure cancer in two years (that would be this May, although Watson claimed his comments were not accurately represented). Though Folkman's work was no secret—and in fact, there were already anti-angiogenesis drugs that were farther along than his—the story caused a remarkable frenzy.

Folkman was overwhelmed by thousands of calls from seriously ill cancer sufferers pleading for help, and, of course, from the media. The episode is a stark illustration of the fine line researchers have to walk when they start making hopeful predictions about cancer treatments and potential cures. It's also an indication of just how quickly things are moving: Less than two years ago, there was outrage at what was viewed as the excessive optimism of the Times piece.

Ironically, however, since Folkman is the recognized father of the field, researchers I spoke with do not believe his drugs are among the most promising. "Angiostatin and Endostatin are, in a way, a throwback to the old days," says

name, at a growth factor. Again, going back to the basic biology of the cell and how one cell communicates with another, the effort here is to find a vulnerable point somewhere along the lines of communication and disrupt it.

As an adult, you don't need to form new blood vessels, except perhaps in rare instances, such as to help heal a major wound. Nevertheless, cells have all the information required to carry out the process. And when there is a cancer, the renegade cells that are wildly reproducing set the cycle in motion. It's known that certain conditions in the body can begin the signalling to start angiogenesis. A decrease in the flow of oxygen in a specific part of the body, for example, can cause the cells in that area to elicit VEGF.

This growth factor then instigates the production of endothelial cells, which actually begin to form the first part of the new blood vessel. As more and more of these cells are produced, they eventually coalesce into a tube. The building process is complex and requires at least three or four receptors working in concert to be successful.

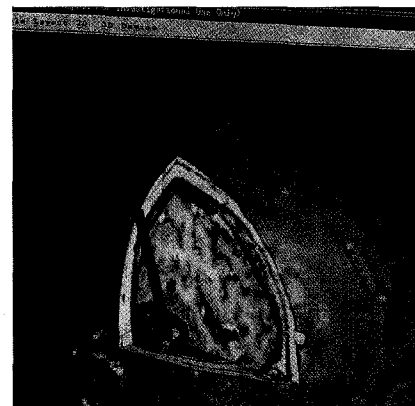
"Hitting angiogenesis is more complicated than we had all originally thought," says Slamon, who has had very good early results testing anti-VEGF in combination with Herceptin. "Because as it turns out, of course, the pathway isn't one growth factor and one growth-factor receptor. We should've figured that out sooner. There's a redundancy in nature, so it isn't quite as simple as shutting off one thing. But the number is finite."

That the signal pathway for angiogenesis is more complex than originally believed creates difficulties, but it also cre-

ates a new one. Ilan Timor (pictured), division director of OB-GYN ultrasound, predicts that 3-D ultrasound will be standard within the decade. "Maybe the pregnant woman will be sitting at home and have a little machine to do a sweep on the fetus," he adds. "She'll send it to me and I can [diagnose] from my office." TIM HODLER

Brain Waves

At Memorial Sloan-Kettering, Dr. Philip Gutin and neuroscientist Joy Hirsch have begun applying a decade-old technique—functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI)—to brain surgery. Unlike conventional MRI, which only shows structure, fMRI detects minute changes in blood flow, so areas of the brain that are active during a particular task—say, tapping your finger or telling a story—light up. Dr. Gutin can then pin down the relationship between a tumor and sectors of the brain that shouldn't be touched. (After pre-operative fMRI, Gutin may also map brain function during the actual surgery using electrical stimulation.) "We don't have one language area," explains Hirsch. "We have a network of areas that are bound together in a transient way for the purpose of executing that task." Moreover, some tasks, like object-naming, are accom-



plished slightly differently in different brains. "Unless you do an individual map for an individual person," Hirsch says, "you just don't know what you might be hurting."

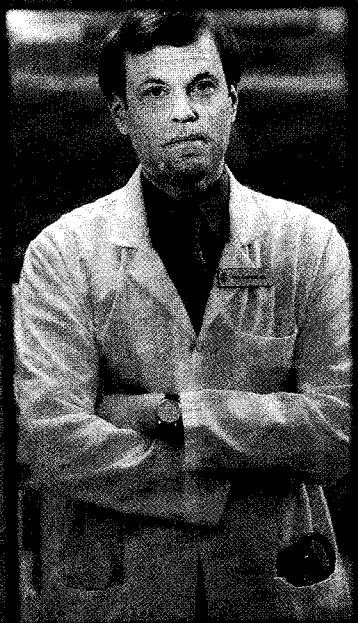
ERIKA KINETZ

Easy on the Heart

Dr. Robert Tranbaugh, chief of cardiac surgery at Beth Israel Medical Center, was in high school when the first coronary bypass was performed. Thirty-three years later, Tranbaugh will be part of the latest advance in >>

HARD CELL

Dr. Paul Chapman
outside his vaccine-
storage center.



ates opportunities. In fact, it is one of the key reasons the process is a focal point for trying to exploit the stunning potential of the new biology. "Because there are so many steps and so many stages involved in angiogenesis there are also lots of potential targets and strategies," says Dr. David Lyden at Sloan-Kettering.

Lyden and his partner, Dr. Robert Benezra, are in the midst of what might be called the second generation of angiogenesis research. By deleting two genes that play a crucial role in blood-vessel formation, they have produced cancer-resistant mice. That is to say, when they injected some 20 million cancer cells into mice that are bred without the genes, the mice either did not develop tumors or, when they did, they didn't metastasize.

In 1990, in the course of a research project in which he was looking for a mol-

ecule that specifically regulated red-blood-cell development, Benezra got lucky. "I not only found a gene that regulated that process but one that seemed, to our delight and amazement, to regulate many different processes that occur during early development. It was one of those rare finds you can get when you're looking for one thing and you end up finding something 100 times more interesting."

Tests on the two related genes confirmed Benezra's observation that they blocked the process required to make mature cells. In the embryonic stage, cells go from being uncommitted, or immature, to maturity, or having a specific function; this is called differentiation. Since these two genes were involved in preventing the

process, he labeled them Id1 and Id3—inhibitors of differentiation.

When the two copies of each gene were deleted in the embryonic stage, in work done by Benezra's colleague Dr. Alison Young, brain cells in the mice, as expected, differentiated too early, and the mice bled to death. But the surprise was the defect they saw in the formation of blood vessels. "It turned out that Id1 and Id3 were a requirement for blood-vessel formation, too. This was completely unsuspected in our previous work, so it was really another serendipitous finding, and it's what led us to tumor analysis," says Benezra. (To keep the mice from bleeding to death in future experiments, only three of the four genes were deleted.)

What is particularly significant about the finding is that the two genes appear to play a role in only the developmental stage. After that, they're expressed in very low levels—except in the blood vessels of tumors. "This is the type of marker," says Lyden, "that people have been looking for for a long time, and there's plenty of interest from big pharma." Sloan-Kettering has entered into an exclusive arrangement with Angiogenex to develop a drug, and although tests in humans are still at least eighteen months away, compounds to suppress the two genes are already in the pipeline.

"Now that we know this gene is required for tumors to grow," says Benezra, "there are factors both upstream—that turn it on—and downstream that we can try to hit. This is a gold mine for targets. Not just for us, but for others as well."

Contrast this focused attack, what the scientists refer to as the rational ap-

"The day when we can do away with chem

proach, to the way it used to be done. "The National Cancer Institute had a famous screening program that produced many of the drugs currently used to battle cancer," says Slamon. "The way it worked was they'd take these compounds and put them on fifteen or twenty cell lines in a petri dish. Then they asked one simple question: Did it kill cells? And if it did, how many?"

The next step was to put the chemicals into animal models to measure toxicity. And even if there was significant toxicity, the baseline measurement remained the same: Would it kill more abnormal cells than normal ones? "Don't forget, what's considered the modern era of chemotherapy began during World War I with the

use of nitrogen mustard gas," says Slamon. "The soldiers who survived the trauma of exposure to the gas lost the lining of their gastrointestinal tract, their bone marrow, and their hair. It screws up the DNA so badly that it can't replicate. And from this came chemotherapy, then the NCI screening program, and we've been doing it pretty much the same way for the last 45 years. Until now."

ALL OF THIS IS STILL SO NEW—THE sophisticated science, the dazzling technology, the smart research—that there is still resistance to embracing it in some quarters of the medical community. A fact that Slamon is less and less willing to abide. "There's a whole cadre of physicians, and, even worse, some of the leadership, that are steeped in the traditional approaches," he says. "There are thought leaders who should be at the forefront leading the charge, but they seem more interested in exploiting what they already know as opposed to looking at what they don't. We still have people playing this shell game with chemotherapy drugs—*Well, drug A didn't work, and drug B didn't work, either, but if we try them together and add drug C, maybe that'll work.* And they're still touting this kind of thing as a breakthrough. But movement towards the new approaches is taking place, even though sometimes it's like pulling teeth, and the day when we can do away with chemo is not too far off."

But as hopeful as Bert Vogelstein of Johns Hopkins is about where the revolution in understanding cancer will lead, he says it's still too early to make dramatic predictions. He believes that

is not too far off," says Slamon.

where science is right now in its battle against cancer is analogous to the moment when the polio virus was discovered. "It took three decades to get from the discovery of the polio virus to us being able to do something about polio. And cancer is a group of diseases that are individually much more complex than polio. So it's going to take some time," Vogelstein says. "I can't tell you what will end cancer or what will dramatically reduce the number of deaths, but my gut feeling is it won't be any form of treatment. My money is on prevention. We still can't cure polio. If somebody gets polio, they're as bad off today as they were 100 years ago. But polio is no longer a problem."

At Sloan-Kettering, Dr. Paul Chapman has been working on a vaccine for more than ten years that is being tested in patients with either melanoma or small-cell lung cancer. Though the vaccine has had some good early clinical results, particularly against small-cell lung cancer, the future, he believes, lies in more targeted, gene-based therapies. "Three years ago no one would have ever considered using DNA to vaccinate people," says Chapman. "But that's where a lot of the effort's going now. Traditional vaccines are proteins that have to be purified in the lab and then injected into the body to get an immune response. Now, by injecting DNA instead you can provide the cells with instructions on how to make the proteins themselves."

Like Vogelstein, the National Cancer Institute's Lance Liotta believes that understanding how genes and proteins work will lead to management of the disease and prevention long before there's an actual cure. "We're learning how to block the signal pathways, but that's not necessarily going to kill the cancer cells. They might then be in a dormant state, so you treat for the long term with low-toxicity inhibitors," he says.

Liotta says the first stage will be treating cancer as a chronic, manageable disease, much like diabetes or high blood pressure. The second stage will be to understand and affect what happens at the premalignant stage of cancer. There are microscopic lesions in the tissue that precede actual development of the disease. "We have micro-dissected these lesions in the lab, and we're analyzing the protein pathways to develop inhibitors to block growth," says Liotta.

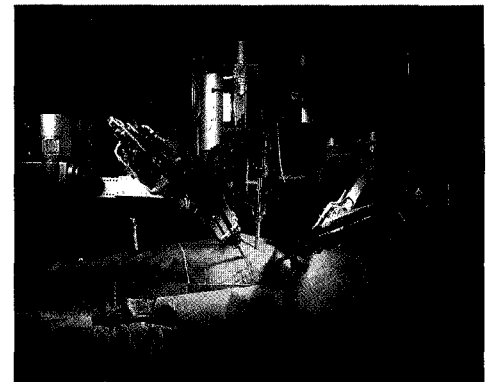
"And it looks very promising. Since these move much more slowly than advanced, metastatic

cancer, you have time to make a difference. And even if we were able to double the time it takes for them to progress to malignancy, that would be beyond the normal life span of the patient anyway."

To the degree that the scientists are willing to talk in actual months and years at all, there is something of a consensus, at least on the general picture. "Six months from now," says Slamon, "treatments will not be all that much different except for a few updates. Three years from now, there'll be an explosion of the new, targeted therapies in clinical use. And in six years, there'll be whole new systems, drugs, and approaches."

And until that time, medical science has one crucial prescription: Hold on. ■

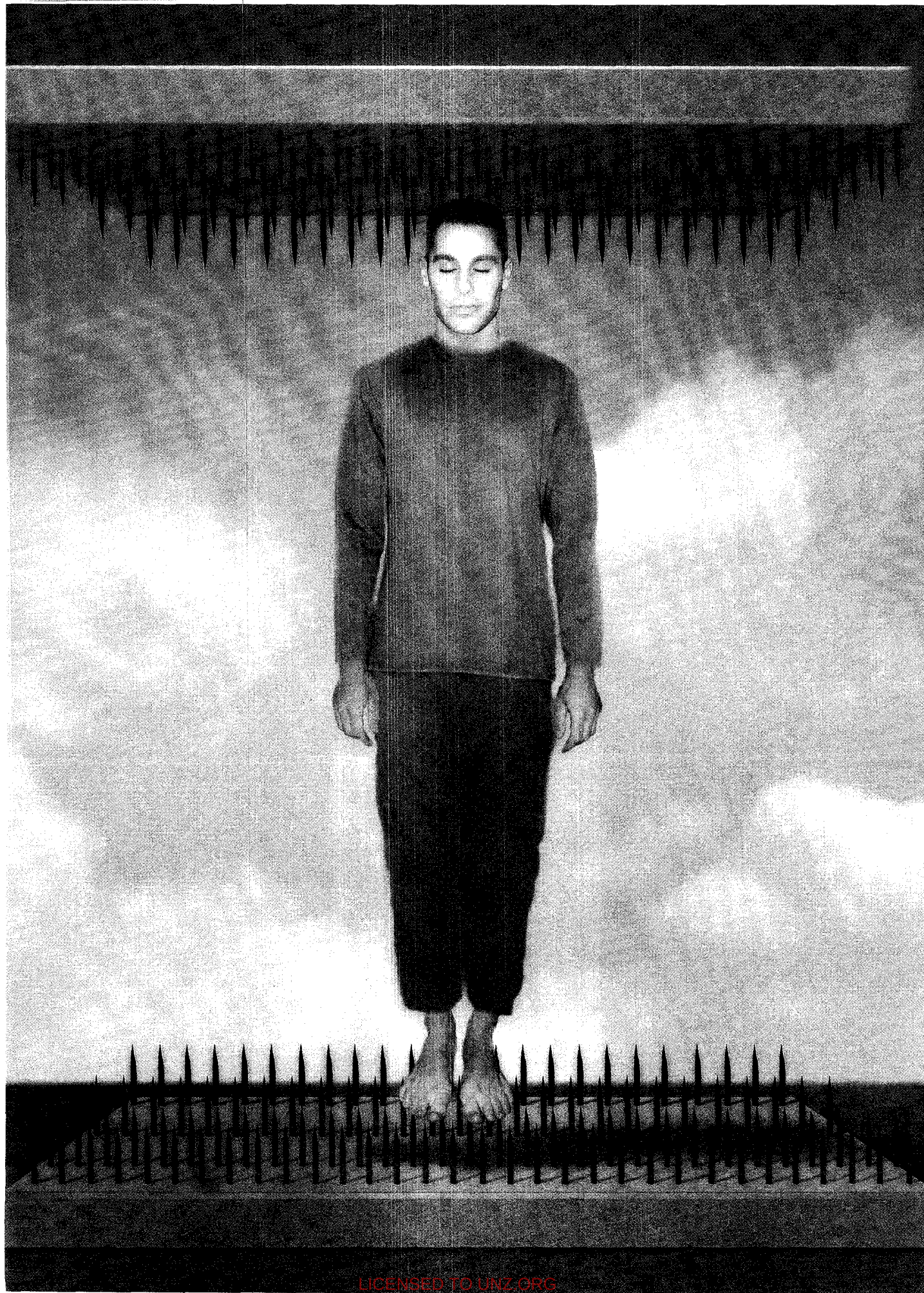
heart surgery when the da Vinci Surgical System goes into clinical trials at Beth Israel in April. A combination of robotics and advanced computer technology, the da Vinci system allows doctors to perform bypass surgery without cutting open the chest. Seated a few feet from the patient, the surgeon views the procedure in close-up on a console that looks like an oversize microscope. Flexible handles transmit the doctor's hand movements to three robotic arms above the operating table. One holds a micro-camera while the other two employ changeable surgical instruments. These long black rods are inserted into the patient through three small incisions in the chest. "We can open arteries, cut tissue, whatever is needed," Tranbaugh explains. The system



is in the protocol phase for cardiac work, and should be approved by the FDA for laparoscopic use in the next two months, though it's already available in Europe (indeed, last October, a German cardiac team used it in the world's first closed-chest, multi-vessel bypass). Da Vinci could potentially be used for vascular surgery, hysterectomies, and hernia repairs.

Surgeons at Lenox Hill Heart and Vascular Institute of New York, meanwhile, led by Dr. Valavanur Subramanian, are approaching closed heart surgery in a different way. Subramanian has developed the transabdominal minimally invasive direct coronary-artery bypass (transab MIDCAB), whose concept is simpler than its name: heart surgery via the belly. Since the heart sits between the chest and the abdomen, doctors can perform multiple grafts by making a small incision through the belly underneath the rib cage and detaching the muscles that enclose the heart. "We don't divide any bones or ligaments," says Dr. Subramanian, adding that "the morbidity rate is extremely low, and patients can return to their functional life in a couple days."

RACHEL ORVINO AND ANNA RACHMANSKY



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fears about addiction and overregulation have long prevented doctors from taking pain as seriously as they take curing disease. But new treatments—and new attitudes—are finally giving chronic sufferers hope of living pain-free lives. BY ELIZABETH DEVITA

Pain Killers

CYNTHIA HILDT, A 64-YEAR-old retired schoolteacher diagnosed with degenerative disk disease at age 17, spent the better part of four decades seeking relief for the intractable pain that all but ruined her life. Beginning in her twenties, she underwent several operations, some in which disks were removed and vertebrae were fused; ultimately, she says, there was no more surgery to do, and the pain “just got worse and worse.” Struggling to continue working, she sought help from doctor after doctor, with no luck. “They were all afraid I’d become an addict,” she remembers. “One doctor actually gave me a prescription for three tablets of Percocet, which isn’t even enough for one day. I almost threw it at him, I was so mad.” Ultimately, she was forced to go on disability.

In 1998, she found her way to Beth Israel Medical Center’s Department of Pain Medicine and Palliative Care. Housed in a nondescript redbrick building on Union Square East, it’s the only fully separate hospital department of its type in the country, where treating pain is on a par with curing disease. It is the creation of Dr.

Russell Portenoy, who put Hildt on a potpourri of medications ranging from morphine tablets to a narcotic lollipop.

“We’re still trying to find the best combinations,” says Hildt. “But I feel like a different person. My whole life has turned around.” Though she walks with crutches and is facing knee surgery soon, she’s getting out again and enjoying her life. “I don’t feel so helpless and hopeless now. I can’t tell you how many times I thought of suicide before. It was just torture.”

Portenoy’s work is predicated on the notion that pain, rather than being an ancillary and ignorable symptom of some “real” problem, deserves recognition and treatment, whatever the source, whether it’s fixable or not, by just about any means available. To a patient, this may sound like a given, but in truth, it’s a radical departure. Historically, pain hasn’t rated high on the medical priority list. “It’s not part of medical culture,” explains Portenoy. “Doctors aren’t trained to assess subjective complaints like pain. We like to look at X-rays and lab values and see numbers and view them as objective evidence. We’re uncomfortable with the subjective.”

There are additional barriers to treatment as well. Many medical schools still don’t place much priority on pain, for example, and most in-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MATT MAHURIN

insurance companies are set up to reimburse technology, not the time-consuming doctor-patient sessions often required to diagnose and treat each individual patient's problem.

"Understanding pain takes time," says Dr. Scott Fishman, chief of the division of pain medicine at the University of California-Davis and author of *The War on Pain*. "And since doctors don't get reimbursed for spending time with patients, it makes it more likely that there are patients out there who aren't getting appropriately treated."

All of which, pain experts insist, is shortsighted. Pain is best treated early,

majority of patients with chronic pain never have the opportunity to see pain specialists."

BUT THE TIDE FINALLY HAS BEGUN TO turn toward conquering pain and overcoming the mind-set that prevents its effective treatment. With new theories about what causes it, better understanding of molecular biology, and improved technology, pain is losing its symptom status and emerging as a treatable entity in its own right, complete with its own societies (the American Pain Society and the American Academy of Pain Management, to name just two) and a

there are top pain specialists and treatment facilities at St. Luke's-Roosevelt, St. Vincents, Mount Sinai, NYU Medical Center, and, particularly for cancer patients, Memorial Sloan-Kettering). Even so, Portenoy concedes, the majority of his patients come not at the outset of pain but after lengthy, typically ineffective treatment elsewhere, or none at all. And many of them come even though their insurance won't pay for treatment because so much of what takes place there is time-consuming, not to mention experimental.

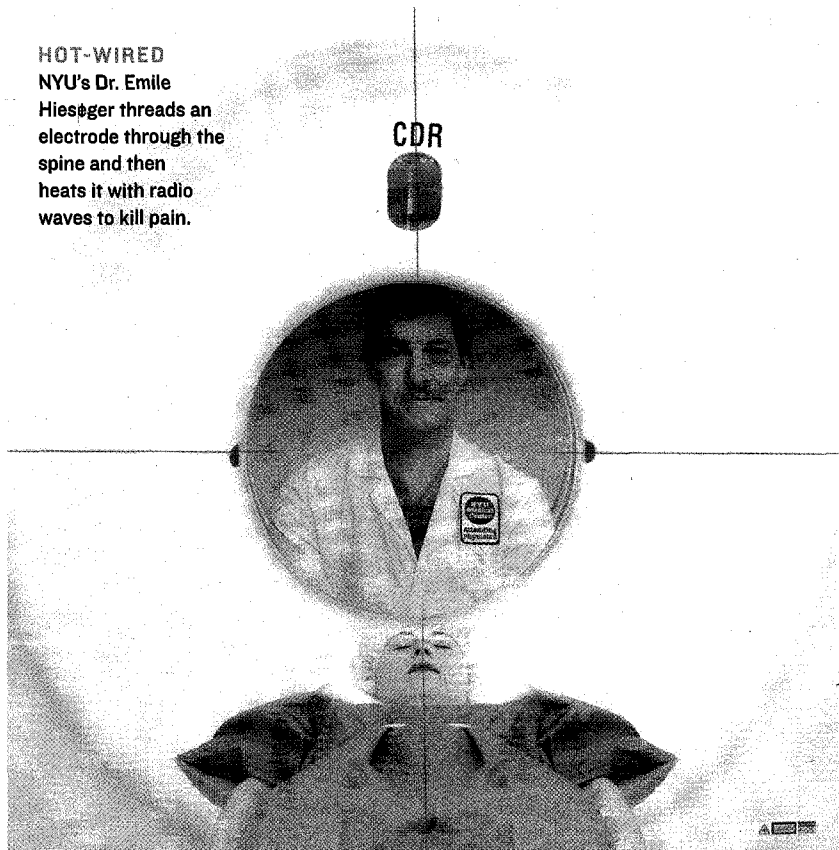
WHAT SCIENTISTS HAVE KNOWN FOR a long time is that the sensation of pain is conveyed from the site of injury via electrical impulses that hop from one nerve cell to the next, ultimately climbing the spinal cord to the brain, where the sensation is interpreted. What they have come to know only recently, however, is that there is a certain malleability in our nervous systems—the science-speak term is "plasticity"—that makes the process much more complex than anyone ever realized.

"We used to think that when you injured yourself there was a signal sent into the nervous system, and when the injury healed, the signal stopped," explains Dr. Richard Payne, chief of pain and palliative care at Sloan-Kettering. That, it turns out, isn't always true. "If the pain is allowed to go on, it's possible for the nervous system to remodel itself," Payne continues, "to have changed itself in such a way that there is going to be ongoing pain even if the injury has healed."

What's more, say pain scientists, we now know why morphine, the standard by which all other analgesics are measured, and which blocks pain by glomming on to one type of receptor, isn't the panacea we've thought. The nervous system probably uses hundreds of different chemical messengers (neurotransmitters) and re-

HOT-WIRED

NYU's Dr. Emile Hiesager threads an electrode through the spine and then heats it with radio waves to kill pain.



though it rarely is. What's more, un- or undertreated pain often has

consequences as grave as untreated disease, from longer hospital stays and rehabilitation to poorer healing, a depressed immune system, chronic pain and depression, lost time at work or being fired, and a higher incidence of suicide. As many as 50 percent of all dying patients are undertreated for pain, robbing them of their last remaining time with family and friends.

"Despite enormous strides in our ability to treat pain," says Portenoy, "the vast

"The vast majority of patients with chronic pain,

proliferation of new tools and treatments.

Nowhere is that change more evident than in the pain-treatment center and hospice at Beth Israel. Portenoy—one of only four doctors in Manhattan whose primary specialty is the treatment of pain—oversees a staff of eight doctors, two psychologists, a social worker, seven advanced nurse-practitioners, and some 550 patients who have been sent there by their doctors and, in many cases, by other hospitals (despite the fact that

ceptors (the loading docks on the surface of neurons where these messengers' pain signals are received) to convey pain sensation. (You'll soon be hearing a lot about new drugs to block both a spinal-cord receptor called NMDA and a neurotransmitter called Substance P.)

On one hand, the new knowledge explains why pain, especially long-term chronic pain, is often so hard to treat. But researchers also now have a slew of new information to work with and tar-



MASTER MORPHINE
Dr. Russell Portenoy.

gets at which to aim. In the meantime, the task at hand has been to learn how to work with existing pain-treatment tools to deliver the best pain care possible while developing new ones that fit better, conceptually, with the new discoveries.

One approach that continues to gather steam is to improve the means of delivering pain killers into the system. The first example of this was patient-controlled analgesia (PCA), the now ubiquitous system that first emerged in the mid-eighties, which allows a post-op patient to manage pain relief by pushing a button that triggers the release of a bolus of morphine through his or her IV bag. PCA soon spawned other novel drug-delivery tools, including transdermal patches (some of which may soon be en-

hanced with electrical current, the better to drive drugs into the system more thoroughly). There are also new time-release versions of a wide range of narcotics in varying doses; tiny high-tech-pumps that, when implanted under the skin, can be programmed to trickle a set dose of pain medication into the spine; a narcotic-infused lollipop (the mucosal surface lining the inside of the cheeks expresses drugs directly into the bloodstream); and the pièce de résistance, a morphine

inhaler that's currently near FDA approval. The lollipop works nearly as fast as I.V. morphine, the inhaler faster, according to Fishman.

Another avenue for researchers is exploring new uses for existing drugs. Doctors like this approach because it gives them immediate tools—drugs don't have to be reapproved by the FDA for such "off-label" use. The payoff thus far:

- Epilepsy drugs like gabapentin, topiramate, and carbamazepine, known to stop seizures, seem to have a similar effect on chronic pain such as that associated with diabetes and shingles.
- Clonidine, an alpha-2 agonist used to treat hypertension, binds to alpha-2 receptors and has also been useful in treating chronic pain.

AIDS: Still Searching

Five years ago, Dr. David Ho and Dr. Martin Markowitz developed highly active anti-retroviral therapy (HAART)—combinations of two or more potent anti-HIV drugs like protease inhibitors that seemed to transform AIDS into an inconvenient but manageable illness, at least in the developed world. But some people—up to 50 percent in some populations—still don't get better. Even patients who can deal with the noxious long-term side effects of HAART and its complex treatment regimens (up to two dozen pills in all, taken anywhere from two to five times a day) can't avoid the bomb that dropped in 1997: HIV, it turns out, can hide. It insinuates itself into resting T cells and just sits there, untouchable by drugs and invisible to the immune system. "HAART therapies," says UCLA's Dr. Steve Miles, "don't get rid of the fact that the virus has stuck its genetic information into us."

A few new drugs in development may help. The second generation of anti-retrovirals and protease inhibitors are leaner, meaner compounds, some of which may kill resistant viruses. This month, Markowitz begins a clinical trial at the Aaron Diamond AIDS Research Center with three new drugs that are more potent, more convenient, and, at least initially, less toxic than what's currently available. And there are three drugs on the horizon that block HIV in new and different ways. Two fusion inhibitors are in clinical trials, and, if things go well, a drug that prevents HIV from latching onto cells will head into trials this year.

Simpler treatment regimens are also within reach. "I think the prospect for 2001 is once-a-day dosing," Markowitz says. "Maybe we can do even better than that." One strategy for weaning people off HAART is to harness the body's own immune system to combat HIV by discontinuing the drugs once HIV levels are extremely low, in the hopes that the body will mount its own defense. Others, like Markowitz and Ho, use a therapeutic vaccine to boost the immune system while patients are still on HAART.

But for 95 percent of HIV-positive people worldwide, these advances are meaningless; only a vaccine will stop the spread of the disease. Last June, California biotech firm VaxGen launched the first Phase III clinical trial of a preventive vaccine in the twenty-year history of AIDS. But while it has been shown to be safe and capable of stimulating antibody production, the vaccine has been greeted with extreme skepticism by many scientists.

HIV is a wily enemy, and antibodies alone aren't enough to



says Portenoy, "never see pain specialists."

hanced with electrical current, the better to drive drugs into the system more thoroughly). There are also new time-release versions of a wide range of narcotics in varying doses; tiny high-tech-pumps that, when implanted under the skin, can be programmed to trickle a set dose of pain medication into the spine; a narcotic-infused lollipop (the mucosal surface lining the inside of the cheeks expresses drugs directly into the bloodstream); and the pièce de résistance, a morphine

• Dextromethorphan, the key ingredient in over-the-counter cough syrup, also helps block one type of receptor that seems to be associated with chronic nerve pain. It's being tested for use in a solution with morphine.

• Botulinum toxin, a diluted version of the toxin that causes botulism, has approval for treatment of dystonia, a cluster of disorders characterized by painful muscle spasms often associated with chronic pain, when it is administered by injection.

And then there are the new drugs—those that have arrived, and those still in the pipeline. Celebrex and Vioxx, for example, which work like aspirin but with-

that will either disable or kill problematic nerves. (Among the more popular new agents being tested is capsaicin, derived from hot chili peppers.) Other

causing the pain, we just find the telephone lines that connect the pain impulses to the brain and cut them."

For Stephen Jones, a 39-year-old Floridian who designs roof and floor trusses for houses and commercial buildings, that was more than sufficient. His sciatica pain had gotten so bad, "the only way I could be comfortable was to lie on my stomach on the floor," he recalls. "That's all I could do. It affected everything." Hiesiger's procedure dulled his pain. "I'm smiling again," says Jones, albeit cautiously. "I had a lot of letdowns before."



'SAY YOU HAVE A PATIENT WITH LOW-back pain spreading down their leg," says Dr. Steven Richeimer, medical director of the Richeimer Pain Institute at St. John's Health Center in Santa Monica, California. "If you look for the seed of the problem, you may find a disk in the lower back that's bulging and irritating a nerve. But that may have triggered a lot of reactive muscle spasms, and that will be the next layer. And then that person may be under a lot of stress, and stress will increase muscle tension, and that will make their awareness of pain more sensitive, which will in turn lower their pain threshold," he says. "And if these problems aren't addressed, the patient is going to get depressed as well, which can also magnify the pain experience."

"Pain is a sensory experience—but it can be magnified by something like depression, or panic attacks, or stress, or a combination of all of these," agrees Fishman, a colleague of Richeimer's. "You really can't treat patients without considering their mind and body. It doesn't mean that every patient has to be psychoanalyzed, but it does mean you have to take a kind of holistic approach."

Which is why pain doctors have the unusual distinction of being among the few medical specialists who actually embrace alternative therapies such as biofeedback, hypnosis, and meditation. Most patients treated by pain specialists

out as many gastrointestinal side effects, have been a major breakthrough—particularly for arthritis sufferers, a large component of the chronic-pain population.

A wide net also has been cast for drugs found specifically to block receptors like NMDA and neurotransmitters like Substance P. A number of prospects are either being culled from nature—the skin of an Ecuadoran frog, for example—or are being built, molecule by molecule, in labs and are currently being tested in animals and humans. The most anticipated

prospects use the relatively gentle electricity of radio-frequency waves. In one increasingly popular procedure, a fine wire filament is surgically inserted into the spine and connected to a pacemaker-like device implanted under the skin, then programmed to periodically buzz the wire with radio waves. "It jams the pain signals," says Fishman. "It's like what they do in wartime to the enemy's radio transmissions."

One variation on that theme is the specialty of Dr. Emile Hiesiger, a neurologist

The search for anti-pain drugs has led to Ecuadoran frogs an

arrival is a new calcium-channel blocker; the as-yet-unnamed drug (code-named SNX-111), derived from a poisonous sea snail native to the Philippines, is in the last phase of clinical trials before submission for FDA approval.

There are also procedures designed for those who can't get relief by any other means. One involves giving injections

and pain specialist at New York University Medical Center. Using a hollow needle, he threads a fine electrode into the spine, briefly wrapping it around specific offending nerves and heating it to nearly 180 degrees using radio waves. "In some cases it destroys the nerves; in others it partially destroys them," says Hiesiger. "We don't fix the problem that's

these days are encouraged to use whatever mind-body approach seems to help them relieve their pain.

GLIMMERS OF CHANGE IN THE SYSTEM ARE also evident in legal innovations to patients' pain-related rights. California, for example, just passed legislation making pain the fifth vital sign—after

pulse, blood pressure, temperature, and respiratory rate—and requiring that doctors get pain-management education before they can get their licenses renewed. A third component of the legislation mandates more such education in the state's medical schools. Many other states are considering similar laws, and making pain the fifth vital sign will soon be routine in Veterans Administration hospitals.

What's more, the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Healthcare Organizations, a nonprofit group that rates hospitals, drew up new standards for pain care, effective January 1, 2000, explicitly recognizing a patient's right to accurate assessment of pain and follow-up on treatment for it. In order to remain competitive, most hospitals will be forced to comply by creating their own pain departments and centers.

Individual doctors, too, may feel increasing pressure. In a recent precedent-setting Oregon case, a doctor was censured by the state medical board for underprescribing pain medication for cancer patients. In states where medical boards can't be induced to censure, there are a growing number of lawsuits against doctors, often filed with the help of patient-advocate groups.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE HEALTH-CARE profession as a whole has still not entirely embraced the goal of overcoming what pain specialists like to call "barriers to care." Those barriers were built into the system long ago: In 1914, the federal government enacted the Harrison Narcotics Act, having been spurred by the number of people addicted to inexpensive, over-the-counter potions like Hooker's Wigwam Tonic, which were liberally spiked with potent narcotics. The act separated opium-derived pain killers—morphine, codeine, and heroin—from common analgesics; thus were born "controlled substances." Doctors who prescribed them were to be (and still are) closely monitored, and

tients may become physically dependent on narcotics to relieve pain, they do not tend to develop aberrant, compulsive, drug-seeking behavior—the hallmarks of the largely behavioral and psychiatric disorder known as addiction.

"With addicts, their quality of life goes down as they use drugs," says Fishman. "With pain patients, it improves. They're entirely different phenomena."

But try telling that to most doctors. Even those who understand the differences are still afraid, and with good reason. Every state enforces the Harrison Act with its own tracking system, and copies of all narcotics prescriptions are filed with the Drug Enforcement Agency.

"Half the neurologists I know don't even bother to carry the narcotics prescription pad," says Hiesiger. In fact, in a 1998 survey of all licensed physicians in New York commissioned by the New York commissioner of health on barriers to good pain care, 70 percent of respondents said they were unlikely to prescribe a controlled substance because of fear of being scrutinized by the authorities.

The pain docs call for more education in medical schools, for starters, as well as continuing education for those long out of school. Insurance companies need to make new reimbursement categories for pain. The government—not just pharmaceutical companies—needs to recognize the specialty and sponsor more research. And patients, say experts, need to be educated as well.

"Patients want to be perceived as *good* patients," says Portenoy. "There's this stoicism in the American character, so they don't talk about pain as much as they should." He cites a recent survey by the American Pain Society that found that only 25 percent of patients with moderate or worse chronic pain *ever* get referred to a pain specialist.

"I'm optimistic that we will have a much more clearly defined niche in the future," says Portenoy. "But pain management as a specialty is also in a very uncertain time right now, as we face questions about the health-care system and reimbursement and how it fits into the managed-care world."

How much precedence will be given to general care versus specialists, for example, and what specialists will be considered essential, and how will people get to them?

"My sense," Portenoy predicts, "is that the next five years, when a lot of these decisions get made, will be a critical period."

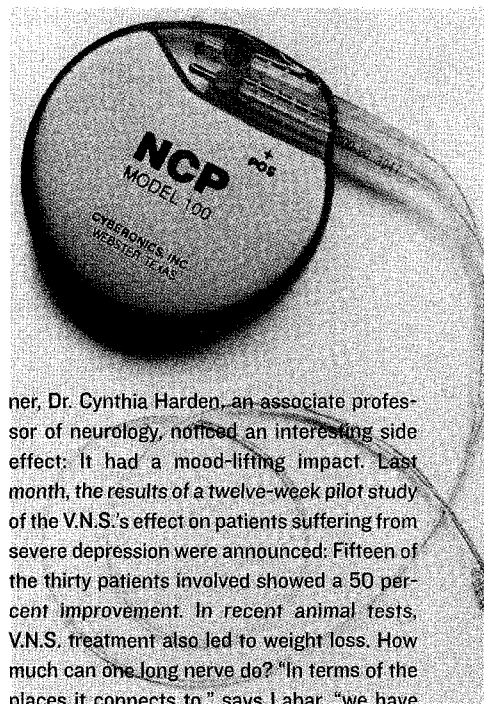
control the virus. "More recently," says Ho, "we have found that much of the control of HIV is mediated by cytotoxic T-lymphocytes [CTLs]." Currently, the hottest strategies for vaccines employ DNA or live viral vectors that are able to provoke just this kind of CTL immune response. A few of these vaccines are inching their way into preliminary trials in humans, but there's a long way to go. Meanwhile 16,000 people become infected with HIV each day. "It's going to get a lot worse before it gets better," warns Ho.

ERIKA KINETZ

Some Nerve

The ancients called it the vagus ("wandering") nerve because it extended from the brain down through the body, but its name had another connotation: No one knew exactly what it did. While modern doctors know it mediates between various organs and the brain, they still aren't sure how many functions it's responsible for, and sometimes it surprises them. In 1997, vagus-nerve stimulation was granted FDA approval for epilepsy patients who failed to respond to drug treatments. The "pacemaker for the brain" is a stopwatch-size stimulator implanted under the clavicle, where it shoots an electrical charge through a wire and into the vagus nerve in the neck anywhere from every few seconds to once every ten minutes, preventing half the seizures in more than half the patients who use it for up to a year.

But Dr. Douglas Labar, director of Cornell's Comprehensive Epilepsy Center, and his part-



ner, Dr. Cynthia Harden, an associate professor of neurology, noticed an interesting side effect: It had a mood-lifting impact. Last month, the results of a twelve-week pilot study of the V.N.S.'s effect on patients suffering from severe depression were announced: Fifteen of the thirty patients involved showed a 50 percent improvement. In recent animal tests, V.N.S. treatment also led to weight loss. How much can one long nerve do? "In terms of the places it connects to," says Labar, "we have too many possibilities."

BORIS KACHKA

poisonous Philippine sea snails.

those whose patients became addicted or died prematurely risked losing their medical licenses.

As a result, narcotics were, and often still are, routinely underprescribed for both dying patients and those with chronic pain, although they are often the most effective means of helping both. Research has shown that while pain pa-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thanks to an edgy, agit-pop ad campaign and a Prada-for-the-people aesthetic, Kenneth Cole has cobbled his modest shoe company into a \$500 million fashion empire. So how come you don't know what he looks like? By Maureen Callahan

The Un-Calvin

MUCH LIKE HIS UBIQUITOUS SHOES, DESIGNER KENNETH Cole is stylish in an unassuming way; he's asymmetrically good-looking and deliberately dishevelled, and he commands attention by speaking almost inaudibly. One morning, as he rides an elevator in midtown Manhattan, Cole is telling the story behind his first big ad campaign, which established his company in 1985: "The idea was to get people talking about AIDS," he says, virtually in a whisper, "so we used all the top female models and multiethnic and -racial children. Children are cute no matter whose they are. But I didn't want them wearing my shoes, because I didn't want to be perceived as commercializing this. So I had them all barefoot." Cole has a rapt audience of two young women who are clearly trying to discern his identity. "And, um, the campaign was: 'For the future of our children.' " He pauses, bowing his head slightly. "And it was very meaningful." The ele-

vator jerks to a stop; before she exits, the woman to his left asks, "What are the shoes?" "Kenneth Cole," he replies, and she does a wide-eyed double take, literally tripping over herself on her way out. Cole laughs, not so much at her klutziness as at her awe.

♦ It's hardly a surprise that his new admirer knows the 45-year-old Cole's name but not his face. Since he opened shop in 1982, renting out a broken-down trailer to hawk a tiny line of women's footwear (including an \$84 pair of stonewashed-denim boots), the Brooklyn-born designer has transformed his company into one of the leading labels in contemporary fashion—one that grossed more than an estimated \$300 million last year—all the while letting his ads serve as his public image. Taking a cue from Calvin Klein and Donna Karan, Cole began licensing his name in 1988 and now profitably slaps his moniker on everything from eyeglasses to jewelry to

Photographed by Henry Leutwyler

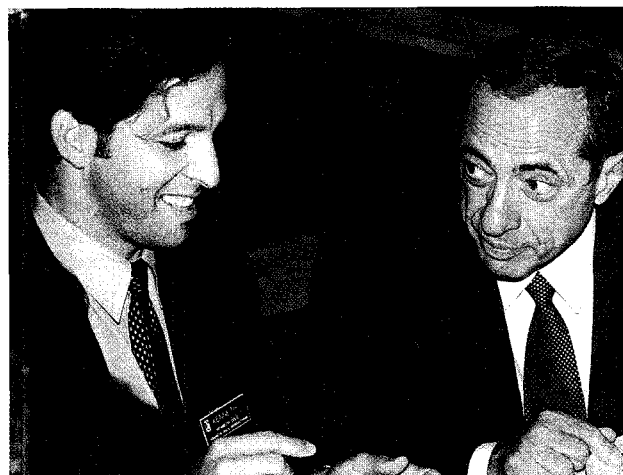
menswear. His sportswear line, which debuted just two years ago, will pull in an estimated \$100 million this year. Emboldened by its success, last fall Cole signed a licensing agreement with Liz Claiborne to launch his first womenswear line, which he will unveil later this year. Though he insists that "this was never about everybody knowing the brand, or about my name being on the tip of everyone's tongue," Cole is clearly positioning himself as a peer of the big four: Klein, Karan, Ralph Lauren, and Tommy Hilfiger.

His company now operates 41 retail stores in 25 cities from Atlanta to Amsterdam and plans to open a giant flagship on Fifth Avenue next fall. Cole took his company public in 1994; its stock price has jumped by 144 percent in the past twelve months, pumped up by analysts who see the company as fashion's Next Big Thing. "You can compare us to Donna and Calvin aesthetically, that urban fashion with a European inspiration," says Cole's chief operating officer, Paul Blum. "But they all built their business selling very highly priced product. We're selling urban product at a price the consumer can really afford. It's a very different philosophy."

In some respects, Cole is most akin to Ralph Lauren, a fellow middle-class kid who hit on a specific class-based style—in Lauren's case, Waspy American aristocracy—and packaged it in a way that was both accessible and aspirational, reinventing himself in the process. Blum qualifies the comparison to Lauren. "I don't want to name any names, but a traditional de-

most part eschewed the city's social whirl and adamantly declined the limelight. (He once said his idea of a good time was to hang out with his father-in-law, former New York governor Mario Cuomo, up in Albany, "where the smart people are.") But that seems to be changing. "Our associates are asking me to be out there more," admits Cole, who paints his decision to pose as *People* magazine's Sexiest Businessman of 1998 as a near crisis of conscience. "I was *very* torn," he says. "Because the brand was about something not so trite and trivial but hopefully something a lot more substantial. We cannot disregard the message we've worked eighteen years to communicate. We are not just a pretty face."

Indeed, he sometimes seems slightly embarrassed to be something so frivolous as a fashion designer: Kenneth Cole demands to be taken *seriously*. Though he claims to loathe fashion shows—"I gotta spend \$250,000 on a twenty-minute show, and it's an obscene waste"—he is nevertheless staging his fifth menswear show on February 3 at the Hammerstein Ballroom. Typically, Cole wants to make sure the Gucci-clad buyers in his audience will go home with something more meaningful than a look sheet. As Cole's models saunter down



“Our customers aspire to wear Dolce & Gabbana, so we package that and give it to them,” says Cole COO Paul Blum. “We make high fashion affordable.”

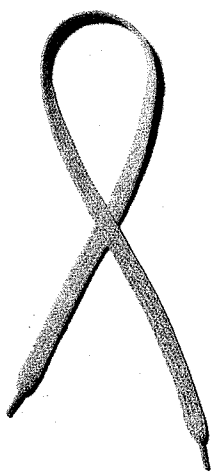
signer might want to create a blue-blood image that someone might aspire to be—like a lord or something,” he says. “We’re urban. That’s more realistic to aspire to. Really.” Yet unlike Lauren, who has modeled in his own ads and used his own lifestyle—genuine or cultivated—as a form of branding, Cole has relied on his faceless rep as a left-leaning philanthrope, that guy with the quirky ads who’s married to a Cuomo, golfs with Bill Clinton, and hangs out with the Kennedys.

And unlike Calvin Klein, who also used to appear in his own ads and self-consciously used his own persona as a tool to market his company, Cole, who commutes from Westchester, has for the

the runway, a large monitor will project statistics about the homeless, what might appear to be a rather risky ploy in the wake of John Galliano’s misbegotten foray into “homeless chic” at the recent couture shows in Paris. But Cole isn’t concerned. “I don’t know what Galliano was thinking,” he says of his colleague from Christian Dior. “Apparently he dressed people as homeless and sent them down the runway. That’s not very tasteful and somewhat exploitive.” But Cole points out that he’s not seeking inspiration from the dispossessed; he’s just taking advantage of a captive audience. “It seems so frivolous to bring the fashion press to one place and not deal

with something bigger than just clothes.”

“I could write Kenneth a love letter,” enthuses his friend and fellow nouvelle radical Billy Baldwin, who has modeled for Cole and long been a fan of his cause-related ads. “They’ve become his signature,” he says. “Every designer finds his own angle.” But as Cole’s business rapidly expands, pithy social commentary may no longer be sufficient. His associates are urging him to develop a persona that embodies the brand—like Calvin’s or Donna’s or Ralph’s, one that will set him apart in an increasingly crowded marketplace. Except even Cole doesn’t seem quite sure just what that is, or should be.



**"What you stand for is more important
than what you stand in."**

-Kenneth Cole

Call 1-800 KEN COLE for a catalog or a store location near you.

IT'S A LITTLE PAST NOON ON A WEDNESDAY, and Cole is anxiously preparing for a business trip to Europe; it's his last day in the office, and he has a clogged itinerary. First he meets with the contractor who is building his new offices in Hell's Kitchen ("The neighborhood's a little cooler"), where the company—now headquartered in the Carnegie building—will relocate this summer. Next is a merchandise meeting with his senior vice-president, a trip to his midtown showroom to review fall handbags, a thank-you to videotape for overseas factory workers, and a live CNN

interview, his cell phone ringing all the while. Cole has taken to working from home on Fridays, he says, so he can spend more time with his three young daughters. "I believe much of our lives is about guilt management," he says, reclining behind his expansive oak desk. "I feel very connected to my kids, which I didn't before." How, exactly? "We have more of an ongoing relationship," he says with a curious gravity. His sister, Abbie Cole, tends to speak less guardedly about the family: "My nieces will set up tables outside their rooms and sell things, but you find out afterwards that you can't take anything with you. He's the only person that could have come from." She laughs. "Kenneth will probably kill me." Indeed, Kenneth Cole—both the man and the company—is seemingly casual yet precisely modulated. It's evidenced in Cole's aggressively relaxed dress: belted indigo-blue jeans so stiff they seem starched; an undone tie, unwrinkled, slung—carefully and evenly—under his collar; a manicured five-o'clock shadow. His current offices are an ode to neutrality, bathed in hues of beige, tan, and oatmeal (though he excitedly reports the new offices will be housed in an authentic old warehouse with "some very urban characteristics—metal planks, wood beams, very uncontrived"). The wall

behind Cole's desk is studded with twelve framed black-and-white photographs from previous ad campaigns, all artfully askew. The employees who saunter through the carpeted halls are outfitted—voluntarily—in black shoes, black pants or skirts, and white shirts. "It's almost cultlike, the people who work for him," says his good friend Bill Apfelbaum, an ad exec who lives in Greenwich. "He is just so magnetic."

AFTER COMPLETING HIS MORNING meetings, Cole saunters down the hall to record his greetings to his overseas licensing group, and the "magnetism" Apfelbaum extols nearly overwhelms the room: "The message is very real," Cole says, barely blinking under the harsh lights. "It's bigger than a product. You're more than what you wear, which is so much a part of the fiber of this organization." (Cole, it should be noted, is a huge fan of puns.) "So I want to thank you, and I know the future only brings better things." He smiles. "Which, as they say, is only fitting."

"The puns," says Cole's friend and distant in-law Robert Kennedy Jr., "are *not* funny. He did a whole speech one time filled with them. I think people complained. I'm sure I have." "He is capable of some of the worst puns ever," says Mario Cuomo. "I call him my pun-in-law." Aside from his unfortunate sense of humor, Cole's sole (!) flaw is, apparently, a fierce sense of competitiveness. "He hates to lose," says Cuomo. "He once gave me a huge gash over the eye while we were playing basketball, then asked for a rematch—while I was still bleeding." "I've known Kenneth for eighteen years," says comedian David Brenner, "and I have yet to see the dent in the armor. I've never known him to be visibly angry. If I met him today, I'd think he's a phony, but he really is the American dream living—and handsome, huh? Wow, is he handsome!"

This kind of fervent testimonial isn't uncommon. "Ken doesn't go out of his way to be sexy—he just is," gushes Apfelbaum, who, like Brenner, says he has never known Cole to be upset or frustrated. "I have never seen him hang up on someone, or raise his voice, or throw a golf club," adds Apfelbaum. "I can't come up with a flaw." Yet he admits that his friend of ten years is something of an enigma. Of Cole's competitive streak, Apfelbaum says, "I think it stems from his childhood. But I don't know much about that." Blum doesn't, either, but he thinks the aspirational aesthetic that defines the brand is a direct outgrowth of how Cole felt as a young man, commuting from the place he lived to the place he longed to be. "To bring yourself up to another level," says Blum, "you've got to be somewhat unhappy with what you have."

Though reluctant to divulge much in the way of personal information, Cole alludes to a complicated relationship with his late father, Charles Cole, who lived with his family in Great Neck and owned a shoe factory in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. "My father was very committed to his work," says Cole. "First and foremost." Kenneth was on his way to law school when he took a summer off to help his dad, whose sales associate had just resigned. "I felt a responsibility to learn the business quickly, should anything happen to my father," says Cole in a rare moment of candor, "because this factory was feeding the entire family. But it was not my career choice—taking the subway to Williamsburg and walking twelve blocks to make women's shoes." Yet Cole says he chose to view his predicament as "an opportunity," and it cheers and visibly relieves him to talk about his upbringing as a series of vague object lessons in "the process" and "empowerment." To wit: He recalls his industriousness at age 15, when

help me in the process." His face brightens. "But that was okay. I figured that this was a great challenge. And I went and started a business in my apartment."

While Cole's disinclination to delve into familial strife is understandable, others think there's a far more pragmatic rationale for his inscrutability. "Kenneth is very image-conscious," says his younger brother Neil, who started the No Excuses line of jeans in the eighties (more famous for scandalized spokesmodels Donna Rice and Marla Maples than for the denim itself) and now owns and manages Candie's. "He doesn't want to admit any sort of vulnerability, because that will hurt the brand he's building. And the brand is him." Neil, who also worked at El Greco and says he is close to his brother, adds that they hardly toiled in the Dickensian squalor of industrial Williamsburg. "I don't know if Kenneth would like me to say this," he says tentatively, "but we definitely grew up in an upper-class neigh-

timidating. "Our guys aspire to wear Dolce & Gabbana, so we package that and give it to them," says Paul Blum. "It's called the international urban aesthetic," continues Blum, "We make high fashion affordable." Part of the brilliance of Cole's clothes is that they are akin to a well-crafted uniform: Unless you are truly a moron, it's nearly impossible to look unfashionable in his designs. "My goal is to make wardrobing easy," says Cole. "We use neutrals and fabrics with lots of stretch, a little bit of shine. Modern." "People don't want their clothes arriving before they do," concurs Blum. "We're kind of an accessory, even in clothing." It's true, and though it seems nearly every New Yorker owns at least one pair of Cole's shoes, this ubiquity is a weakness as well as a strength. "Kenneth's designs are not evolving the category," says one observer who, like Cole, was raised in the industry. "You don't see a lot of editorial credits for Kenneth Cole. But it's very clear that he's a savvy marketer."

When you sit around at dinner talking about the death penalty," says Cole, "it's hard to find relevance in what color shoes will be next season."

he got a job at Shea Stadium. "That was *ama-zing*," he says, squinting for punctuation. "I couldn't get tickets for the 1969 World Series, so I thought, *Imagine if I could work as a vendor!* Invariably, I found a way to balance my passion for sports with this desire to make money." Inspired, he next got a job selling peanuts at Knicks games at Madison Square Garden, where he says he "learned how to survive." In what sense, exactly? "It was like an inner-city-type job," he says, straight-faced. "A lot of the tough city kids would be in the corner, pitching quarters. And I was out there hustling." He pauses for effect. "You learn to mind your place." Soon after joining the family business, El Greco, Cole, who had graduated from Atlanta's Emory University in 1976, jettisoned law school and began traveling to Europe, picking up trade tips and designing shoes. The company had its biggest success in 1978 with the Candie's slide, though it was not an original creation. "We found the shoe in Europe and trademarked the name," Cole says, "and, invariably, it sold." In fact, that shoe made millions for El Greco; Cole left the business soon after to start his own footwear company. His father declined to give him a cut of the Candie's profits. "I think Daddy wanted me to do well," he says diplomatically, "but he wasn't going to

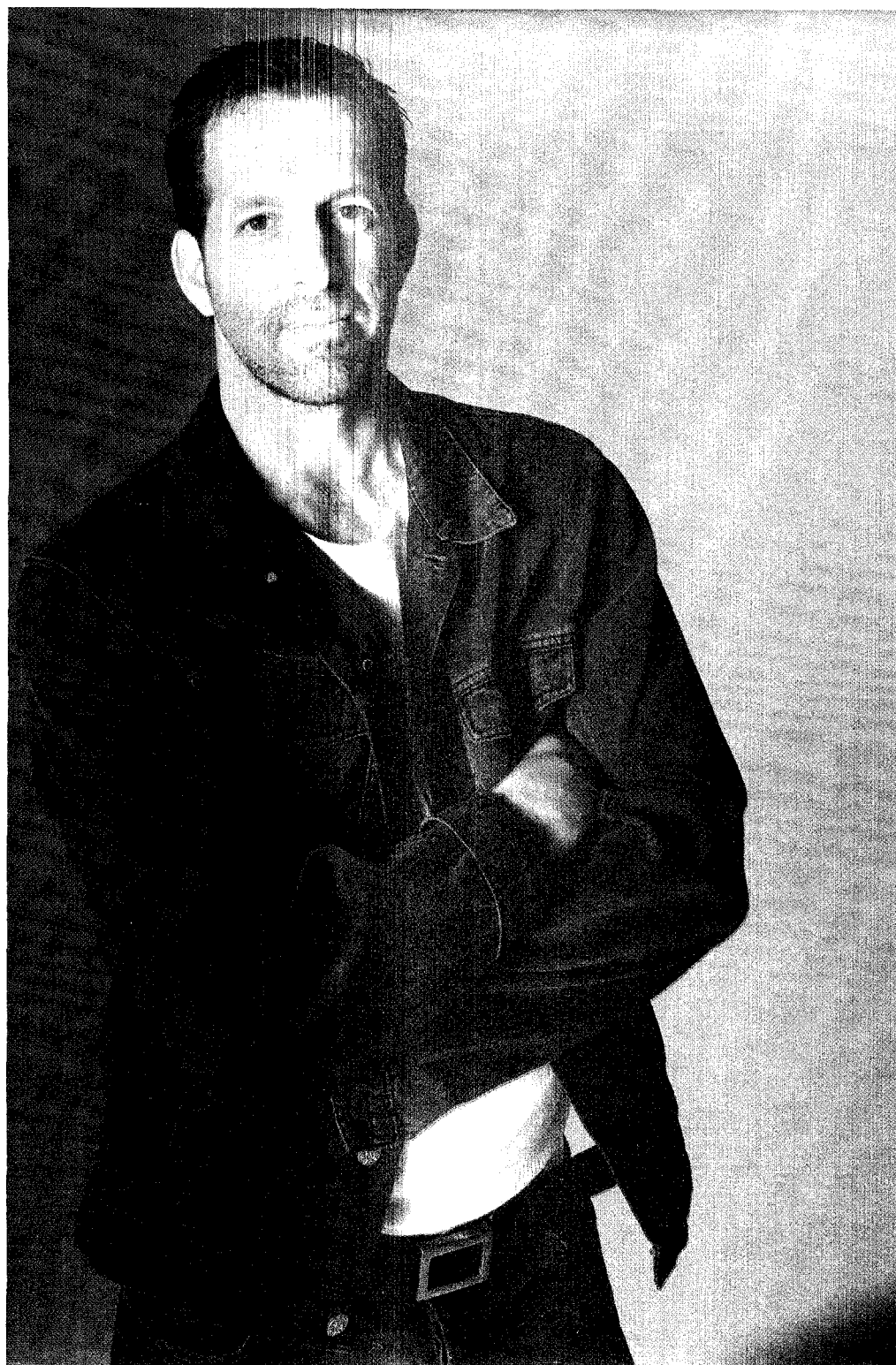
borhood." "I think Kenneth comes off as a self-made man, and that's not the case," says a former business associate of Charles Cole's. "The company his father created was really the start of the business for Kenneth and Neil."

If Cole's particular genius isn't aesthetic—really, he's more of a fashion interpreter than he is a designer, culling ideas from high-end houses like Prada and tweaking them—he's always had a canny instinct for marketing. "In the beginning," Cole concedes, "my ads were probably more distinctive than the product. For years, people would say, 'Are you Kenneth Cole? I love your ads.' And I'd say, 'That's nice. What do you think of the shoes?'" But Cole was rightly confident that he would fill a gap in the marketplace—the fuzzy demands of the underserved customer, one with an interest in trends who was willing to pay \$150 for a bit of mainstream urbanity. "In shoes, the higher price points are the trendsetters," agrees Kate Betts, editor-in-chief of *Harper's Bazaar*. "His stuff has a funky streetwear feeling, but his strength is the price."

Falling somewhere between affordable and aspirational, Cole's price points are largely responsible for the instant success of his cosmopolitan men's line, which has a slightly European feel but is in no way in-

Both Cole and Blum insist that Cole is the house designer, not the brand manager. Still, the process is incredibly collaborative: Cole, says Blum, comes up with "the vision," which the product people put on paper. The production-development people, often the licensees, begin executing the designs, adding components and colors, and Cole then edits the collection until it meets his approval. "Kenneth is the creative director for ads and product," says Blum. "He sets the tone."

FROM THE BACK OF THE CHAUFFEURED Town Car ferrying him to his CNN interview (where he will punnily exhort fellow retailers to "commit with all your sole" and "put ourselves in the customer's proverbial shoes"), Cole reiterates that he is not as consumed with marketing as with "invariably elevating the product." He says he's always been socially and politically motivated yet can't pinpoint why. "It's like, 'Why climb a mountain?'" he says blithely, reaching for his ringing cell phone. "It was very brave of Kenneth to rally behind AIDS as publicly as he has," says his friend Lisa Birnbach, author of *The Preppy Handbook*. "Does he look like a hero?" she asks. "I don't know. I don't know what a hero looks like." As for criticism that



BODY & SOLE Cole was torn by his decision to pose as one of *People's* sexiest businessmen. issue. "We're not just a pretty face," he says.

Cole's activism is really a shrewd marketing ploy to generate buzz and create a beneficent persona—he is offhandedly sympathetic. "I certainly understand people being sensitive to that, because I was," Cole says, before launching into the story behind the '85 AIDS campaign for the second time. Again, his loose-lipped brother Neil: "I don't know if Kenneth would like

me to say this, but I don't think it was 100 percent philanthropic. I think Kenneth felt it was a good business decision." Neil pauses. "And I believe quite honestly that he married a lot of that. What he gets from his father-in-law and Maria showed him the importance of giving back."

Cole met Maria Cuomo in the summer of 1986; they were married a year later. "I saw her at a party," Cole recalls, "and I imposed myself on her, asking if she wouldn't mind compromising her time and circumstances in order to have dinner

with me one night. Although I'm not sure I worded it that way." One would hope not. Today the family lives in Westchester; Maria, who for a time ran her own P.R. firm (Cole was a client), is now the chairwoman of HELP, the nonprofit housing association started by Andrew Cuomo. "You know, when you sit around the dinner table and you talk about the death penalty, all these issues, it's hard to, um, find the relevance in what color shoes will be next season," Cole says. What he does not offer is that he is a big contributor to the Democratic National Committee, has spent time at the White House, even golfed with President Clinton. "It's a wonderful experience to play golf with the president," says Cole, smiling placidly. "Golf is a very personal thing." So what did they discuss? "Golf," he earnestly replies. "Because golf is a way of relating to people."

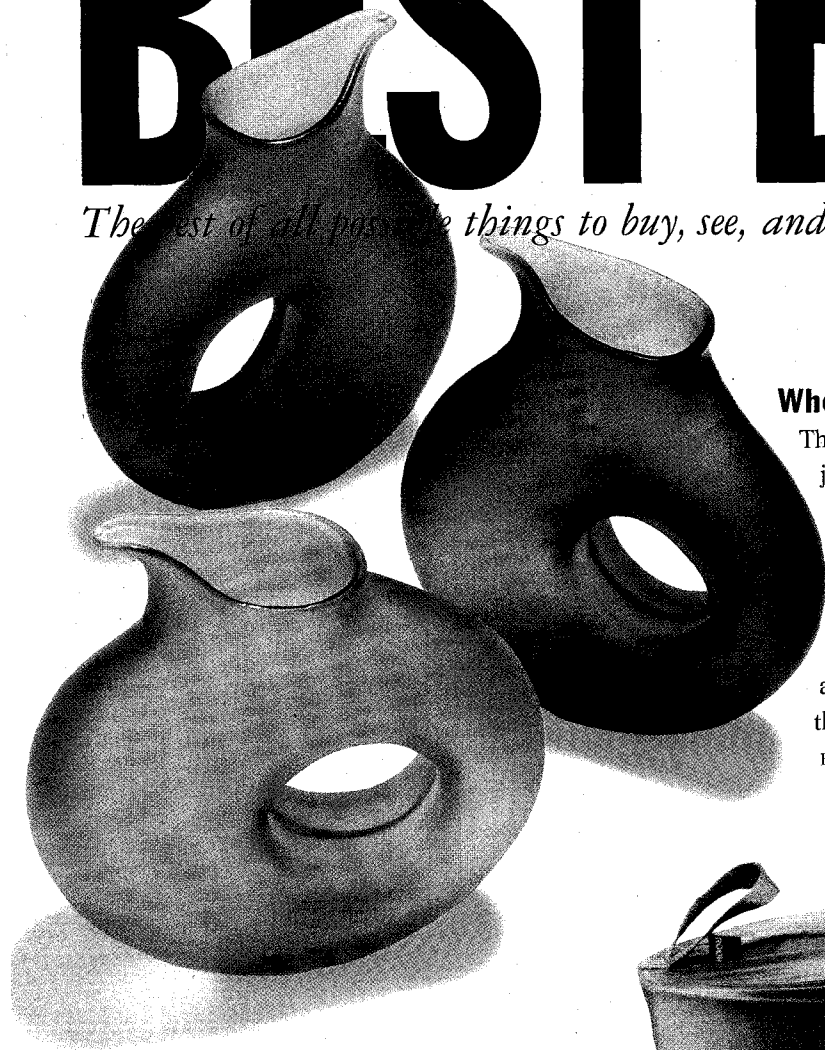
And this is Kenneth Cole's rather formidable goal: to relate to people. Specifically, his consumers, few of whom own a private plane or attend christenings with the Kennedys or play golf with the president of the United States. Still, he sees himself as a regular guy. "You know, I am very lucky," Cole insists, "because I *am* the customer. I haven't created a life for myself to jump-start a business. To be successful, you really have to put yourself in the customer's shoes—what they're thinking, feeling, what motivates them, inspires them. And the customer has enabled me to create product that's very much me." Even if he has a hard time articulating just who that is.

Cole hopes his customer will enable him to successfully buttress his clothing lines with a fragrance and home lines, and envisions a chain that is something like a more upscale Gap. "That's the plan," says Blum. "It's why our stock has been such a solid performer. We have a clear strategy that Wall Street understands." But for Cole, the goal is more poetic, if muddled: "I believe that fashion today is not about how you look," he says. "It's more about the whole person and what ultimately comes into the ultimate process of defining himself. It may have nothing to do with anything, but that's my goal." Which, as he would agree, is only fitting. ■

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Wholly Holey

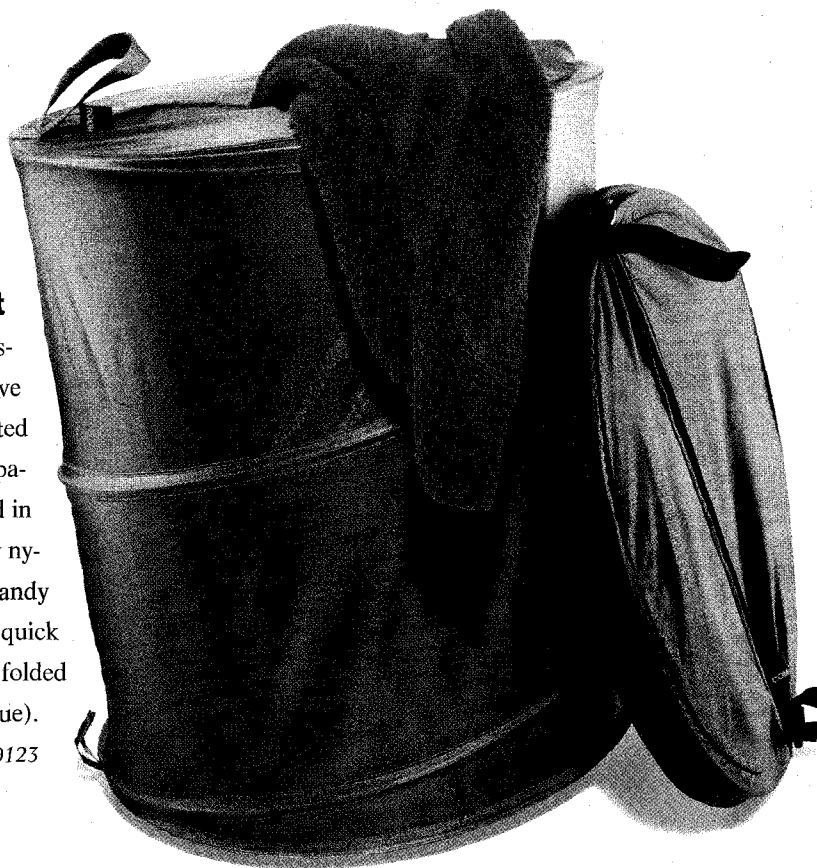
The British, it seems, are rather taken with jugs—think Toby and the assorted animal ones so popular in the eighteenth century. Now Cornwall glassblower David Wall has come up with a modern version. His handmade frosted-glass pitchers come in jewel colors; the hole creates a handle; and, though non-humanoid, they're called "Amy" (\$85).

FELISSIMO/10 West 56th Street/212-247-5656

Stuff It

Anti-clutter is Simon Pithie and Leonard Hamersfeld's mantra. Twentysomething Australians, they've put their formula to work on designs they've created for Room Interior Products, their homewares company. Everything is spare and simple and can be used in every room of the house. A case in point: their new nylon storage bins with steel coil springs. These handy space-savers are great for laundry, toys, storage, quick tidy-ups, whatever. When not in use, they can be folded flat and stashed away (\$35; also in navy blue).

PROPERTY/14 Wooster Street/917-237-0123

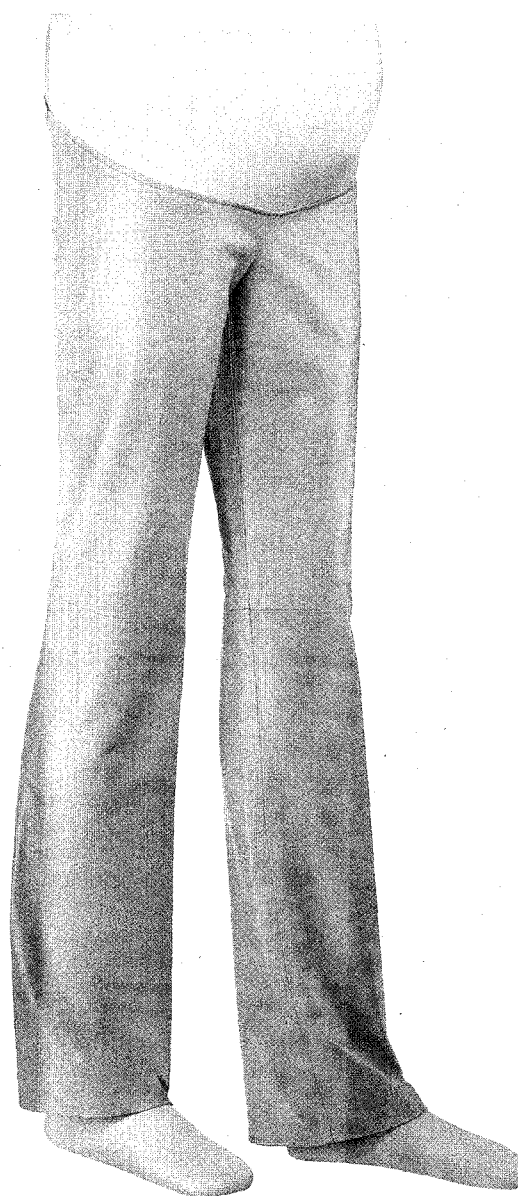




Blade Runners

Transpack, the company known for nifty in-line-skate backpacks, has now devised a junior version. It's as rugged as the grown-up kind (the fabric, buckles, and webbing are all industrial-strength), and it has two mesh-vented side pockets for the skates and an inside zippered pocket for stowing garb and gear. And, great news for wee ice skaters and skiers, Transpack Skate Junior can hold all sizes and types of kids' skates (around \$20).

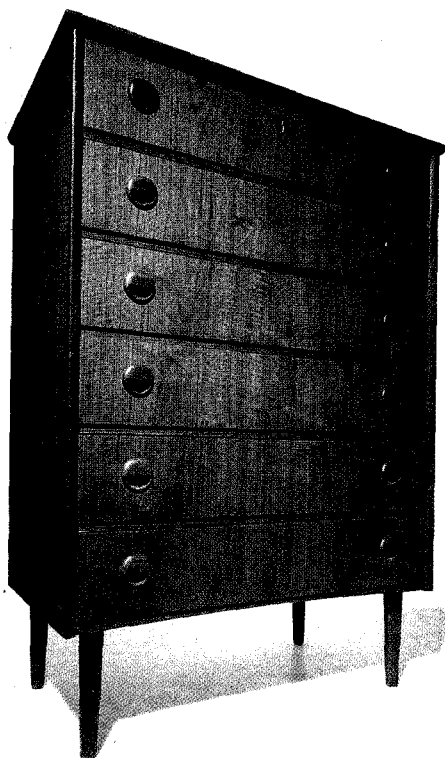
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Manhattan Mini Storage

Danish cabinetmakers in the fifties and sixties crafted teak and rosewood dressers that they purposefully kept small and therefore suited to the country's new infatuation with city living. A trove of these finely crafted dressers has recently surfaced at R 20th Century Design, and the size and simplicity that once appealed to the Danes makes them perfect for tiny New York apartments (\$750 to \$850; with or without legs; around 3 feet high, 14 inches deep, 24 to 36 inches wide).

R 20TH CENTURY DESIGN/326 Wythe
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Photographed by Steve Wisbauer

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

Expansion Plan

Ultra-hip maternity wear is virtually an oxymoron, but Nadine Belfort and Heidi Weinstein of L'Attesa are turning out clothing that qualifies. Last season's black leather pants were quickly snapped up by glam moms-to-be; now Belfort and Weinstein are doing their Italian lambskin bootlegs in pearlized pink and blue. These ever-so-chic slacks have an adjustable buttonhole waistband and a color-coordinated supplex panel that can comfortably accommodate expanding tummies (\$358).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/Sixth floor maternity

SMARTCITY

Dance Mix

Along with films, museums, jazz, and the occasional opera, modern dance is an essential part of any New Yorker's well-balanced cultural diet. Are you getting enough? By Erika Kinetz

LIKE TO WATCH PEOPLE MOVE. IT'S AN admittedly strange passion, but one doesn't choose these things: At age 5, I was in a tutu inflicting my fairy-queen fantasies on the sorry lot who happened to be in the living room. I still do little twirly things in parking lots. My shrink assures me this is normal enough. (My fascination with dance, he says, lies somewhere between the soulful appeal of the theater and the kinesthetic rush of sports.) Normal or not, it's isolating. My otherwise open-minded friends beg for clemency when I try to get them to go to a performance. Somehow the mysteries of modern dance have become stranger and more off-putting than anything Andy Warhol or Andy Kaufman ever dreamed up, and yet for some of us, dance holds exactly the same kind of cheeky appeal.

For a dose of nutty charm and the odd glimpse of something raw and beautiful, dance lovers head downtown—away from the magnificence of BAM, the blockbuster programming at City Center, and the civilizing forces of the Joyce. Getting into these venues is easier than scoring tickets to the Angelika on a Friday night. And I assure you, there's more to the world of modern dance than that creepy fat guy with the laurel wreath who did interpretive Greek Revival numbers in *The Big Lebowski*.

Dixon Place at Vineyard 26

309 East 26th Street (212-532-1546); free-\$12.

In 1986, Ellie Covan sacrificed her living room to art. Last summer, after a fourteen-year parade of half-dressed blondes, bearded ladies, fire-jugglers, and dancing sailors, the thrill finally wore off, and Covan moved her alternative-performance space to bigger and better digs. Fortunately, the nonjudgmental, homey infor-

mality remains. You can still grab something to drink and sink into an aging sofa. With five to eight performances and literary readings per week, Dixon Place functions as a petri dish for really, really new ideas. The half-baked and soon-to-be-great are cultivated with equal zeal; you never know what the spectacle before you might become. Who knew that those three guys pitching blue paint balloons at each other back in the late eighties would hit theatrical pay dirt as Blue Man Group? About half of the shows at Dixon move on to better-funded, stodgier territory, but that's beside the point. A celebration of raw (indeed, sometimes maddeningly so) imagination, Dixon Place is part old-world salon, part boho party. Watch for Maria Hassabi, Amanda Loulaki, and Jane Comfort on the 29th. Starting April 6, Brit Sarah Michelson and bottle-blond diva Julie Atlas Muz premiere *Blister Me*.

The Kitchen

512 West 19th Street (212-255-5793); \$12-\$15.

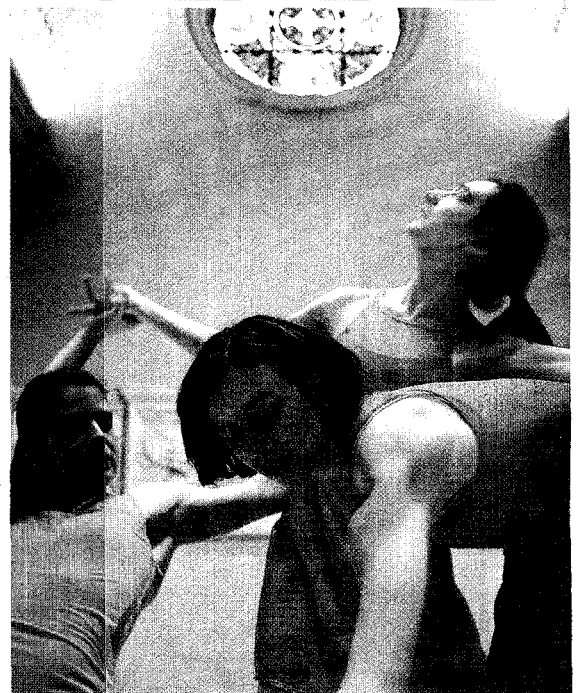
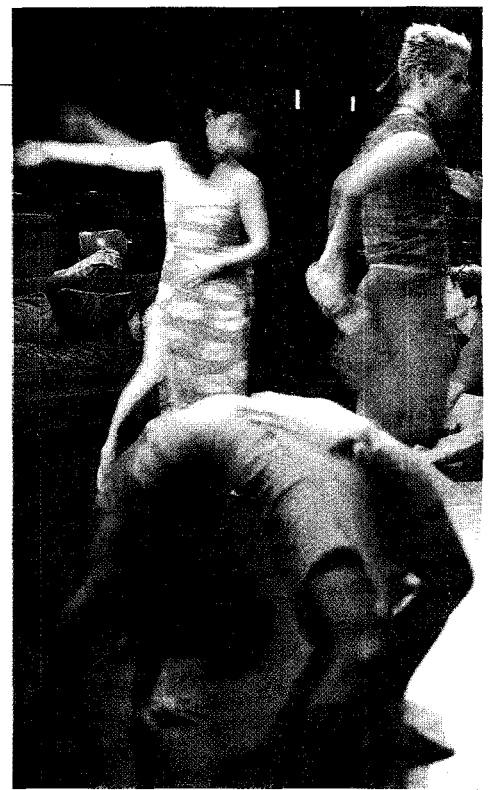
On June 15, 1971, video artists Steina and Woody Vasulka persuaded an intrepid group of artistic souls to brave the wilds of SoHo for a showing of experimental videos in a kitchen. Thus was born the Kitchen—a performance space dedicated to technologically savvy, largely unclassifiable, interdisciplinary work. Thirty years later, it still retains the cool irreverence of its youth. Philip Glass, Bill T. Jones, Cindy Sherman, and Molissa Fenley (who returns February 9-19) got early breaks here. More recent-

ly, reliable talents like Sarah East Johnson, Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker, and Jonathan Burrows have stopped in. Coming up: Kyle deCamp as Jean Seburg, March 8-18, and leather-loving structuralist John Jasperse, May 31 through June 3.

Danspace Project

131 East 10th Street (212-674-8194); free-\$15.

In the twenties, Rector William Guthrie brought dance into St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery with a little number called *Ritual of the Zuni Cornmaidens*. The audience



Q: I get showered with compliments whenever I wear my stiletto boots, but that's little comfort to my throbbing feet.

A: A woman's feet are the ultimate fashion victims, as Johanna Youner, head of the podiatry clinic at NYU Downtown Hospital, can attest. Among her patients she counts a great many ambitious females in the 27-to-32-year-old range whose feet can't handle the footwear dictates of their careers. "Sure, Manolo Blahniks look good," she acknowledges. "They make legs look longer and calves curvier, and they enhance the lower-back curve, but in reality they're very savage." Increased friction brutally chafes the skin, leading to heel fissures, corns, and calluses. But pedicures and foot massages can remedy the least serious of these problems. For some luxurious TLC, Youner recommends the pedicure at the Avon Centre, a spa, salon and retail store (725 Fifth Avenue, near 56th Street, 212-755-2866; from \$50). She takes great

comfort in their virtually hospital-grade sterilization techniques. For a lunchtime foot fixes, Sabrina Nail Care (218 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street; 212-683-4320) gets the nod. Its pedicures include what Youner claims is the best \$20 massage she's ever had. And while plenty of day spas offer foot rubs, Youner likes the reflexology service at Angel Feet (77 Perry Street; 212-924-3576). "Angel Feet's cleansing, pressing, and rubbing will send you off smiling like an idiot in the sunshine," she says, sighing. An idiot who will no doubt catch a cab rather than hoof it home.

ELAINE HEINZMAN

Cage, Merce Cunningham, Trisha Brown, and Lucinda Childs trotted across the linoleum here. Movement Research carries on that tradition with its free Monday-night performances, which have become an informal salon for the downtown dance community. The series generally include thoughtful and refreshingly idiosyncratic work, be it Molly Rabinowitz's lush gymnastics (April 24) or cowgirl Karen Sherman lassoing her girlfriend. Watch for Cunningham alum Foofwa d'Imobilite's virtuosic insanity on February 7, and on April 10, hotshot Meg Stuart takes a break from the European opera-house circuit to bring her Damaged Goods (that's the name of her company) to Judson.

Dance Theater Workshop

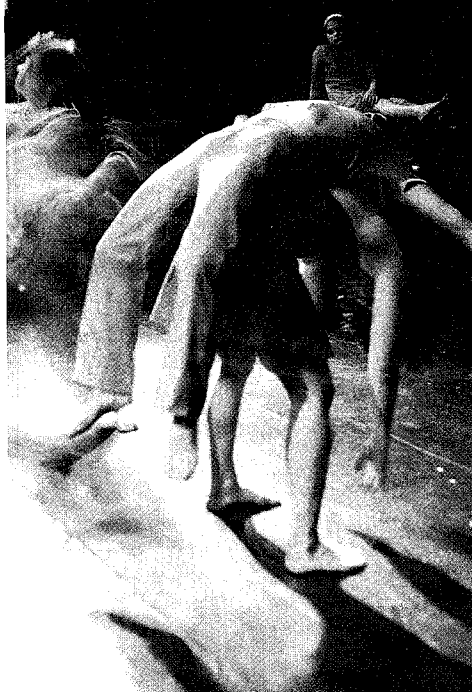
219 West 19th Street (212-924-0077); \$10-\$20.

DTW is a great gig for dancers—professional exposure, excellent facilities—but it's not an easy one to get: Either director David White likes you or he doesn't. This force of ego has enabled him to build up a \$3 million organization, and megalomaniac or not, the guy is often right. Deborah Jowitt, David Parsons, and Mark Morris are all indebted to him. Fresh Tracks, a biannual open-call audition for emerging choreographers, is a great way for hopefuls to get in the door. (Six out of 60 will make it to the stage this April.) Some of the best dance in the city happens in this little black box; watch for Tere O'Connor's hilarious, gut-wrenching theatrics in *Hi Everybody*, April 6 through 23, as well as regulars like Keely Garfield and Jeanine Durning (last seen descending a staircase at the Judson Church in full astronaut gear).

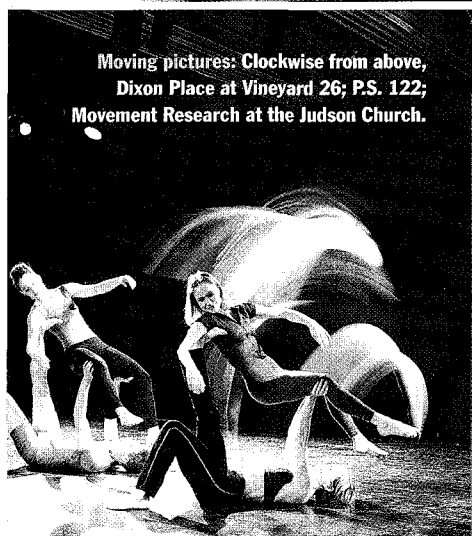
P.S. 122

150 First Avenue (212-477-5288); \$12-\$20.

In 1979, MGM refurbished this nearly abandoned school for use in the movie *Fame*. The mad, driven dreaming celebrated in the film still reigns at P.S. 122. With a juicy budget and more than twenty years' practice at sniffing out the most promising experiments, P.S. 122 has become a sort of avant-garde finishing school. Shows here range from rough, freewheeling performances by emerging artists (check out New Stuff, May 11 through 14, and Avant-Garde-Arama, May 19 and 20) to the more polished antics of folks like John Leguizamo, Danny Hoch, David Neumann (April 13 through 23), Min Tanaka, and Ann Carlson (February 10 through 20). "They're people who are interested in what's new," says artistic director Mark Russell of his audience. "And that's pretty much all New Yorkers."



Moving pictures: Clockwise from above, Dixon Place at Vineyard 26; P.S. 122; Movement Research at the Judson Church.



hated it—the dancers had bare feet! Times change. For the past 25 years, Danspace Project has filled the luminous wood-and-stained-glass space with madcap, queer, and downright lovely dancing. Shows range from informal performances such as those showcased in the series Food for Thought, Draftwork (look for Andrew Megginson and Rachael Wilde on February 12), and the annual Improvisation Festival/NY to the polished presentations by old hands like Allyson Green (February 24 to 27). You may be mystified, but you won't be bored.

Movement Research at Judson Church

55 Washington Square South; 212-477-6635; free.

"Postmodern" dance gathered momentum in the sixties when the likes of John

Give Yourself a Lift

Moguls for non-moguls: *Not everyone can make it to Gstaad for the weekend.*

But you can have a cool day on the slopes without a Swiss bank account.

WINTER'S IN FULL SWING, AND once again, you're wondering how you've managed not to get to the mountains. Don't despair—you can still head out skiing or snowboarding and be back by dinner having spent less than the price of a theater ticket. Many local sporting-goods shops arrange day trips to nearby resorts (all are about two and a half hours away). These aren't the meanest hills on the planet, but it sure beats staying home, and snow-making machines fill in when nature doesn't produce.

Paragon offers the widest selection of destinations. A bus will whisk you to Hunter Mountain on Wednesdays and Saturdays for \$55, Mountain Creek on Thursdays for \$50, or Windham on Sundays for \$60 (all including lift ticket). An extra \$20 covers equipment rental (stop by the store the day before the trip for fitting). Reserve your seat by phone three days ahead. Buses leave from the shop at 6:15 A.M. (at 7:30 A.M. for Mountain Creek).

Princeton Ski Shops' Saturday and Sunday day trips to Hunter are great for those whose form could use a little help. The \$54.95 fee (\$49.95 for students) includes a voucher for a group lesson as well as a lift ticket. Princeton doesn't offer equipment rental; just reserve your seat at least three days ahead. (Rentals at the mountain are \$17 for skis, \$23 for snowboards.) Buses leave at 6 A.M.

Scandinavian Ski Shop will take you to Hunter Mountain on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays for \$58 or on Wednesdays for \$53 (lift tickets includ-

ed). The catch is that you need to reserve in person a few days ahead, even if you don't need skis. If you do, it'll cost you \$19 (no snowboards, though they're available at the resort). Buses leave at 7 A.M. If your schedule permits, sign up for a three-day weekend with Scandinavian in Vermont (resort still to be determined). It'll cost you and a friend \$449 each (double occupancy) for travel, tickets, and breakfasts and dinners.

Blades' \$55 day trips to Hunter Mountain are popular with the twentysomething shredder set (as one salesperson said, "those weird people who still ski" are welcome as well). Book at least three days ahead, especially if you need to rent a board (an extra \$20). Buses leave at 6:30 A.M. from the West Side location on Thursdays and Sundays and from the Village shop on Fridays and Sundays.

Paragon Sporting Goods, 867 Broadway, at 18th St. (212-255-8036); Princeton Ski Shops, 21 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4400); Scandinavian Ski Shop, 40 W. 57th St. (212-757-8524); Blades Board and Skate, 120 W. 72nd St. (212-787-3911), and 659 Broadway, near Bleecker St. (212-477-7350).

Picks of the Week

Inca, maker of those bright woven-plastic beach bags you had to have last summer, is now clearing out crafty winter stuff at 50 to 80 percent off. The theme is chunky and knit with lots of mirrors and beads, including bags (from \$40), wool ponchos (from \$100), and shawls (from \$75). Find Outlet, 361 W. 17th St. (212-243-3177); M.C., V;

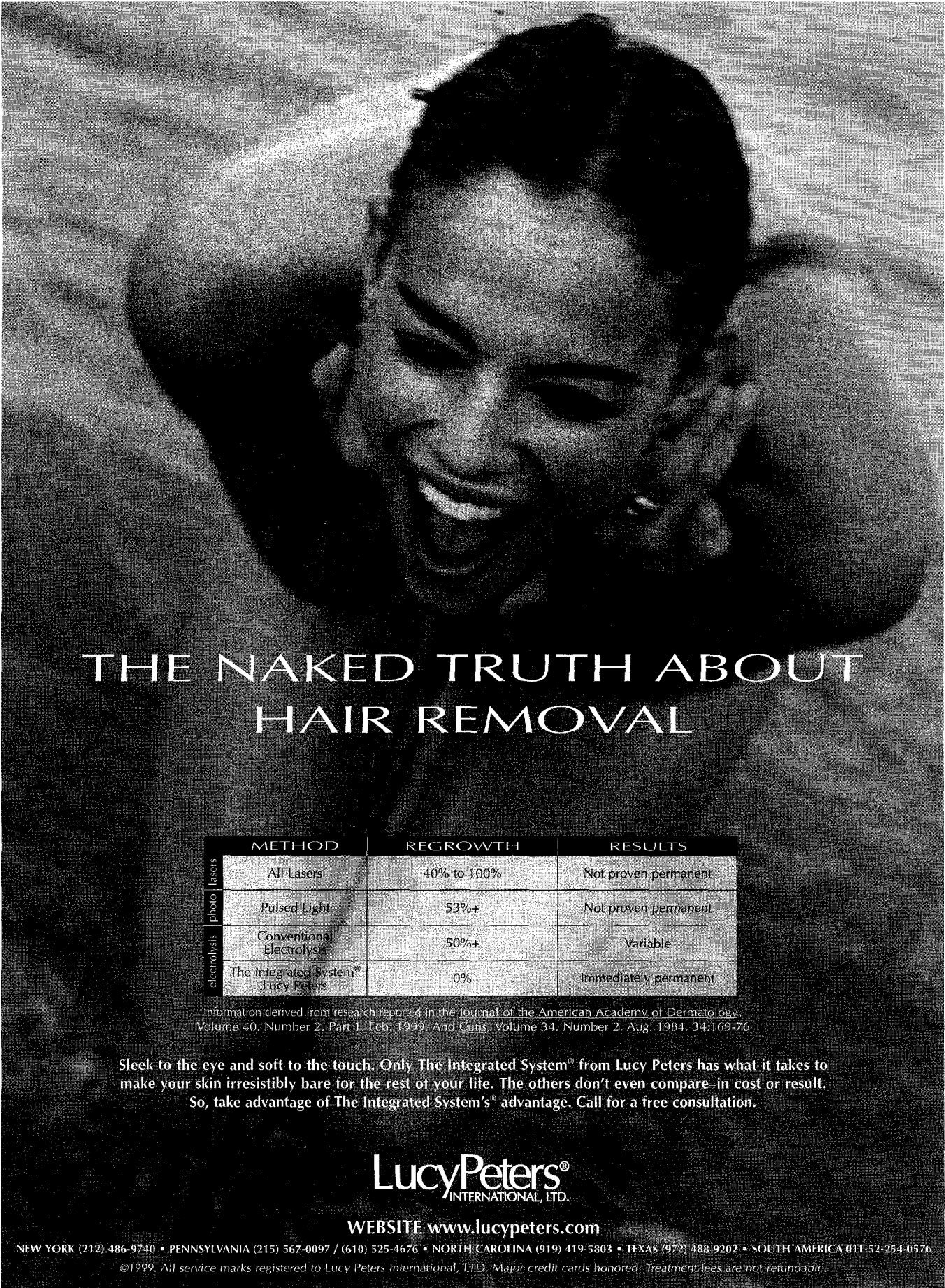
Thurs.–Sun. noon–7; 2/3–2/6.

Barry Kieselstein-Cord's swank uptown accessories are about half off at the sale: Jewelry is \$60–\$300; handbags are \$400–\$1,000. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th Street (212-229-5364); A.E., M.C., V; Tues. 1–6, Wed. 9–6, Thurs. 9–4; 2/1–2/3.*

Nice House is taking up to 30 percent off a cool mix of new and vintage home accessories: vases (\$32–\$96), lamps (\$112–\$260), and a few furniture items (a baker's cabinet is \$475). Newly made old-style candles, pillows, and barware are similarly reduced. 117 Perry St. (212-675-7509); A.E., M.C., V; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–6; 1/31–2/6.

Joel Name Optique de Paris's sale means 20 to 70 percent off all eyeglasses, sunglasses, and accessories from designers like Armani, Helmut Lang, Persol, and Bada. Frames are \$75–\$300. No eye exams. 65 W. Houston St. (212-777-5888); A.E., M.C., V; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. till 6, Sun. noon–5; 2/1–2/29.

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.



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MOVIES PETER RAINER

Woman Behaving Badly

The Jacqueline Susann biopic 'Isn't She Great' makes a comedy of errors out of a tragedy of letters; 'The Cup' scores with soccer-loving monks.



Welcome to the dollhouse: Bette Midler and Nathan Lane in *Isn't She Great*.

Isn't She Great, STARRING BETTE MIDLER AND NATHAN Lane, is billed as a biopic about the life and hard-driving times of Jacqueline Susann, but the actual film is something else again. It's more like a camp fantasia that turns Susann into a naughty-but-nice lollipop who is royally catered to by her gummy-bear-ish husband—press agent Irving Mansfield. The inanity of the project is staggering. At one point, when Susann is in the throes of creation on *Valley of the Dolls*, she asks her husband if it's okay to write about orgasms. She might as well be asking him if she can write about waffles. I realize that the filmmakers—director Andrew Bergman and screenwriter Paul Rudnick—were under no obligation to give us the “real” Jacqueline Susann, but it would have helped if they had at least given us the real *somebody*.

It's kind of funny reading all the recent stories about Susann being rediscovered as a feminist icon—the high

priestess of trash who brought out all the rowdy, lewd stuff in women's lives that the big-boy pulpsters left out. She and Irving Mansfield are also being credited, if that's the right term, with starting the whole take-no-prisoners approach to book promotion. Popular culture must be pretty hard-up for heroes these days. Only in a win-win culture like ours—and, more specifically, only in Hollywood—would anyone celebrate a character who says unabashedly, “All I ever wanted was to be famous.” This declaration in the movie is presented with only the lightest of ironies. Fame—any fame—is good.

The success game has never seemed so squeaky-clean. In place of the pill-popping, Pucci-appareled swaggerer who had scads of affairs and worked her personal vendettas into romans à clef, we are given an essentially kindhearted dame whose celebrity was, literally, divinely ordained. The film is punctuated by scenes in which Susann, with Mansfield dutifully in tow, looks up through the trees in her favorite spot in Central Park and talks to God. We're supposed to find these scenes adorable—God as the ultimate William Morris agent. But we're also meant to see Susann as essentially child-like—in a good way. She wishes upon a star, and the star twinkles back.

Even her heartbreak twinkles: When her baby boy turns out to be autistic, she's bummed out but pretty much snaps out of it with the help of her wisecracking actress friend Florence (Stockard Channing). When a lump in her breast is discovered, it's only a matter of time before we get the scene in which, during treatment, she pulls out a copy of *Valley of the Dolls* for her radiation technician. I suppose we should be grateful that we're not watching a big squishy sobfest, but there's something anaesthetizing about the way everything in this movie—the sorrows as well as the kicks—is made to seem silly.

The skimpiness of the conception extends to the showbiz milieu that the film is supposedly celebrating. The scenes in Lindy's, for example, might as well be taking place in cloud cuckooland. We don't get any of the hustle of the Broadway-Hollywood idiom, and the New York book scene is just so much wacky derring-do. John Cleese, whose talent, along with just about everybody else's, seems to have gone into hibernation during this film, plays the visionary publisher who recognizes the dollar signs embedded in Susann's wretched prose. Susann's editor, played by David Hyde Pierce doing his snippy Wasp thing, chafes at that prose until the numbers start racking up; he does a victory jig, which we're supposed to join in on, when Susann's sales reach the top of the best-seller list. So much for standards.

As an artist, Bette Midler began her movie career at the top, with a performance in *The Rose* in which she seemed capable of doing anything. Her raucousness and misery flowed into each other; she was like a free-form force of nature, and it remains one of the finest

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debut performances in movies. But then her acting career took a sharp turn into blowsy-diva comedy, and as long as she was in films like *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* or *Ruthless People*, who could complain? Like Katherine Hepburn, she was a rarity: great in tragedy and great in comedy. But as time went on, Midler's comic antics turned into shtick, and her tragic force, in movies like *Beaches* and *Stella* and *For the Boys*, dissolved into goop. Playing Jacqueline Susann should have recharged her batteries by indulging her gift for knockabout tragedy, except that the role, as written, is pure piffle. The current resurgence in interest in Susann—the magazine and newspaper articles, the reissues of her best-sellers, and all the surrounding hype—is supposed to be her last laugh on all the denigrators who said she'd be forgotten. But having the trashiness of her life turned into more trash isn't really much of a way to be remembered.

The Cup IS SET IN A TIBETAN MONASTERY-IN-exile in the foothills of the Himalayas, and the spaciousness and calm is lulling. But this is also a movie about the vagaries of the monastic life, centering on young monks obsessed with World Cup soccer. The Bhutanese director, Khyentse Norbu, is an incarnate lama and throneholder of a monastery in eastern Tibet, but his touch is playful, not lordly. The movie, which is slight but resonant, both mystifies and demystifies. We get a sense of the disciplinarian order but also of how that order is changing: The abbot (Lama Chonjor) who longs to return to Tibet and who keeps his bags packed understands that the tradition he has devoted his life to is slipping away. Will these young monks ever know what Tibet is like? Their fascination with soccer gives them a way to create a community of their own, and their avidity, far from impious, is a sign of life.

In brief: Galaxy Quest IS STILL KNOCKING about neighborhood theaters, and it's worth a look. Initially marketed as a space romp for the family, it's closer to being a satire of those films. A cast of TV actors in a *Star Trek*-style series ends up in a real interstellar shootout, and the drolleries take precedence over the special effects. The performers, including Sigourney Weaver, Tony Shalhoub, and Tim Allen, achieve a litting tone of self-mockery, and, as the Shakespearean actor reduced to playing an alien crew member with a crustaceoid forehead, Alan Rickman continues his unbroken string of stealing every movie he's in.

Peter Rainer's 1998-2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

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This Sceptered Aisle

*In London, 'Comic Potential' skewers the television arts and sciences
and underscores Alan Ayckbourn's claim to British comic royalty.*

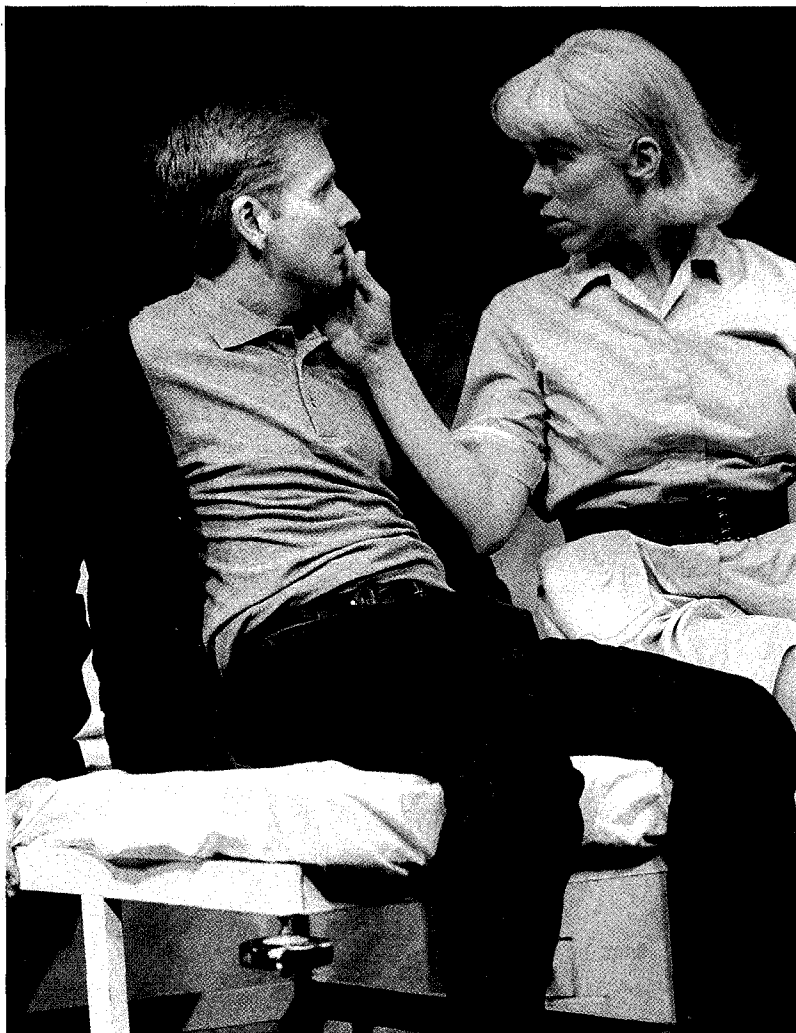
CAUGHT ALAN AYCKBOURN'S OPUS 53 ON A QUICK visit to London. It is called **Comic Potential**, and it's a masterpiece. Ayckbourn has been variously patronized as a mere farceur, a skillful polygrapher, or England's answer to Neil Simon. But he is more than that. His best plays hinge on a gimmick of genius that, transcending reality, enables us to see what's real more clearly.

Comic Potential takes place in the future, when TV programs are performed by actoids, a species of android suitable for cheesy shows for benighted audiences. They can learn lines and act out parts, and have unlimited memories and superhuman strength but no thoughts or feelings of their own. They can also be melted down and reconfigured in another mold. The play opens on a hospital scene: A doctor is telling a young man his foot will have to be amputated. The doctor is impassive, the patient distraught, his mother teary, the nurse quietly clutching her clipboard. All four are actoids.

Above them sit their puppeteers: Chandler (Chance) Tate, a famous American film director now a drunkard reduced to directing this tripe; Trudi Floote, a technician; and Prim Spring, a programmer—the two women lesbian lovers. Chandler is annoyed that the mother, a beloved character, weeps too sparingly; Prim, at her console, promptly gives her more tears. The doctor is slightly defective: He'll "remove the temporary pluster cust and umputate just above the unkle." The nurse lets out an unprogrammed laugh. To the technician, this is "random AU subrogation"; the console signal is clear. Blame "it"—the doctor; all actoids are "its."

Already we have a heightened satire on television, its purveyors and consumers. Apart from the alcoholic director, only one "it" evinces an independent mind: the nurse called Jacie Triplethree. The villain here is Carla Pepperbloom, the production company's regional director, a younger-man-eating older woman and scourge of her subordinates, who arrives with Adam Trainsmith, a likable young writer she wants to seduce. The less-affluent nephew of the American billionaire Lester Trainsmith, owner of this studio and almost everything else, Adam idolizes the early films of Chandler and is thrilled to meet him. In due time, the mute Lester also shows up in his wheelchair, wired to his effeminate factotum, Marmion, who comically speaks for him.

Adam is taken with Jacie and decides to write a teleplay for her. Amid spouting more or less relevant (and funny) bits from her past repertoire, she begins to utter things wholly her own. Jacie is becoming a real woman, and to escape Carla's jealous rage and getting melted down, she and Adam run off together and find themselves in love. They have uproarious adventures in a luxury hotel, a designer dress boutique, a fancy restaurant, and, forced to hide out from the pursuing Carla and the press, in a den of iniquity. It all comes



to a highly mirthful and meaningful conclusion.

A version, then, of the Pygmalion story, as an android becomes humanized by love. But also a hilarious social satire, a disquisition on the nature of comedy, and a wistful commentary on the power and precariousness of love. Underlying it all is the threat of being melted down—which, at one despairing point, Jacie herself desires—and the androids' lack of sexual organs and what this betokens for our lovers' future. *Comic Potential* has both comic actuality and tragic potential. It also has one of the finest performances I have ever seen. As Jacie, Janie Dee, a striking brunette, transforms herself into an adorable, dumb-seeming blonde. But subtly, funnily, movingly, this "it" becomes a she, with supreme ability to be actoid, actress, and irreducibly woman successively and even overlappingly. To take your eyes off this performance for one

**London calling:
Matthew Cottle
and Janie Dee
in *Comic
Potential*.**

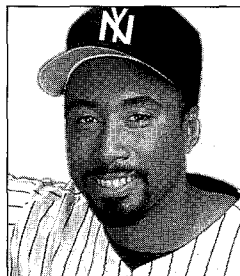
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moment constitutes an incalculable loss. Under the author's inventive direction, the entire cast is splendid, with David Soul's Chandler and Matthew Cottle's Adam given special chances to shine. My only worry is whether in a production without Miss Dee the play can achieve its full tragicomic potential.

MY BRITISH COLLEAGUES WERE VERY HIGH on the Theatre de Complicite's latest, **Mnemonic**, devised by the company but conceived and directed by its guiding (or misguiding) spirit, Simon McBurney. This intermissionless 110-minute show begins with an endless-feeling monologue by McBurney on the importance of memory and our deplorable unmemoriousness. We are each given a pair of eyeshades and a leaf, the former to help us look inward and recapture our memories, the latter to trace its veins with our fingers and realize that these ramifications, like all human lives, go back to a single source. Meanwhile, McBurney pontificates on and on.

The play proper concerns McBurney's breakup with his girl, played by Katrin Cartlidge; the young woman's efforts to trace her father, uprooted by the Hitler-inflicted diaspora; and scientists' attempts to figure out more about the remains of a 5,000-year-old man found well preserved near the Italo-Austrian border. The love story, the search story, and the archaeology story do not really mesh, nor do they have much to do with McBurney's ramblings about memory. But the thing provides opportunities for simulating train rides, for making a collapsible chair become the prehistoric remains, and for McBurney's showing himself off in the nude. I trust my forgoing a more detailed account will not reflect poorly on my mnemonic skills.

THE AMERICAN COMEDY WRITER DICK VOSBURGH wrote **A Saint She Ain't** with the British composer Denis King. Yet another satire on Hollywood, it targets the silly forties movies and treats us to caricatures of W. C. Fields, Mae West, Jimmy Durante, Rita Hayworth, Dick Powell, Abbott & Costello, etc. These unsacred cows have been milked too many times to yield much that is potable, let alone palatable, however skilled the hands working the udders.

King's melodies are pleasant, but Vosburgh the book-writer does not scale new heights of zaniness. He is, though, a funny fellow, as witness zingers such as "By the single blue eye of Veronica Lake!" or "Time is short, like Alan Ladd." A generally able cast does well by the material, which gets rather overwhelmed by the Apollo Theatre. Off Broadway, it could fill a modest stage and, with luck, even the seats.

John Simon's 1997-2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

ART MARK STEVENS

This American Life

Walker Evans's photographs, on exhibit at the Met, transcend all the platitudes—providing a portrait of the American soul.

EVERY GREAT PHOTOGRAPH HAS A SECRET. SOMETHING mysteriously and tantalizingly withheld, even when the world seems laid out as plainly as a corpse upon a table. The exhibition “Walker Evans,” organized by Jeff L. Rosenheim and opening this week at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, naturally contains many such “secrets”—Evans is a master. In a survey of his work, however, the anticipated mysteries will always have an added power, for Evans is also an iconic artist who gave definitive form to the American story. While wandering among his people, houses, and billboards, you will often have the uncanny sensation of looking past the surface of a society into the secret inner life of America during the first half of the twentieth century.

Evans (1903–1975) is best known for the portraits he made in the thirties of tenant and sharecropper families in Alabama, works published as part of his collaboration with James Agee, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. The pictures soon came to symbolize the dispossessed of America during the Depression; to the politically minded, they exposed the truth behind the patriotic boilerplate. But the images hold our interest because they are *not* possessed by fiery agitprop or clammy liberal platitudes. They take America behind the customary political stereotypes: No class analysis of social conditions or outcry about poverty could capture the flicker in the face of Allie Mae Burroughs in Evans's legendary portrait of her. If anything, the series has a quasi-religious, mystical air. A bedroom table in the Burroughs family cabin becomes an American altar. And the children become angels, though not in the cute Norman Rockwell manner. They are gravely ethereal emanations—exciting, challenging, strangely disturbing—from another world.

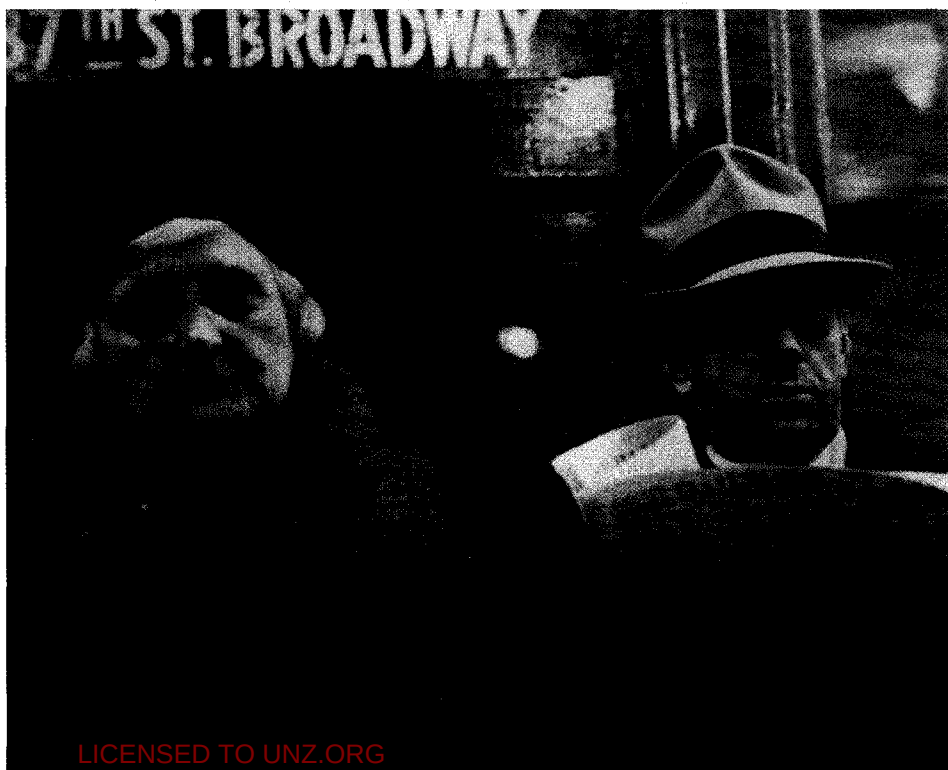
Evans's other work—too often overlooked because of the fame of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*—also led the eye past the surface of American life. He was a wonderful photographer of regional architecture, but not simply because he was celebrating “an American vernacular.” His houses were as alive as his people, and often as dispossessed. They seem lost in their memories and frequently look pained by time and the twentieth century: troubled by roads and ceaseless changes; made vulnerably quaint. When Evans addressed the “anonymity” of twentieth-century society—another classical theme—he did not make visual speeches about encroaching technology, bland uni-

formity, or the lonely crowd. He brought an angled anonymity to bear. The subway portraits, street snaps, and photos of penny picture displays are spiky with individuality. And his pictures of public signs and billboards, far from being symbols of capitalist oppression, always seem to be unpeeling into private messages.

Evans is not one of those American artists attracted to nature or the infinite spaces of the West. He would probably have found that subject nostalgic, essentially a lingering dream from the nineteenth century. He insists upon his own time and its man-made environment. A grid has been laid upon the land, and Evans himself instinctively constructs his images from rectangles, boxes, and geometric forms. The almost mathematical precision of his formal compositions establishes an austere modern counterpoint to the many private whispers in his art. Although Evans continued to make good work until the end of his life, he really belongs to the first—not the second—half of “the American century.” His carefully balanced compositions often create an island of stillness, a moment of revelatory quiet amid the modern churning. In the fifties and sixties, artists greatly influenced by Evans—such as Robert Frank and Lee Friedlander—would shake up the master's rectangles and rattle his geometries. America would become movement itself. With Evans, there's still a there there.

Mark Stevens's 1997–2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Ride, don't walk:
Walker Evans's
Subway Passengers,
New York, 1938.



Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS Hit and Myth

The Met restores its 'Rosenkavalier,' and Renée Fleming triumphs as the Marschallin; Leon Botstein makes a convincing case for 'Liebe der Danae.'

THE FIFTIETH-ANNIVERSARY OBSERVANCES OF Richard Strauss's death are still in progress, and the latest hot ticket at the Metropolitan Opera is a sumptuously cast revival of the composer's most popular stage work, **Der Rosenkavalier**. The Marschallin is the opera's dominant presence, and the Met's new interpreter of the part is Renée Fleming. The soprano never makes a false move, looks ravishing as a court beauty approaching middle age (32 in the Vienna of Maria Theresa), and revels in a creamy-rich voice now in

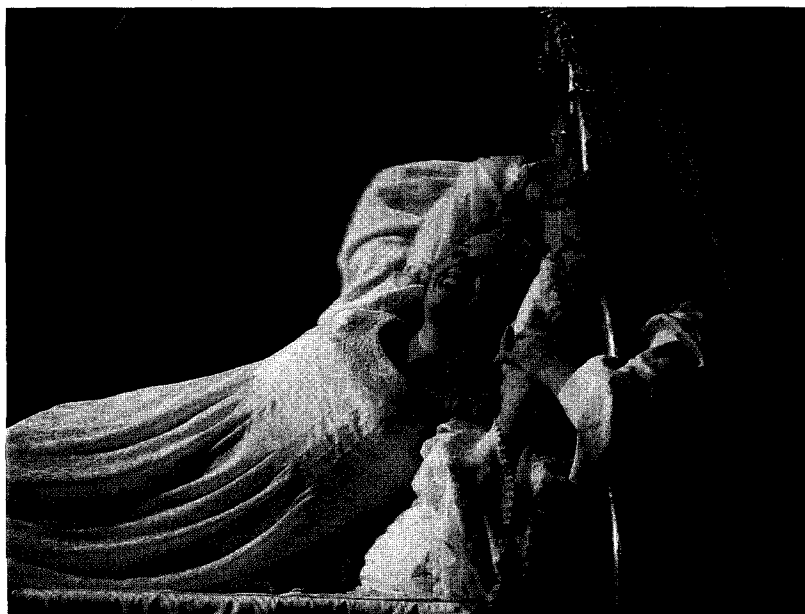
presides over a neatly organized orchestral performance but a curiously abstract one that seldom touches the heart.

FROM *DER ROSENKAVALIER* TO **Die Liebe der Danae**, COMPLETED in 1940 and Strauss's most obscure opera, is a long trip, although nowhere near as depressing a downhill journey as was once thought. Nearly all of the post-*Rosenkavalier* operas have by now been reassessed and upgraded except for *Danae*, which still turns up infrequently and remains the only one of the composer's fifteen operas without an official complete recording. Several live performances have circulated, however, mainly the delayed world-premiere production in Salzburg in 1952, three years after the composer's death. Another version should be available soon, since the recent American Symphony Orchestra concert performance at Avery Fisher Hall conducted by Leon Botstein was recorded for future release.

An indefatigable revisionist, Botstein tends to overestimate the quality of all the neglected works he believes in so strongly, but at least his enthusiasm for these flawed but interesting scores is never less than infectious. Had *Die Liebe der Danae* been composed when the idea for this "cheerful mythology" first arose, the opera might well have turned out to be the masterpiece Botstein supposes it to be. The concept originated with Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Strauss's favorite librettist, who died in 1929 before he could work out the details that intriguingly blend two unrelated gold legends: King Midas and his cursed touch and Jupiter's seduction of Danae through a visitation of golden rain. Very little of Hofmannsthal's typical flair for fantasy and bittersweet humanism shine through Josef Gregor's flat-footed and often confusing text. Strauss eagerly grasped at all the good moments, though, especially the final scene where Danae and the disguised Jupiter both make the right heroic choices and renounce worldly illusions. Elsewhere the composer too often falls back on vacant note spinning, but the deliriously lyrical finale is inspired and worth the wait.

The three throat-tearing lead roles may also be a reason why this opera is so seldom performed. The intrepid Lauren Flanigan tackled the title role, giving an expressive and dramatically alive performance even when her soprano was sorely pressed up top. Peter Coleman-Wright may lack sufficient vocal weight and majesty for Jupiter, but he successfully projected the god's wry humor and frustrations while fearlessly refusing to duck any of the punishing high notes. Like most of Strauss's heroic tenor roles, Midas is a killer part with only passing musical interest, but Hugh Smith made a good stab at it with his attractive if rather slender resources. A man with a mission, Botstein kept the complex apparatus together with fierce determination and even flashes of eloquence.

Peter G. Davis's 1997–2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.



By Strauss:
Renée Fleming,
left, and Susan
Graham in *Der
Rosenkavalier*
at the Met.

its ripest maturity. That said, the overall effect of her Marschallin tends to be rather generalized, but better modest restraint than fussily italicizing every note and gesture. The languid postcoital banter with her teenage lover Octavian, her understated put-downs of the boorish Baron Ochs, the visible disintegration of mood during the hectic levee scene, her quiet dismissal of the uncomprehending Octavian—Fleming develops the character consistently without sacrificing vocal or musical integrity.

Susan Graham's ardent Octavian and Heidi Grant Murphy's marzipan-sweet Sophie would perhaps be still more engaging if prodded by a Marschallin with sharper definition, but these, too, are handsomely sung performances. Best of all is Franz Hawlata's generously voiced Baron Ochs, comically coarse but not without a touch of nobility, a sly sexy allure. The Met's 1969 production, conventionally but comfortably set in period, has been refurbished and looks good enough to survive another 30 years. Once again indicating that Strauss has never been a composer who engages his full interest, James Levine



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TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD Past Perfect

Yesterdays—real, surreal, and unreal—inform a new occult series, a (surprisingly good) imagined reunion of John and Paul, and a Mary-and-Rhoda sequel.

Heebie-jeebies: From left, John Billingsley, Bill Cobbs, Julianne Nicholson, Gabriel Macht, and Melissa Crider in NBC's new paranormal series, *The Others*.

IN A WEEK FULL OF PLEASANT SURPRISES, THE BIGGEST if not the best is *The Others* (Saturdays, starting February 5; 10 to 11 P.M.; NBC), a sort of paranormal *Dirty Dozen*. It's the biggest surprise because I like it. It's not the best because I shouldn't. Exactly what this anxious culture doesn't need is more *Twilight Zone* woo-woo—precognition, psychokinesis, and telepathic dead men talking. Yet *The Others*, whose loftiest ambition is to scare the bejesus out of us, not only buys into every infirmity of the deracinated modern mind but positively wallows in them.

For starters, the usual neurotic college co-ed, Julianne Nicholson, finds in the bathtub of her dorm room the bloody naked body of a previous female occupant who seems to be trying to tell her something before she dematerializes. Julianne will bring this ghost story to her professor of folklore and mythology, John Billingsley, who promptly whisks her off to an ESP support group that includes Melissa Crider as a sultry New Age "sensitive," Gabriel Macht as a medical-intern "empath,"

Kevin J. O'Connor as a crazed visionary, John Aylward as the blind grouch, and Bill Cobbs as a wise old man so close to dying that he can camp out in the netherworld. These Spooks Anonymous meet regularly to agitate about anomalies in the old Cartesian flimflam. Of course, they'll help Julianne determine if her apparition killed herself or got some murderous help.

Next week, *The Others* involves a dead husband, a dead baby, the mystical significance of the numbers 11 and 12 on a pair of bleacher seats from the old demolished Boston Garden, etc. Even as he is dropping in on the annoyed dead—from, for instance, the Apollo disaster—Cobbs explains to Julianne that "there are no ifs." The Ancestor is grooming his Adept. And DreamWorks executive producers Glen Morgan and James Wong abet this hokum with clever scripts and delirium-tremens special effects.

Maybe *Two of Us* (Tuesday, February 1; 9 to 11 P.M.; VH1) seems to me the week's best just because I expected the least. Whatever: A TV movie on a music-video cable channel purporting to imagine a Manhattan reunion on an April Saturday in 1976 of Paul McCartney (Aidan Quinn) and John Lennon (Jared Harris) seemed an unlikely candidate for excellence, even with Michael Lindsay-Hogg directing from a script by Mark Stanfield. But good-guy Paul, on tour with Wings, insists on showing up at the Dakota door of an edgy and suspicious John, while Yoko's out of town. After some terrific awkwardness, a re-opening of old wounds, and nasty remarks by John about Paul's "silly little love songs," they resort to pot and past. (Well, they are the friends they get high with a little help from.) Spiced up with *In His Own Write* wordplay and sly references to walrus and "Yesterday," they discuss Buddha, happiness, Walt Whitman, reality, Stevie Wonder, and their dead fathers. Whether or not this is the Beatles, it is certainly enduring friendship. And when these "two of us" sit down at John's white piano to sing "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," it is also absolutely wonderful.

Meanwhile, in *Missing Pieces* (Sunday, February 6; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) James Coburn seems so recovered from having been, in *Affliction*, the lousiest father since Eugene O'Neill's James Tyrone that he's turned into one of the nicest. As Atticus Cody, a widowed patriarchal Colorado rancher, Coburn has never been able to talk to his artist son, Scott (Paul Kersey), about the auto accident that



killed their wife and mother. And when he gets a telephone call telling him that Scott's committed suicide in Mexico, it seems he never will. But in Mexico, what with Lisa Zane's lying to him in the middle of her Madonna/*Body Double* impersonation, the cops' neglecting to investigate a hit-and-run, the missing passport and the mysterious key, this father earns a second chance. *Missing Pieces* has been scrupulously adapted from Ron Hansen's novel *Atticus*. If you have never read Hansen, *Atticus* is a better place to begin than his recent Hitler novel. But best of all is the one he wrote about a nun, *Mariette in Ecstasy*.

WE BRING OUR YOUNGER, BETTER SELVES TO a television movie like **Mary and Rhoda** (Monday, February 7; 8 to 10 P.M.; ABC). As Mary Tyler Moore when she smiled so often seemed as life-affirming as a field of sunflowers, so we wanted to smile right back at her. It's heliotropic. Such is my affection for her, for Valerie Harper, and for the sitcom that killed off Chuckles the Clown, my worst fear was that they'd embarrass us all with a sixtysomething reunion in New York City. It took me half an hour to relax.

Mary is a widow who quit her job as an ABC News producer to be a better mother to her daughter (Joie Lenz) and now discovers that her congressman husband squandered their savings on campaign debts. Rhoda is divorced, from someone French and awful, and returning from a journey into alternative religions—"I'm Jewish and Shaker; I can make my own furniture and sell it retail"—to be near her Columbia premed daughter (Marisa Ryan). Looking for jobs, they find each other, and, of course, move in together. You don't need to know more, except that, besides permitting us to enjoy two old friends again, *Mary and Rhoda* also has smart things to say about the "invisibility" of older, single women and the decline of TV news.

Finally, **Madame Bovary** (Sundays, February 6 and 13; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) gets the two-part *Masterpiece Theatre* treatment. Frances O'Connor is luckless Emma, who will be punished for a head full of dime novels, a heart that sings the "Song of Songs," a dream life that tends to gondoliers, and piano lessons in bed with a man other than her hapless and besotted husband, Charles (Hugh Bonneville). It seems to me that director Tim Fywell has better luck with O'Connor than Jean Renoir had with Valentine Tessier, Vincente Minnelli with Jennifer Jones, and Claude Chabrol with Isabelle Huppert. But it also seems to me that Emma was a nicer person than Flaubert.

John Leonard's 1997-2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

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Bouley School

David Bouley may only have two restaurants in the city, but his kitchen has hatched inexpensive Bouley-influenced bistros all over town.



Spin-off city: Left to right, Smith St. Kitchen's fish of the day, Bouchon Bistro & Wine Bar's duck breast, and its salmon on risotto.

MARK SETLOCK, THE ONE-MAN CAST OF *Fully Committed*, the Off Broadway send-up of the New York restaurant world, used to answer phones at Bouley, and he lived not only to tell the tale but, in doing so, to become a star. He's not the only one. There is something about being close to the exalted and exacting David Bouley that makes people crave their own spotlight. In his first restaurant's early-nineties heyday, aspiring cooks considered it a rite of passage—or maybe a tour of duty—to work alongside the master, even if only for a few months. And though it served as training ground for such eager apprentices-cum-celebrity chefs as Le Bernardin's Eric Ripert, La Caravelle's Cyril Renaud, and Scott Bryan of Veritas, it's the more modest spin-offs that most often lure us—the scores of bargain bistros where ambitious young chef-owners (unfazed by their shoe-string budgets) spread the Bouley gospel of high-quality, seasonal ingredients, innovative preparations, and intensely flavored vegetable extracts and emulsions. (Remember tomato water?)

Diners who can't get past the busy signal at Bouley Bakery and Danube, and who are willing to endure wobbly, knee-banging tables and brusque service, will be rewarded with artful and ambitious albeit homier and less-glamorous cooking. The maestro may never realize his much-publicized dream of world culinary domination (what ever happened to Bouley International, his TriBeCa research institute that was going to combine a nutrition center, a cooking school, a restaurant complex, a food shop, and a catalogue business?), but whether he meant to or not, he's already launched an army of "formerly of Bouley" foot soldiers who have taken his bowl of Robuchon-style mashed potatoes and run with it.

Nicolay Yerofeyev's only concession to his Ukrainian

ancestry at **Bouchon Bistro & Wine Bar** (41 Greenwich Avenue; 212-255-5972) is *salade à la Russe*, his mother's recipe for a pinkish-tinged stack of diced beets and potatoes, the perimeter of the plate ringed with sliced beets dabbled with horseradish and crowned with nubbins of cornichon. That's a lot of presentation for six bucks, a hallmark of the chef's expressionist style and a remnant of his stint as *garde-manger* at Bouley. He paints china with vegetable purées and punctuates with pumpkin seeds. There's more artistry in his food than in the humble décor of the bistro (which, with only three wines available by the glass for now, isn't really a wine bar, though Yerofeyev promises more soon). The bread basket full of hot, crusty rolls sets the right hospitable tone. Butternut-squash soup (\$5), a bistro staple, benefits from freshly ground nutmeg and allspice and a spiral of pumpkinseed oil. The hearty charcuterie plate (\$12), with its tasty potato salad, pungent garlic sausage, salami, and pots of spicy mustard, could have been airlifted out of a Colmar brasserie. Yerofeyev must be genetically programmed to crank out soothing cold-weather dishes like the classic *boeuf bourguignonne* with prunes and crispy gratin dauphinois (\$14) and the veal roulade (\$10), transcendently tender veal breast rolled up and stood on its side in a puddle of rich Madeira sauce with root vegetables and fingerling potatoes. Slices of duck breast (\$16) are fanned over a sweet-sour mound of red cabbage, the humble highlight of a plate that's also graced with caramelized apples and buckwheat farce (close your eyes and it's kasha). Likewise, addictively rib-sticking spaetzle steals the thunder from the fatty rib-eye (\$16). We're desperate for meat and potatoes, but maybe that's just the wind-chill factor talking; the cod (\$12) and salmon (\$14), seasoned respectively with roasted-pepper sauce and a port-and-shallot reduction, are almost as robust. The wine list offers lots of options in the teens and twenties (at \$36, a Mondavi Zin is a splurge). Desserts are classic French; until the seasons

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EIGHT YEARS AGO, WHEN BOSTON NATIVE Saul Bolton came to New York looking for work, he did what any smart aspiring chef would do: stake out an alley leading to the kitchen of the hottest restaurant in town. Sure enough, Bolton scouted a kitchen grunt getting booted out the back door of the old Bouley by a cranky canapé-maker and moved in like an apartment hunter who reads the obits. A lucky break for Bolton—who spent the next two years studying Bouley's technique (and avoiding the canapés). Six months ago, he followed the path of lease resistance and opened **Restaurant Saul** (140 Smith Street; 718-935-9844) in a Brooklyn neighborhood where he could afford the real estate but still attract a crowd that craves foie gras sautéed with sweet-and-sour prunes and quince—at \$11, the priciest appetizer on his French-American menu. On a recent freezing-cold night, we'd rather watch a Republican Party debate on TV than take a train to Brooklyn, but almost instantly, a comforting, piping-hot amuse-bouche of spicy lobster and coriander purée puts us in a proper mood—and renders the portable electric heater next to our table unnecessary. Bolton calls his style an "extremely stripped-down version" of what he learned at Bouley and later Le Bernardin. So a lonesome-looking salad (\$6), just some lettuce leaves and nothing else in a tarragon vinaigrette, turns out to be the strong, silent type—a perfect palate cleanser. An entrée-size appetizer of crispy-succulent duck confit (\$8), tasty enough to stand on its own, is nevertheless a big socializer, happily paired with a poached-then-roasted pear stuffed with Gorgonzola and walnuts. By comparison, the entrées (\$15 to \$21) sound like homebodies: roast chicken, sautéed salmon, pork chop—you know the drill. But Bolton finesses the overly familiar with flavorful purées (parsley vinaigrette with the scallops) and garnishes (spicy eggplant and char-grilled asparagus that hasn't succumbed to overcooking with the salmon) that make even a limited menu tough to choose from. If you're having the same problem committing to a bottle from the appealing wine list, a selection of half bottles—a thoughtful and affordable touch—saves the day.

IF YOU VENTURE TWO BLOCKS SOUTH TO **Smith St. Kitchen** (174 Smith Street; 718-858-5359) on a cold winter night, prepare for a chilly reception. Not from the staff, who couldn't be nicer, but from patrons unlucky enough to be seated near the double doors, on which are posted en-

treaties to PLEASE CLOSE FIRMLY against intruding icy blasts. It's a futile gesture: Ever since the 32-seat restaurant opened three months ago, its doors have been in perpetual motion, as the neighborhood converges to sample the mostly seafood menu turned out by the three chef-owners (one of whom, Michael Brack, was assistant pastry chef at the original Bouley the year before it closed, though he has since deserted desserts). A fourth partner patrols the candlelit dining room, which is dark and starkly atmospheric, with chester-upholstered banquettes lining gun-metal-gray tin walls warped with age. But despite the anonymous name and barely there décor, this team's grand aspirations are evident in the details. Baguette slices arrive in a linen-lined tin bucket. Tables are covered with cloth instead of more practical paper. When the waiter recites the specials (including a grilled whole fish of the day), he quotes the price, an almost obsolete practice. And although the appetizers range from \$5 to \$8, a discreet box on the bottom of the page proposes Osetra caviar with buckwheat blinis and crème fraîche for anyone with \$23 to spare. Unless you stick with salad, your first course will be a sea creature—or several, if you opt for the cured cold fish plate (\$8), a smorgasbord of gravlax, smoked trout, marinated oyster, and salmon caviar. The "grilled sardines" (\$6) is actually one enormous specimen, reclining on a hillock of couscous studded with black-olive bits and artichoke hearts. You can't fault the chowder (\$7) for being thin—it's called "ocean broth chowder," after all, the ocean being represented by top-neck clams and baby calamari, flying-fish roe, and Prince Edward Island mussels. Merluza (\$17) is Arctic cod—not to be confused with the Provençal-inflected Arctic char (\$16)—winterized with a helping of crispy spaetzle. The potato-crusted grouper (\$18) in tomato-shellfish broth is in the spirit (if not the letter) of Daniel Boulud's signature sea bass, while grilled sea scallop and nicely charred giant shrimp (\$19) rest on a rich bed of lardon-laden barley hash, almost risotto-creamy. Amid all this surf, there's precious little turf—just chicken and the beef-cheeks pot roast (\$16), a stellar cold-weather concoction of moist, deeply rich meat with butter-suffused garlic mashed potatoes. The international wine list is small (eight red, eight white, \$18 to \$46) but well chosen: The focus is on food-friendly selections like Pinot Noir and a delicious, crisp Austrian Weissburgunder (Pinot Blanc; \$30). With the check comes a gratis dish of crunchy, sugar-dusted madeleines. Once a Bouley pastry chef, always a Bouley pastry chef. ■

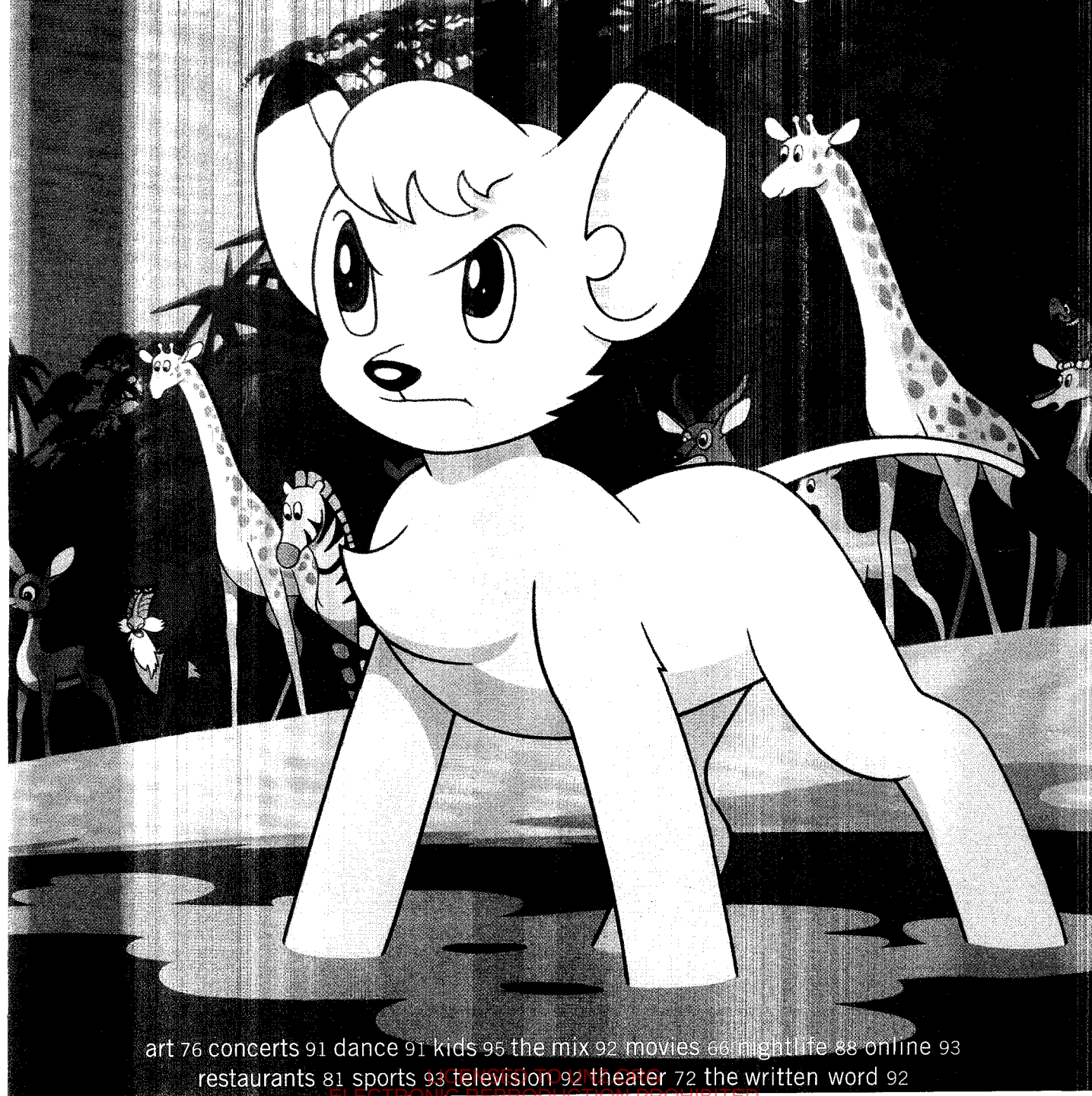
Rob Patronite and Robin Raisfeld's 1999-2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Culture

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

Who You Callin' Cute?

The anime classic *Kimba the White Lion* will be screened for the first time in more than 25 years at the New York International Children's Film Festival (page 66)



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

movies

Gun Shy... Wes Craven's Last Scream... Gendernauts

New Films

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls, is his best in years. It's a heavily sentimentalized vision of femalehood, a cross between Tennessee Williams and Ross Hunter. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA Marboro; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.

American Movie—Two years in the life of Mark Borschadt, a driven and slightly deranged independent filmmaker in Wisconsin. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) Cinema Village.

Angela's Ashes—Frank McCourt's whimsical coming-of-age memoir, starring Emily Watson and

Any Given Sunday—Oliver Stone's movie about the cutthroat world of professional football stars Al Pacino as the head coach who can't adapt to the new-style market chicaneries and disloyalties of the game; Cameron Diaz is his bitch-on-wheels boss. James Woods, Jamie Foxx, Dennis Quaid, Jim Brown, and many others show up. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Being John Malkovich**—A stunning piece of meta-physical vaudeville. John Cusack plays a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). Cameron Diaz and Catherine Keener fill out the spectacular cast. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Gemini; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.

Bicentennial Man—Robin Williams is an android housekeeper who grows human while caring for a family and its many generations over the course of 200 years. (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG) Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. The talented Hilary Swank plays Brandon with fine-cut androgyny. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) Quad Cinema; UA Criterion; UA Gemini.

The Cider House Rules—Michael Caine, Delroy Lindo, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallström's sweet coming-of-age, based on the novel by John Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Crown Gotham; UA Criterion; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Cradle Will Rock**—Tim Robbins's movie is almost insanely ambitious: an attempt to convey the full fracas of art and theater and politics in thirties New York. It misses more often than not, but it's a spirited comedy about a great subject. Ruben Blades, as Diego Rivera, and Bill Murray, as a scarily despondent vaudeville ventriloquist, are especially good. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's Cobble Hill.

The Cup—See Rainer, page 52. (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo—Former SNL-er Rob Schneider gets inspired by the male prostitute he's house-sitting for. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay.

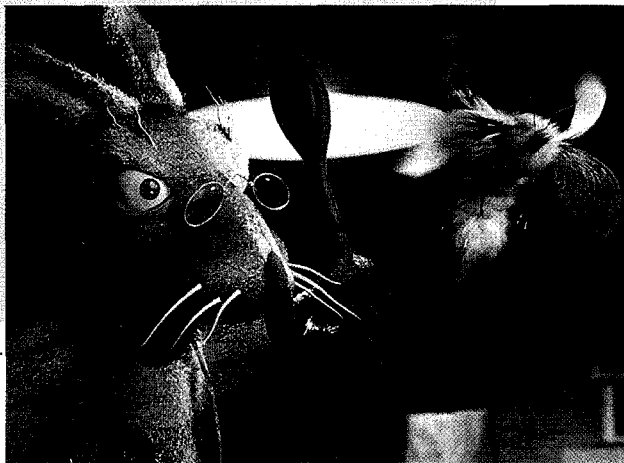
Down to You—Freddie Prinze Jr. (*The House of Yes*) and Julia Stiles (*10 Things I Hate About You*) are two college freshmen who fall in love amid the chaos of college life in New York. With teen idols Shawn Hatosy, Selma Blair, and the always-welcome Henry Winkler. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridge-wood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**The End of the Affair**—This Neil Jordan adaptation of Graham Greene's 1951 sin-and-redemption novel has a hushed, spectral atmosphere. Featuring Ralph Fiennes as an acidulous novelist in torrid, soulful involvement with the wife (Julianne Moore) of a meek civil servant (Stephan Rea). (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas.

Eye of the Beholder—Ashley Judd is a chameleonic thief who says things like "Merry Christmas, Daddy" every time she murders some unsuspecting man in her underwear. Ewan McGregor is the secret agent, haunted by delusions of his lost daughter, who falls in love with her while tracking her. Ludicrous and knotty. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at

Festival Discovery Zone

The third annual "New York International Children's Film Festival" begins February 4 with the premiere of anime legend Hayao Miyazaki's 'Castle in the Sky,' the story of a boy and girl in search of a long-lost civilization. It continues with 60 more kid movies from around the world, like France's 'Kirikou and the Sorceress' and Canada's 'The Planet of Junior Brown.' The festival also features a Japanese-animation retrospective, a "Teen Screen," and, for more limited attention spans, shorts like last year's 'Chicken Pox Pal' and the Oscar-winning 'Bunny' (pictured). (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")



Robert Carlyle, is blarney-free but also spirit-free, humor-free, depth-free. It's a sodden, grayed-out thing. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; R) Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Anna and the King—Jodie Foster stars in this epic period romance based on Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The King and I*, with Asian action hero Chow Yun-Fat as the King of Siam, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; PG-13) Clearview's Ziegfeld.

The Big Tease—The story of a Glaswegian hairdresser who thinks he has what it takes to be in the World Freestyle Hairdressing Championships in Los Angeles. With Craig Ferguson and Veronica Webb. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center.

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as

Photograph courtesy of Blue Sky Studios.

Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Fantasia/2000—A restored print of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and seven other animated extravaganzas set to the sounds of the Chicago Symphony. (1 hr. 25 mins.; G) Sony Lincoln Square's IMAX.

Galaxy Quest—See Rainer, page 52. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG) Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Gendermants—Monika Treut's informative documentary about hermaphrodites, transsexuals, and other gender-bending phenomena in the Bay Area. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) Opens 2/4 at Cinema Village.

Girl, Interrupted—One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest meets *Chueless*. With Wynona Ryder and Angelina Jolie. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Green Mile—Stephen King's serialized novel, set in a southern penitentiary's death row in the thirties, has been made into a pretty good film starring Tom Hanks as a prison guard and Michael Clarke Duncan as the hulking death-row behemoth with the healing grace. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (3 hrs.; R) UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Grizzly Falls—A kids' nature movie about a boy who is abducted and adopted by a mama grizzly bear when her own cubs are taken from her by nasty hunters in the Canadian Rockies. With Bryan Brown, Daniel Clark, Richard Harris, and Ali Oop (the bear). (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) CC Village East; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Gun Shy—A black comedy with Liam Neeson as a stressed-out New York City DEA agent who is forced into group therapy in order to overcome his fear of mobster Oliver Platt. Donnie Brasco meets *Mixed Nuts*, with Sandra Bullock and Mary McCormack. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) Opens 2/4.

Holy Smoke—Kate Winslet is an Australian girl who falls under a guru's spell while traveling in India. Harvey Keitel plays the cult deprogrammer who gets caught up in the swirl. The relationship between them, heavy with sexual politics, is like *Feminism for Dummies*, and the film, directed by Jane Campion, becomes more and more absurd as it plays itself out. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

★The Hurricane—Denzel Washington gives a powerhouse performance as Rubin "Hurricane" Carter in this film about the middleweight contender's fight for exoneration after he was wrongfully arrested on a murder rap and imprisoned for almost nineteen years. The entire film needed to be as ferocious as Washington's performance, but it seems to have been made to show that racial harmony can KO racial discord and that all is indeed right with the world. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Criterion; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas;

UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★The Insider—Al Pacino plays 60 Minutes producer Lowell Bergman and Russell Crowe is Jeffrey Wigand, the reluctant tobacco company whistleblower whom Bergman coaxed into spilling the beans on his show in an interview with Mike Wallace. It's a florid, doomy movie, but the muck here is worth raking. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.

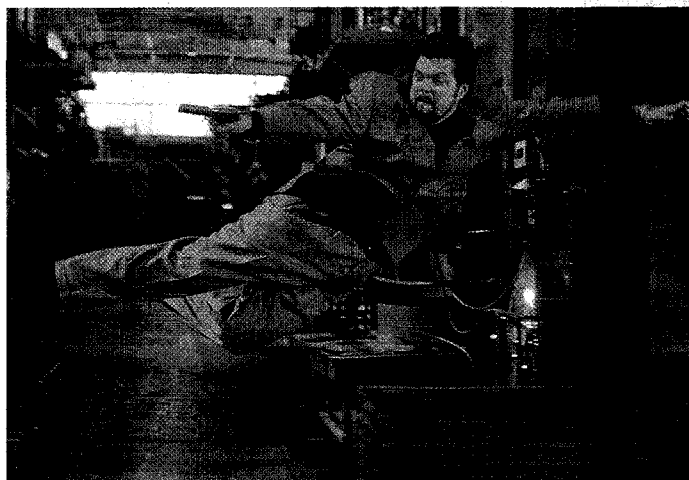
Isn't She Great—See Rainer, page 52. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA MovieWorld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Kestrel's Eye—Mikael Kristersson's beautiful, patient animal film about two kestrels (brown-and-gray European falcons) living in the steeple of a Swedish church and overlooking the inhabitants of a small town as they go about their daily rituals. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) Film Forum.

Knockout—The story of a washed-up boxing champion in northern Sweden. In Swedish with English subtitles. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) Opens 2/5.

The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg—Through archival footage and interviews, Aviva Kempner's tribute to "the baseball Moses" tells the story of Greenberg, a handsome Jewish kid from the Bronx who made it to the Detroit Tigers and became a baseball legend. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) Film Forum.

Magnolia—Boogie Nights writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson is extravagantly gifted, but this San Fernando Valley-based epic of alienation comes



across like a concatenation of soap-opera stories. A remarkable cast, including Julianne Moore, Jason Robards, and William H. Macy, is featured in mostly unremarkable settings. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (3 hrs. 15 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

Man on the Moon—Jim Carrey plays nowhere man Andy Kaufman in this lackluster biopic directed by Milos Forman. Carrey's impersonations of Kaufman's routines are uncanny, but otherwise there's nothing there, and the entire production has a scrubbed, authorized feel. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) Loews 19th St. East; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

Mansfield Park—Patricia Rozema's sexy adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, starring Frances O'Connor as a young girl who falls in love with her cousin (Jonny Lee Miller). (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) CC Village East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.

A Map of the World—Sigourney Weaver plays a rural housewife whose life is turned upside down when a neighbor's daughter suffers a tragic accident while under her supervision. With Julianne

Moore, David Strathairn, and Chloë Sevigny. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center; CC Sutton.

Mr. Death—Errol Morris's latest documentary is about Fred Leuchter Jr., who drinks 40 cups of coffee a day and designed "more humane" electric chairs before becoming the unwitting hero of the Holocaust-denial movement when he delivered up a report at the trial of a neo-Nazi alleging that there were no gas executions at Auschwitz. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) Quad Cinema.

My Dog Skip—The late Willie Morris's best-selling memoir about his growing up in Mississippi with his beloved fox terrier, Skip, is now a sweet, warm family film (starring Kevin Bacon, Diane Lane, and Frankie Muniz) about a boy growing up in Mississippi with a Jack Russell terrier. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) UA Union Square; Sony Lincoln Square.

Next Friday—Picking up where we left off with Ice Cube and his reefer-toking pals in *Friday*, only this time they're in the suburbs. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New

Previews Freudian Flip

In *Gun Shy*—the latest variation on the mafioso-in-moral-crisis formula (see: *The Sopranos*, *Analyze This*)—Oliver Platt (pictured, airborne) takes his turn as an overnourished, undernurtured wiseguy seeking meaning and redemption. Only this time, it's the undercover agent (Liam Neeson) on his tail who finds himself on the couch. Starts February 4.

Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Nightmare Alley—A restored print of the freak-filled 1947 noir classic starring Tyrone Power as a no-good carnie act who manipulates the rich and famous, pretending to have the power to read their minds, until his wife (Colleen Gray) spills the beans. (1 hr. 51 mins.; NR) Cinema Village.

Not Love, Just Frenzy—Alfonso Albacete and Miguel Bardem's look at the wild Madrid club scene. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) Quad Cinema.

Onegin—Ralph Fiennes stars in his sister Martha's screen adaptation of the Alexander Pushkin story about a dashing and jaded lad who moves to the Russian countryside and crushes the heart of his beautiful neighbor (Liv Tyler). (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) Cinema Village.

Outlaw!—Enzo Monteleone (*Mediterraneo*) based his funny and moving new film on the true story of a man who robbed banks using a toy gun. In Italian with English subtitles. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR).

Play It to the Bone—Ron Shelton (*Bull Durham*, *White Men Can't Jump*, *Tin Cup*) is responsible for some of the best sports-themed movies ever made in this country, but this boxing movie about best friends, played by Antonio Banderas and Woody Harrelson, who duke it out for a fat purse and a title shot, isn't one of them. (Rainer; 1/31/00) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA As-

toria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Princess Mononoke**—The great Japanese animation director Hayao Miyazaki has crafted a ravishing epic set in mythic fourteenth-century Japan, filled with gods and demons and forest creatures. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) Cinema Village.

★**Rear Window**—Alfred Hitchcock's 1954 classic has been wonderfully restored by Robert Harris and James Katz. James Stewart is the news photographer sidelined with his leg in a cast in his Village apartment, and Grace Kelly is his marriage-minded girlfriend. When Stewart, peeping into his neighbors' windows across the courtyard, thinks he's stumbled upon a murder, he sets in motion a ghastly black comedy of voyeurism. The film isn't as obsessive or trance-like as *Vertigo*, but it has a spectral quality that's very unsettling. (Rainer; 1/24/00) (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG) Film Forum.

Restaurant—Adrien Brody and Lauryl Hill star in this little indie about New Jersey waiters and waitresses with delusions of grandeur. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) New Coliseum; Nova; Canarsie; Ridgewood; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

Santitos—A woman sets out to find her daughter after a vision of St. Jude appears in her oven. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) Loews State; New Coliseum; Nova; Whitestone; Ridgewood; Jackson Triplex.

Scream 3—Neve Campbell, Courteney Cox Arquette, and David Arquette reunite with director Wes Craven for one last scream. With Jenny McCarthy and Parker Posey. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) Opens 2/4.

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) UA Criterion.

Snow Falling on Cedars—Save the performances of James Cromwell and Max Von Sydow, this admittedly picturesque adaptation of David Guterson's best-seller is almost unwatchable. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA Movieworld; North Shore Towers.

Stella Does Tricks—Kelly MacDonald (*Trainspotting*, *Elizabeth*) stars as a mettlesome teenage prostitute on the streets of London trying to overcome her abusive childhood and make sense of it all with the help of her junkie boyfriend. Good luck. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) The Screening Room.

★**The Straight Story**—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit his estranged brother is sweet. But the film is also a bit thin: Lynch isn't really a resident of this calendar-art world of home truths and homilies—he's more like a tourist paying his respects. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Stuart Little—A sweet, funny, dumbed-down version of E. B. White's children's story. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA

Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Supernova**—The sky is falling! The sky is falling! With Angela Bassett and James Spader. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Cinemart; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Sweet and Lowdown—Woody Allen's latest piece of implied self-criticism is less interesting as an artwork than as an analytic session writ large. Sean Penn plays a legendary (and fictionalized) jazz guitarist from the thirties who lives his life as a heel and puts all his emotions into his art. Sound familiar? (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart.

The Talented Mr. Ripley—Anthony Minghella's adaptation of the celebrated Patricia Highsmith novel (also the basis for Rene Clement's *Purple Noon*) is a dark thriller made luxurious under a bright Italian sun. Matt Damon plays the psychopathic Tom Ripley, Jude Law and Gwyneth Paltrow co-star, looking embossed in expensiveness. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Titus**—Julie Taymor's stab at Shakespeare's most Marlovian play (which she's also directed Off Broadway) comes across as the granddaddy of all Hollywood ghoulfests, with some kind of limbo-hacking going on every other minute. The film is striking and original and, in its clash of the brutal and the delicately poetic, supremely off-putting. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; R) UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

★**Topsy-Turvy**—Mike Leigh's movie about Gilbert and Sullivan and what led to *The Mikado* is a rich tribute to the theater and theater people. It's an uncharacteristic work for a filmmaker devoted almost entirely to modern-day movies about the messes of the lower-middle classes, but Leigh moves right into the late-Victorian era without a hitch. The feelings in this film run very deep, and Jim Broadbent's Gilbert and Allan Corduner's Sullivan are marvelously played. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) Loews Village; Paris Theatre; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

★**Toy Story 2**—Woody and Buzz Lightyear and the rest of the toy chest are joined by a fresh fleet of computer-generated rascals in this marvelous sequel. The results are so exhilaratingly spry that it sends you out on a high: a sure sign of an instant classic. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 38 mins.; G) CC Village East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II.

The War Zone—Actor Tim Roth makes his directorial debut with this disquieting story

of a teenage boy struggling along with his less-than-happy family. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) Cinema Village.

Wirey Spindell—Fearing commitment in the days preceding his wedding, a neurotic Upper West Sider takes a stroll down memory lane. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) CC Village East.

The World Is Not Enough—In this Bond movie, Pierce Brosnan, looking neither shaken nor stirred, goes through the motions with Robert Carlyle and Bond babes Sophie Marceau and Denise Richards. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) Loews State.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Galaxy Quest*; *Play It to the Bone*.

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *All About My Mother*; *The Big Tease*; *The Cider House Rules*; *Cradle Will Rock*; *The Cup*; *A Map of the World*.

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Grizzly Falls*; *Mansfield Park*; *Next Friday*; *The Straight Story*; *Supernova*; *Toy Story 2*; *Wirey Spindell*.

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *American Movie*; *Nightmare Alley*; *Onegin*; *Princess Mononoke*; *The War Zone*.

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Being John Malkovich*; *The Hurricane*.

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Kestrel's Eye*; *The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg*; *Rear Window*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Angela's Ashes*; *Any Given Sunday*; *The End of the Affair*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *Topsy-Turvy*.

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Not Love Just Frenzy*; *Boys Don't Cry*; *Mr. Death*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *Stella Does Tricks*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Down to You*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *The Green Mile*; *The Hurricane*; *The Insider*; *Isn't She Great*; *Magnolia*; *My Dog Skip*; *Play It to the Bone*; *Stuart Little*; *Sweet and Lowdown*; *Titus*.

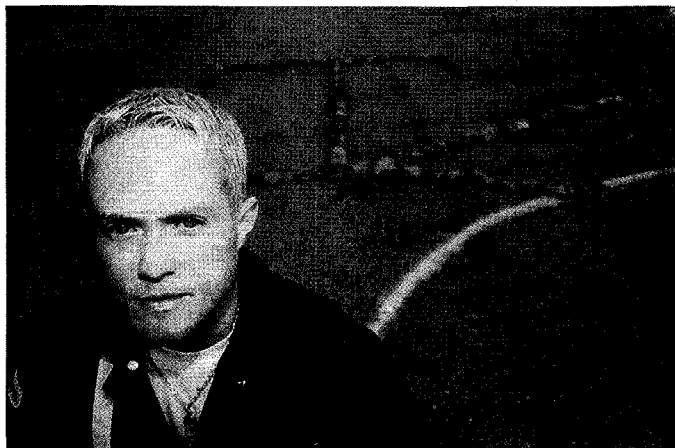
14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Any Given Sunday*; *The End of the Affair*; *Isn't She Great*; *Play It to the Bone*.

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *All About My Mother*; *The Cider House Rules*; *Galaxy Quest*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *The Hurricane*; *Isn't She Great*; *Magnolia*; *Play It to the Bone*; *Snow Falling on Cedars*; *Stuart Little*.

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Eye of the Beholder*; *Next Friday*.

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty*; *Any Given Sunday*; *Man on the Moon*; *Supernova*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.



Documentary Androgyny Loves Company

There can be a fine line between male and female, and Monika Treut's documentary 'Gendernauts' examines the lives of those who walk, blur, and cross it—pre- and postoperative transsexuals, intersexed (hermaphrodite) Americans, and androgynous experimenters like Bay Area video artist Texas Tomboy (pictured). Opens February 4 at Cinema Village.

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Angela's Ashes*; *Being John Malkovich*; *The Cider House Rules*; *Cradle Will Rock*; *Down to You*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *The Green Mile*; *The Hurricane*; *Magnolia*; *Stuart Little*; *Supernova*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *Toy Story 2*.

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *The Insider*; *Magnolia*; *Titus*.

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *The Cider House Rules*.

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *All About My Mother*.

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *A Map of the World*; *Play It to the Bone*.

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Anna and the King*.

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Angela's Ashes*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *The Green Mile*.

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Best Man*; *Dogma*; *End of Days*; *Liberty Heights*; *Sleepy Hollow*; *Three Kings*.

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Angela's Ashes*; *Any Given Sunday*; *Down to You*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *The Green Mile*; *Isn't She Great*; *Magnolia*; *Play It to the Bone*; *Stuart Little*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *Toy Story 2*.

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Next Friday*.

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty*; *Santitos*; *Snow Falling on Cedars*; *The World Is Not Enough*.

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Topsy-Turvy*.

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *Boys Don't Cry*; *The Cider House Rules*; *Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo*; *The Hurricane*; *The Sixth Sense*; *Supernova*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Bicentennial Man*; *The Cider House Rules*; *Cradle Will Rock*; *Magnolia*; *Toy Story 2*.

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Hurricane*.

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *American Beauty*; *Galaxy Quest*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *Isn't She Great*; *Mansfield Park*; *Snow Falling on Cedars*; *Sweet and Lowdown*.

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Isn't She Great*; *Man on the Moon*.

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Any Given Sunday*.

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Down to You*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Any Given Sunday*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *The Green Mile*; *The Hurricane*; *Next Friday*; *Play It to the Bone*; *Stuart Little*.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Being John Malkovich*; *Boys Don't Cry*; *The End of the Affair*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

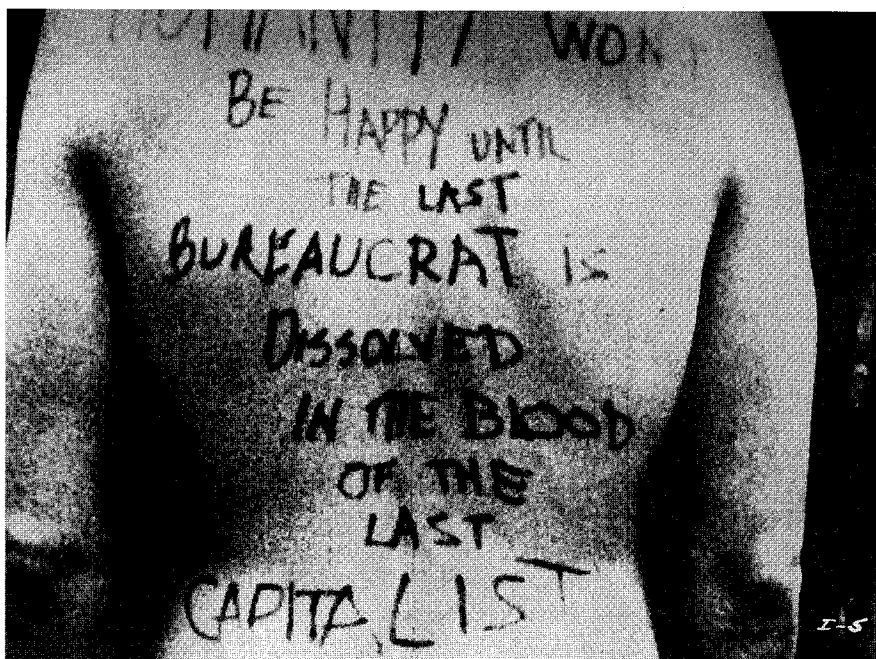
Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Being John Malkovich*.

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Galaxy Quest*; *Girl, Interrupted*.

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *The Hurricane*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother*; *The Cup*; *Holy Smoke*; *The Straight Story*; *Sweet and Lowdown*; *Titus*.

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Any Given Sunday*; *Down to You*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *The Hurricane*; *Next Friday*;



Retrospective Radical Redux

Thirty-five years ago, community activist turned filmmaker Robert Kramer co-founded the Newsreel organization, a film cooperative that produced some 60 documentaries and shorts about the antiwar effort. During the same period, Kramer began making his own politically charged features. However, when the radical movement in the U.S. began to dissolve in the late seventies, he could no longer find funding for his particular brand of agitprop, so in 1980, he moved to Paris, where he continued to make films (*Guns*, *Doc's Kingdom*, and *Route 1/U.S.A.*) right up until his death, at age 60, this past November. Beginning February 5, MOMA will pay tribute to the late filmmaker with "Robert Kramer: The New World, 1965-77," featuring seven of his early films, including *Milestones*, a 1975 portrait of American leftists like Grace Paley and Paul Zimmer, and *Ice* (pictured above), the story of a group of underground revolutionaries in the United States pitted against a fictional fascist regime. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for information.)

Stuart Little.

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Next Friday*; *Restaurant*; *Santitos*.

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Next Friday*; *Restaurant*; *Santitos*.

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Angela's Ashes*; *The Cider House Rules*; *The End of the Affair*; *Galaxy Quest*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *The Green Mile*; *Isn't She Great*; *Magnolia*; *Man on the Moon*; *My Dog Skip*; *Play It to the Bone*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*. IMAX: *Fantasia/2000*.

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Any Given Sunday*; *Bicentennial Man*; *Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo*; *Down to You*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *The Hurricane*; *Next Friday*; *Play It to the Bone*; *Stuart Little*; *Supernova*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *Toy Story 2*.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161st St. (718-588-8800) *Bicentennial Man*; *Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo*; *Down to You*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *The Green Mile*; *The Hurricane*; *Next Friday*; *Play It to the Bone*; *Stuart Little*; *Supernova*.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Any Given Sunday*; *Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo*; *Down to You*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *The Green Mile*; *The Hurricane*; *Next Friday*; *Play It to the Bone*; *Santitos*; *Stuart Little*; *Supernova*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *Toy Story 2*.

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *All About My Mother*; *The End of the Affair*; *Topsy-Turvy*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Girl, Interrupted*; *The Straight Story*; *Stuart Little*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *The Hurricane*; *Restaurant*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Cider House Rules*; *Cradle Will Rock*; *The Hurricane*; *Magnolia*; *Sweet and Lowdown*; *Toy Story 2*.

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes*.

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes*.

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes*.

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes*.

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Down to You*; *Stuart Little*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *Any Given Sunday*; *Down to You*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *The Green Mile*; *The Hurricane*; *Next Friday*; *Play It to the Bone*; *Stuart Little*; *Supernova*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838)

Angela's Ashes; Eye of the Beholder; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley.
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Down To You; Restaurant; Santos;* *Supernova.*
UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *American Beauty; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; Play It to the Bone.*
UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Any Given Sunday;*

183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*
College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Down To You; Eye of the Beholder; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

holder; Girl, Interrupted; The Hurricane; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little.
North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Liberty Heights; Snow Falling on Cedars; The Straight Story.*
Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *La Ciudad; Play It to the Bone; Supernova.*
Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*
UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Down To You; Eye of the Beholder; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Play It to the Bone; Supernova.*
UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *The End of the Affair; Isn't She Great.*
UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Eye of the Beholder; Next Friday; Play It to the Bone.*
UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Any Given Sunday;*

Running Time Once More, With Feeling

Call Wes Craven's *Scream 3* whatever you want—smart, self-referential, derivative—but let's get one thing straight: "It is not a sequel." At least, not according to its 60-year-old director. "Just look at the definition of a sequel and the way sequels are made compared to these films, and you'll see that it's just completely an inaccurate word." For Craven, *Scream*, *Scream 2*, and now *Scream 3* form a wholly realized trilogy—the epic of Sidney Prescott in three parts. "It's not like bringing back Freddie or Jason—each has had a better budget than the one before, and they've consistently kept the casting up to snuff, so it's quite different than going and doing the sequel. And there are not many trilogies in the horror genre that have a beginning, middle, and end, and this one does." Quite an avowal from a man who has been churning out one horror picture after another for the past 30 years, but then again, Craven isn't the kind of weirdo we often associate with the genre. Sure, he's a maestro of steel-bladed thrills and chills (*Last House on the Left*, *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, *The Serpent and the Rainbow*), but Craven is actually a mild-mannered former English professor, a thoughtful and articulate guy who, he says, never intended to be this kind of filmmaker at all. "I don't have a taste for blood and gore, and I wasn't into horror as a kid—really, I never thought of being a genre director," he admits. "But I am fascinated by human violence and how people confront it." Despite his recent foray into mainstream drama with *Music of the Heart* and his professed desire to work on more films like it, the director still takes "high-end" teen horror very seriously. Which is why the third *Scream* film (not a sequel, mind you) still proved a fascinating and challenging exercise. "Here, you have Sid working on *Stab 3*, stumbling onto the set of her own home, and experiencing the strangeness of something that's being made commercially of something that she experienced in the most visceral and terrifying way—it kind of goes around the last corner of this whole paradigm of how movies are reality and not reality at the same time. It's really a look at ourselves as well as looking at the audience. It's very *Hamlet* and *The Mousetrap*." The film, which stars Parker Posey, Courteney Cox Arquette, David Arquette (pictured, left to right), and Neve Campbell, opens February 4.



BRETT KELLY

Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Down To You; Eye of the Beholder; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Isn't She Great; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Angela's Ashes; Down To You; Eye of the Beholder; Girl, Interrupted; Play It to the Bone.*
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Magnolia; Play It to the Bone; Supernova; Sweet and Lowdown; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*
CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Down To You; Restaurant; Santos.*
Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; The Bone Collector; The Cider House Rules; Girl, Interrupted; Grizzly Falls; The Hurricane; Isn't She Great; Magnolia; Man on the Moon; Next Friday; Restaurant; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*
Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *All About My Mother; American Beauty; Angela's Ashes; The Cider House Rules; Grizzly Falls; Topsy-Turvy.*
Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *American Beauty; Down To You; Eye of the Be-*

Down To You; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Stuart Little; Supernova; Toy Story 2.
UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *Any Given Sunday; Down To You; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little.*
UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Eye of the Beholder; Girl, Interrupted; The Hurricane; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*
UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Down To You; Eye of the Beholder; Isn't She Great; Play It to the Bone; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Down To You; Eye of the Beholder; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Isn't She Great; Magnolia; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*
UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Any Given Sunday; Down To You; Eye of the Beholder; Girl, Interrupted; Stuart Little.*
UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; The Cider House Rules; Down To You; Eye of the Beholder; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Isn't She*

Photograph by Joseph Viles.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer... A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element... Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Great; Next Friday; Play It to the Bone; Stuart Little; Supernova; The Talented Mr. Ripley.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 2/20: "The New York Film Critics Circle Looks at the 1990's." 2/5: Stephen Holden introduces *The End of Violence* (1997); Owen Gleiberman introduces *Waiting for Guffman* (1997). 2/6: J. Hoberman introduces *Fallen Angels* (1997); Andrew Johnston introduces *The Indian Runner* (1991). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, \$4.50-\$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—2/2: "New Filmmakers" shorts: *Longshot; Wanderlust; The Road to Charlottesville*. Feature: *A Simple Tragedy or How to Lose Everything Trying to Make a Killing*. Through 2/6: "Dani Levy Retrospective." 2/2-2/6: "Essential Cinema: Films by Brakhage and Eisenstein." 2/2: "Brakhage Shorts" 2/3: *Strike* (1925). 2/4: *Battleship Potemkin* (1925). 2/5: *October* (1928). 2/6: *Old and New* (1929). 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); \$8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—1/31: *A Stolen Life* (1946). 2/1: *The Kingdom, Part II* (1998). 2/2: *The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz* (1995). 2/3: *Peeping Tom* (1960). 2/4-2/5: *The Red Shoes* (1948). 2/6: *Charlots of Fire* (1981). 2/7: *The Wild Party* (1929). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—1/31: *The Letter* (1940). 2/1-2/2: *Ride the Pink Horse* (1947). 2/3-2/4: *Gun Crazy* (1950). 2/5-2/6: *White Heat* (1949). 2/7-2/8: *The Killers* (1946). 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); \$5.

Different Light—2/6: *Forbidden Fruit* (1955). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 2/24: "Frederick Wiseman: American Filmmaker." 2/1: *Racetrack* (1985); *The Store* (1983); *Essene* (1972); *Titicut Follies* (1967). 2/2: *Essene; Racetrack; High School* (1968); *The Store*. 2/3: *Ballet* (1995); *Model* (1980). 2/4-2/5: *Juvenile Court* (1973); *Law and Order* (1969). 2/6: *Public Housing* (1997); *High School*. 2/7: *Central Park* (1989). *Zoo* (1993). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); \$9, \$5 for members, \$4.50 for seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—2/5-2/12: "Robert Kramer: The New World, 1965-77." 2/5: *FALN* (1965); *In the Country* (1966); *The People's War* (1970). 2/6: *The Edge* (1967); *Milestones* (1975). 2/7: *FALN; Ice* (1969). 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with \$10 admission, \$6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

New York International Children's Film Festival—2/4: Opening night (at the DGA Theater): *Castle in the Sky*. 2/5: *Kirikou and The Sorceress; The Planet of Junior Brown; Anime Five: Sailor Moon; Castle in the Sky*. 2/5-2/6: "Short Films for Tots" (ages 3-6); "Short Films 1" (ages 5-10); "Short Films 2" (ages 8-14); "Short Films 3" (ages 12-18). At the Cantor Film Center (unless otherwise noted), 36 E. 8th St. (212-532-8887 or www.gkids.com); \$6-10.

New York Public Library—2/2: "A Celebration of Greek Documentary Filmmaking." 2/3: *Around the Time* (1998); *Mute Love* (1998). 2/5: *Wallace and Gromit* (1995); *Antz* (1998). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (212-621-0619); free.

YWCA Cine-Club—2/5-2/6: *Dr. Mabuse, The Gambler* (1922). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); \$6 members, \$7 nonmembers.

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theater

Ruby Dee... *The Alchemist*... Jane Eyre

Broadway

Now Playing

Amadeus—Nearly two decades after its London and Broadway triumphs, Peter Shaffer's play returns, again directed by Sir Peter Hall. Michael Sheen purrs, hisses, and farts as Mozart; David Suchet, known best as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot on *Mystery!*, plays his conniving nemesis, Salieri. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theatre*, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. \$35-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre*, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).

rial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. Linda Romoff spells Egan 2/1-2/22. \$25-\$90. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54*, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. \$40-\$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater*, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis,

it were a beach ball. We have here a master/mistress of movement and facial expression whose silences are as funny as the words. (Simon: 11/2/99.) \$45-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre*, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maximalist adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. \$20-\$75. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre*, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. \$65-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre*, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?), but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect, and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00) \$65-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre*, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

James Joyce's The Dead—Transferred from Playwrights Horizons, a musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book; Jack Hofiss directs. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Belasco Theatre*, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. \$45-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre*, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie will interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical—for a generation obsessed with the backstage canoodling of celluloid Shakespeareans like Paltrow and DiCaprio. \$25-\$80. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre*, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsisizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$20-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre*, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightfully swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) \$20-\$85. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater*, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. \$20-\$80. Mon.-Sat.



Previews

Next Up, Marge as Lady Macbeth

Dan Castellana (center, with Johann Carlo, left, and Jeremy Shamos), the man who made *d'ohh* the cartoon catchword of the nineties as the voice of Homer Simpson, smartens up to play the smooth-talking con artist at the heart of the classic Ben Jonson comedy *The Alchemist*. Previews begin February 3 at Classic Stage Company. (See "Off Broadway.")

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back. (No, not the mouse.) Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. \$25-\$85. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre*, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directo-

and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Bebe Neuwirth and Robert Urich. \$20-\$80. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert*, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. He is a great improviser who plays with his audience as if

at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. \$20-\$80. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. \$25-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Putting It Together—The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hearn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford spells Burnett on Tuesdays. \$30-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. \$35-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).* 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! \$30-\$80. Tues.-Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Waiting in the Wings—Noël Coward's fiftieth play (1960) still remains a minor gem in that bitter-sweet mode at which Coward excelled. A seemingly inconsequential piece about former star stage actresses living out their declining years in the Wings, a less-than-lavish retirement home, the play is a wise and compassionate address of the problems of aging and death that confront us all. To miss this play (starring Rosemary Harris and Lauren Bacall) would be a major folly; not having a good time at it is a virtual—no, a real—impossibility. (Simon: 1/10/99). \$25-\$70. Call for schedule. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Wrong Mountain—In David Hirson's new play, Ron Rifkin plays a depressed elder poet who envies his ex-wife's new husband, a fabulously successful younger playwright. The poet writes his own popular play and propels a satire of the whole theater biz; Richard Jones directs. \$25-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Alchemist—Classic Stage presents Ben Jonson's comedy, starring Dan ("D'ohh!") Castellana. Directed by Barry Edelstein. \$25-\$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 2/3 for a 2/17 opening. Through 3/12. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).*

Arms and the Man—Roger Rees directs the Roundabout Theater's revival of George Bernard Shaw's comic drama of bullets and bonbons. Starring Henry Czerny, Katie Finneran, and Paul Michael Valley. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 2/10 opening. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Defending the Light—This new play by Ron Milner (*Checkmates, Don't Get Started*) is based on the high-profile 1846 trial of a black man who murdered a white man and his wife, mother-in-law, and baby. Directed by Jay Broad. \$25. Wed.-Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 2/3. *Tribeca Center for the Performing Arts, 199 Chambers St. (212-346-8500).*

The Director—In Nancy Hasty's new play, a once-famous director has fallen from grace and is working as a janitor, until a young playwright enlists his skills—theatrical, that is, not custodial. Starring John Shea. \$25-\$35. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and

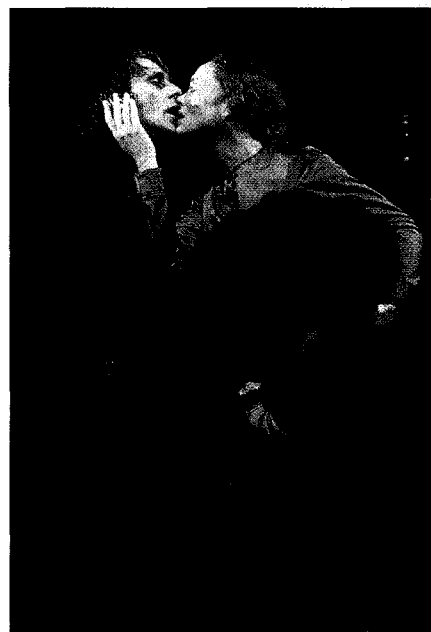
8. Previews begin 2/1 for a 2/15 opening. *Archlight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-279-4200).*

Fuddy Meers—This is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, a young but already much-produced playwright. The heroine, Claire, suffers from psychogenic amnesia, waking up every morning as a blank slate, on which her husband and Kenny, her teenage son from a former marriage, must imprint the facts of her life, only to have her forget them overnight. The evening explodes with laughter, masterially provided by J. Smith-Cameron and others. (Simon: 11/15/99.) \$19.50-\$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 at 7. In previews for 2/10 reopening. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

Jane Eyre—Shared Experience's adaptation of the Brontë classic. \$20-\$55. 2/8-2/12 at 7:30, 2/13 at 3. *BAM Harvey Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).*

My One Good Nerve—Ruby Dee's one-woman show. \$25-\$35. Wed.-Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3. 2/2-2/13. *Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. (212-491-2206).*

Our Place in Time—Clarence Thomas and the Cuban Missile Crisis! Six actors play 32 New Yorkers in Clare Coss's oral history of the past 50 years. \$10-\$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/6 opening. *Women's Project & Productions Theatre, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*



Panache—Patronage lives! In Don Gordon's new play, a depressed, starving artist (Eric Pierpoint) is saved by an odd socialite (Lisa Pelikan). \$25-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 2/1 for a 2/10 opening. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

The Time of the Cuckoo—The classic romantic comedy about an American woman in Venice (Debra Monk) who finds love in a cute shopkeeper (Olek Krupa). By Arthur Laurents, author of *Home of the Brave*, *Invitation to a March*, and the books for *West Side Story* and *Gypsy*. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/21 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Tir Na n'Og—A magical white horse enchants a poor Irish family in this modern folktale, presented by England's Travelling Light Theatre Company. \$10-\$25. 2/4-2/13. Call for schedule. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Two Sisters and a Piano—In Cuban playwright Nilo Cruz's new play, a romance novelist and her sister are locked under house arrest by Castro's admin-

istration. A piano tuner and a sympathetic guard both endanger and enliven their home. Featuring Daphne Rubin-Vega (*Rent, Gum*). \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 2/1 for a 2/15 opening. *The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

The Wild Party—The first of two new musicals with the same title and based on Joseph Moncure March's raucous Jazz Age poem about a soirée that ends in a police bust is presented by the Manhattan Theatre Club. Book, music, and lyrics by Andrew Lippa. The cast features heartthrob Taye Diggs, his girlfriend Idina Menzel, Brian d'Arcy James, and Julia Murney. \$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 2/24 opening. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Now Playing

Ancestral Voices—A.R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family (Grandma leaves

Opening Me Rochester, You Jane

Hipsters, grab your Kleenex: A dark, new adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's 'Jane Eyre' (starring Harriette Ashcroft and Sean Murray, pictured)

emphasizes the disturbing similarities between the kooky lady in the attic and plain Jane. Opens February 8 at BAM. (See "Off Broadway.")

Gramps for his best friend) returns to Lincoln Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. This is a reading only, so most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. Now featuring Irene Worth. \$45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Another American: Asking & Telling—Don't ask, don't tell? Marc Wolf asked 150 people what they thought of gays in the military, including many gay soldiers and veterans. Now, in a production directed by Joe Mantello, he tells their stories in an Anna Devereaux Smith-style monologue. \$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 2/6. *The New Group at Theatre @ St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. \$45-\$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Bomb-itty of Errors—A funky-fresh "add-rap-tation" of the Bard's classic. \$20-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. 45 *Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. \$35-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Country Club—This play by Drama Dept. artistic director Douglas Carter Beane about Wasps in their late twenties who hang out in the Cub Room of a provincial Pennsylvania country club is both funny and moving, devilishly well observed, and niftily constructed. (Simon: 10/4/99.) Jessica Stone has replaced Amy Sedaris. \$30. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).*

De la Guardia—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. \$37.50-\$45. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and

Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre*, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Dinner With Friends—In their Connecticut home, Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) \$30-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre*, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

Dirty Blonde—The brash actress-author Claudia Shear (*Blown Sideways Through Life*) stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." \$12-\$45. Tues.-Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *New York Theatre Workshop*, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).

Celebration—This isn't your father's vacation-slide show. Ethan Sandler traveled from the Times Square Disney Store through the Sweatshirt Capital of the World to Celebration, Florida. He tells his tale with AV samples recorded during his odyssey. \$12. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *John Houseman Studio*, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-592-4005).

Fantasticks—The musical perennial. \$36.50-\$39. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse*, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. \$45-\$47.50. Mon. and Wed.-Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre*, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. Sam manipulates several telephones simultaneously to create seating for the rich, the famous, and those willing to spend half their lives on hold. (Simon: 1/17/00.) \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre*, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization and tabloid fame through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; now starring Matt McGrath. \$19.99-\$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom*, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).

Hundreds of Sisters & One Big Brother—In the one-woman show, HBO host Deborah Swisher describes what it was like to grow up in Synanon, the cultish California commune, with plenty of sisterly love under the shadow of the Man; directed by Elyse Singer. \$25. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Harold Clurman Theatre*, 412 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. \$49.50-\$52.50. Mon., Tues., Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Inappropriate—The Desisto School's musical teenagers return to Manhattan to show those fuddy-

duddies over at *Rent* what youth sounds like today. \$30-\$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Extended through 2/29. *Theatre Row Theatre*, 424 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Keep Bangin'—Soft-shoe-shufflin' Savion Glover directs the talented bucket drummers of *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk*. \$20-\$40. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre*, 115 Macdougall St. (212-239-6200).

Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. \$45-\$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse*, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).

Now Hear This!—Kathy Buckley, who describes herself as "America's First Hearing Impaired Comedienne," won multiple writing and theater awards

Opening Rubies Are Forever

Some stage divas stay big—it's only their roles that get smaller. Others, like Ruby Dee (pictured), write best-selling memoirs and return to their roots. "I'm delighted to be going back to the Schomburg Center for Black History Month 2000," she says. "I got my start in the theater in the basement of the Schomburg, when I stumbled down the steps and into the American Negro Theater. It's where I met the first guy who directed me in anything, Abraham Hill." In 1940, Hill cast the 15-year-old Dee in *On Strivers' Row*. It was the beginning of a 60-year career that would include roles in *A Raisin in the Sun* and *Boesman and Lena*, as well as films like *The Jackie Robinson Story* and *Do the Right Thing*—often, of course, sharing the stage or the screen with her husband of 51 years, Ossie Davis. But Dee still maintains that all her success was due to her ear-



ly work in small black theater companies, so she's going back to Harlem for her one-woman show, *My One Good Nerve*. "Many of us, including Denzel, came from black theater groups," she says. "Debbie Allen came from Howard, Felicia Rashad worked with the New Federal Theatre, and so on." In the wake of NAACP protests over minority representation in television, performers have been looking "for the gratification of television and movie deals. But it's not any better there," Dee says. "There's no time for germination or coddling. Small Off Broadway and Off-Off Broadway theaters may be the only places left for experimentation." Dee puts her money where her mouth is—she raised \$300,000 for such theaters last year—and she believes that local communities should be able to sustain them. "You've got to remember," she laughs, "we kept those places open with people's social-security checks." Performances run February 2 through 13. (See "Off Broadway.")

LOGAN HILL

King John—No more *Midsummer Night's Dream*, you say? Fine then. Directed by Karin Coonrod, this neglected play by the Bard chronicles King John's contentious medieval reign. \$10-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater*, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Maybe Baby, It's You—After their successful run at the Currican Theatre earlier this summer, playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. \$35-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 6. *SoHo Playhouse*, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

The Merry Wives of Windsor—Pearl Theatre presents Shakespeare's giddy gals. \$26-\$33. Tues., Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 2/27. *Pearl Theatre Company*, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).

Monster—Frank Hurtle's comic mystery about small-town fears is directed by David Copland. \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Kaufman Theater*, 534 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Morning, Noon and Night—Spalding Gray (*Swimming to Cambodia* and *Monster in a Box*) reflects on his beloved family. \$25-\$45. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30.

when this, her comic one-woman show, premiered in Los Angeles in 1997. \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. \$50-\$80. Mon., Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre*, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*, about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. \$47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre*, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre*, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this

Photograph courtesy of Dwight Carter.

revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel. (Simon: 12/15/97.) \$20–\$55; optional dinner 90 minutes before curtain. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre*, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Sexual Perversity in Chicago/The Duck Variations—All that is original and good in David Mamet is encapsulated in these early plays, which were news then. The rest of Mamet is the same thing rehashed over and over, and no longer news. Both plays are about the broken dialogue between people, the hollow inarticulateness that pseudo-savvy verbiage tries to plaster over. They are about us, idiot savants all, and the comic-pathetic ways in which we struggle to make do. At the Atlantic Company, they are decently but not brilliantly produced. (Simon: 1/24/00.) \$35–\$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2. *Atlantic Theatre*, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).



Previews Defending His Life

Ron Milner's new play, 'Defending the Light,' is based on the trial of William Freeman (Eddie Robinson, center, flanked by James Kiberd, left, and Ned Coulter), a black man who in 1846 killed a white man and his wife, mother-in-law, and baby. In what at the time passed for a three-ring media circus, Freeman was defended by former New York governor William H. Seward (who would later be appointed Lincoln's secretary of State) and prosecuted by President Van Buren's son John. Opens February 3. (See "Off Broadway.")

Small Potatoes—Small-town bureaucrats accidentally arrest Feds on trumped-up charges, then hustle to cover up their petty misdeeds in Bob Roger's comedy set in upstate New York. Martha Pinson directs. \$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6:30 and 9, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Studio A*, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-532-8887).

Spermegga—Black-theater icon Clarice Taylor, best known as Bill Cosby's mother on *The Cosby Show*, presents a one-woman show about a girl who grows up. \$25. Wed. at 3 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Hudson Guild Theatre*, 441 W. 26th St. (212-353-1176).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. \$24.50–\$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum*, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Teahouse of the August Moon—John Patrick's adaptation of the Vern Sneider novel, in which G.I.'s and Okinawans learn to kiss and make up. Presented by Pan Asian Repertory. \$30–\$45. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

(212-279-4200).

This Is a Test—In Michael D. Conway's multimedia one-man drama, a man reexamines a childhood of "Tang and Swanson's Salisbury-steak frozen dinners" and an adulthood of love and regret on the eve of his HIV-test results. \$15–20. Through 2/6. Sanford Meisner, 164 Eleventh Ave., bet. 22nd and 23rd Sts. (212-613-1682).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., then a reception at Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. \$65–\$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (212-239-6200).

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc. returns for a second coming. Trios of actresses now replace Eve Ensler. 2/8–20: Julie Kayner, Swoosie Kurtz, and Audra McDonald. 2/22–3/5: Mary Alice, Amy Irving, Rosie Perez. \$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Voysey Inheritance—Harley Granville-Barker's 1905 classic returns, starring George Morfogen. \$30. Tues.–Thurs. at 7, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/13. *Mint Theater*, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-315-0231).

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's Holy Sonnets? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Lisa Harrow. \$35–\$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre*, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Off-Off Broadway

All's Well That Ends Well—Basement Flat Productions stages Shakespeare's silly romance. \$12. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30. 2/4–2/27. *HERE*, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202).

Annie Body in Ambiguity—A one-woman, many-machines comedy about cyberspace. \$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/6. *Trilogy Theatre*, 341 W. 44th St. (800-965-4827).

Bad Boy Nietzsche—Richard Foreman pays tribute to philosophy's favorite Antichrist, Friedrich Nietzsche. \$15. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. In previews for a 2/8 opening. *Ontological Theatre* at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. \$25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo*, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Edward II—Bertolt Brecht's tragedy. \$15–\$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/20. *Bowwery Lane Theatre*, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

Extreme Girl—Barbara Blackburn's comic monologues on sex, beauty, and the surprising similarities between trophy wives and the Mercedes Benz. \$15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/27. *Currican Theater*, 154 W. 29th St. (212-532-8887).

The Garden of Hannah List—Michael McKeever's thriller, set in Nazi Germany. Presented by Hypothetical Theater. \$15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2. 2/2–2/27. 14th St. Y, 343 E. 14th St. (212-642-8582).

Infrared—Downtown stalwart Mac Wellman's new production presents a terrific trio of actresses, a puppet, and manic meditations on the meaning of life. \$12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Sat. at 2. Through 2/5. *Flea*, 41 White St. (212-226-0051).

Inky—A new dark comedy by Elevator Repair Service co-founder Rinne Groff. \$12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 2/12. *Altered Stages*, 212 W. 29th St. (212-802-8007).

My Father Piece—Accomplished performance artist and singer Shelley Hirsch (*O Little Town of East*

New York) presents a musical about the relationship between her and her father. \$15. 2/4 and 2/5 at 10. *The Kitchen*, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793).

Night Vision—Billed as "a New Third to First World Vampyre-Opera," this new Afro-Asian jazz-piece by Fred Ho and Ruth Margraf presents a 2,000-year-old woman who becomes a pop star. \$12–\$15. Wed.–Sat. at 9. In previews for a 2/2 opening. *HERE*, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202).

North Atlantic—The Wooster Group's no-holds-barred satire of the absurdities of the Cold War military stars Willem Dafoe and Kate Valk. \$25–\$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Performing Garage*, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).

The Sadness of Others: A Situation Comedy—Mike Taylor's new comedy features a videotherapist, a financial consultant, a journalist, and an extraordinarily honest parrot, all from Dimension X. \$15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 2/13. *La MaMa E.T.C.*, 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

The Servant of Two Masters—Carlo Goldoni's slapstick comedy of mistaken identities and silly romance. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/24. *Bouwervie Lane Theatre*, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

Sizwe Bansi Is Dead—Athol Fugard's anti-apartheid play. \$10–\$15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *78th Street Theatre Lab*, 236 W. 78th St. (212-873-9050).

Vital Signs—A festival of new plays, opening with *One Sax, Light Rain*, monologues, and short plays by Warren Leight (2/3–2/6). \$12. The series continues through 3/5. Call for schedule. *Vital Theatre*, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-592-4508).

Voices From the Edge 3.0—New Perspectives Theatre's festival of African-American drama. \$10. 2/9–2/19. Call for schedule. *New Perspectives Theatre*, 750 Eighth Ave. at 46th St. (212-730-2030).

Who Chops FOO II—Robert Wilson on a budget. \$12. Most nights at 7:30. Through 2/6. *P.S. 122*, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).

art

Lezley Saar... Guatemalan Photography

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Istvan Farkas—A survey of paintings and works on paper by the Hungarian artist (1887–1944), who was a member of the Ecole de Paris and whose work has not been exhibited in the U.S. since 1930; through 3/31. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (212-327-0441).

Ron Schwerin—Large-scale figure paintings, small portraits, and studies; through 2/29. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (212-987-4997).

Richard Serra—New works on paper; through 2/14. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-228-2828).

Theodoros Stamos—A survey of paintings and works on paper from the late forties through the eighties by the abstract expressionist (1922–1997); through 2/26. Kourou, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

Jack Tworok—A survey of paintings and drawings from the forties through the sixties showing the artist's transition from figurative work to abstract expressionism; through 2/26. Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

Frantisek Vobecky—Surrealist-influenced photomontages made between 1935 and 1938 by the Czech artist (1902–1991); through 2/26. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

Connie Walsh—Three video works that depict the artist performing various tasks; through 3/11. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500).

57th Street Area

Carmen Calvo—Blown-up prints of vintage photographs, objects and collages, and tableaux composed of numerous line drawings, installed to suggest a kind of fragmented diary; through 2/19. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

James Coleman—A new project, *Photograph*, that consists of multiple projections of slides and a narrative voice-over, and a film; through 2/19. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Philip Evergood—Paintings, drawings, and prints from the early thirties through the mid-sixties; through 2/26. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-8300).

John Ferren—Abstract paintings and drawings made during the American artist's two stays in Paris, in 1929 and from 1931 to 1938; through 2/12. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

Helen Frankenthaler—Paintings and works on paper from 1960 to 1989 on loan from private collections; through 3/11. Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (212-935-1110).

Morris Graves—Cast-bronze sculptures made in 1961 that support viewers shaped like windows or port-holes containing layers of Venetian glass, minerals, brass filings, and other materials; through 2/12. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

Julie Hedrick—New abstract paintings; through 3/4. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-3550).

David Humphrey—Paintings that depict groups of figures in soft-focus landscapes or domestic interiors; through 2/5. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-688-5951).

David Hunter—Minimal paintings and works on paper that are intended as phenomenological self-portraits; through 2/12. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227).

David Kroll—Paintings that depict isolated objects, such as a vase or fruits, against sepia-toned landscapes; 2/3–26. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).

Donald Lipski—New sculpture that continues the artist's investigation of the ready-made and the surreal; through 3/4. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Damian Loeb—New paintings of interiors and landscapes that suggest images from dreams or memories; through 2/12. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

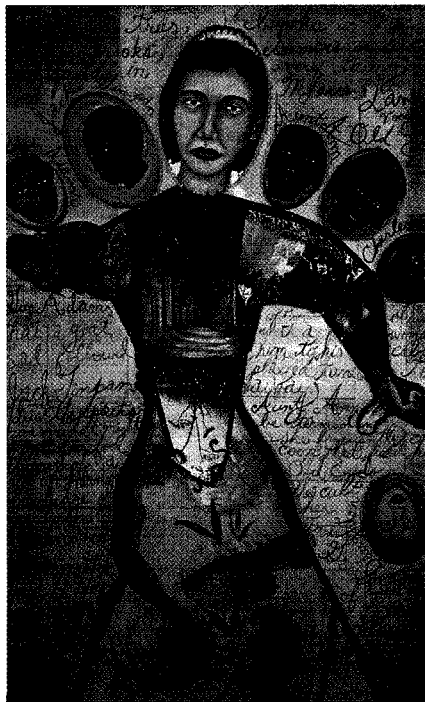
Loren MacIver—Landscapes, interiors, and still-lives made by the artist in Provence in the late sixties and forming the first exhibition of her work since her death in 1998; through 2/5. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

Jackson Pollock—Drawings on colored construction paper made between 1942 and 1956; through 2/26. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Edward Ruscha—Drawings and prints dating from the sixties to the present; through 2/29. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

Antoni Tàpies—Mixed-media paintings and sculpture

Talent Unlike most of her earlier mixed-media paintings, Lezley Saar's latest evocations of the African-American experience place their protagonists—which include Harriet Hemmings, a Zulu tribe member, two rap singers, and others (below, *Marie Laveau and Her Circle of Influence*)—at the center of the work, lending every character an intensely felt presence. At David Beitzel Gallery, 102 Prince Street; through February 5.



made over the past four years; through 2/12. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

Vaclav Vytlacil—Modernist paintings and works on paper produced between 1920 and 1940 by the artist, who studied with Hans Hoffman in Munich before moving to New York, where he was a co-founder of the organization American Abstract Artists; through 2/5. Findlay, 41 E. 57th St. (212-486-7660).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Nancy Azara—New monumental carved and painted wood sculptures; through 2/19. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (212-226-1111).

Cecily Brown—New large-scale paintings of fragmented figures; through 2/19. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (212-228-2828).

Sue de Beer and Laura Parnes/Momoyo Torimitsu—*Heidi 2*, an installation and mini-feature film that is an unauthorized sequel to Mike Kelley and Paul McCarthy's *Heidi/An* abstract topiary garden. Through 2/19. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Jason Dodge—Five sculptures that incorporate accoutrements from a fictional palace hotel in rural France; through 2/11. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (212-226-6131).

Valentina DuBasky—New paintings and monotypes that explore the reciprocal relationship between nature and the urban environment; through 3/4. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray—Selected works by the two artists that reflect their long friendship and shared interests in chess, optics, African sculpture, and the photographic recording of their mutual friends; through 3/4. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

Barbara Kulicke—Black-and-white ink drawings of amaryllis; through 2/26. Bromm, 90 W. Broadway (212-732-6196).

Jim Lambie—An installation in which the artist has used glossy black vinyl tape to highlight the idiosyncrasies of the gallery's floors; through 2/26. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Donald Lipski—Two series of works, "Passing Time" and "Building Steam," from the first half of the eighties that typify his practice of combining found objects in unexpected ways; through 2/26. Gibson, 568 Broadway (212-925-1192).

Issey Miyake—A survey of the clothing designer's work from the past 30 years; through 2/29. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Leroy Person—Carved and painted wood furniture and tableaux and drawings on cardboard by the self-taught artist (1907–1985), who lived in rural eastern North Carolina; through 2/19. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Raymond Pettibon—New drawings; through 2/12. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (212-966-9074).

Alan Siegel/George Deem—Monumental chairs and couches created from trees near the artist's home/Paintings based on works by Vermeer that invite the viewer to closely examine the Dutch master's rooms. Through 2/16. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Richard Tuttle—Recent painted plywood panels that employ simple colors and shapes; through 2/12. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Adriana Varejão—Paintings of ocean-inspired images that are comprised of layers of stretched canvas; through 2/12. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

H. C. Westermann—Sculptures, drawings, and prints of the "Death Ship," a recurring image in the

artist's work from 1946 until his death in 1981 that reflects the impact of his experiences at sea during World War II; through 2/26. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Chelsea

Michael Ashkin/Kirsten Mosher—A video installation and an artist's book titled *Garden State*, along with a related edition of photographs/Paintings of simulated landscapes. Through 3/4. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Matt Bakkom—*The Intimacy Machine*, a box into which viewers can walk and experience intimacy through a cinematic event; through 2/15. RareArt, 435 W. 14th St. (212-645-5591).

Harry Bertola—Sculptures the artist and furniture designer referred to as his "sounding sculptures," hand-welded from beryllium copper into forms suggesting cattails, weeping willows, or dense thickets; through 2/26. Miller, 526 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Martin Creed—New work; through 2/12. Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. (212-627-5258).

Jeanne Dunning—Recent performative videos that show the artist interacting with a large amorphous "blob" form; through 3/4. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

Jeff Elrod—New computer-generated paintings and wall works; through 2/26. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-727-7366).

Tim Gardner—Watercolor and oil paintings based on snapshots of young men caught in moments of freedom; through 2/12. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Scott Grodesky—New paintings that depict floating forms in reverse perspective; through 2/15. Baumgartner, 418 W. 15th St. (212-633-2276).

Perry Hoberman—Two large-scale interactive multimedia installations; through 2/19. Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323).

James Hyde—Recent abstract paintings on pillows and cushions made from vinyl, steel, fine linens, or newspaper; through 2/12. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

Mary Jones—Paintings that combine spatial illusion, flower forms, and bright color; through 2/19. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (212-741-1149).

Sarah Leahy—Ink paintings on Plexiglas that suggest early black-and-white photography; through 2/12. Foster, 528 W. 20th St. (212-966-9024).

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—New paintings and watercolors of two motifs, the maple tree and the pin oak; through 3/4. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Gayil Nails—"World Sensorium," a social olfactory sculpture for which the artist consulted with officials from 230 countries to identify a scent thought critical to each country's identity or cultural memory, then gathered the individual plant oils and combined them into one scent; through 2/6. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (212-246-3686).

Sally Ross—Paintings of imaginary objects and landscapes; 2/4-3/11. Audiello, 526 W. 26th St. (212-675-9082).

Mike Sale—New works; through 2/19. LaBoulbenne, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-462-4111).

Sam Taylor-Wood—An installation of seven sixteen-millimeter film projections that depict a small party filmed simultaneously by seven cameras, and a series of recent photographs; through 2/26. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-242-0200).

James Turrell/Patricia Moisan—Recent holograms/Monochromatic red paintings with modulated surfaces. Through 2/5. Stark, 555 W. 25th St. (212-807-1051).

Betty Woodman—A 40-year retrospective of the artist's works in clay, bronze, and paper; through 2/12. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6999).

Carrie Yamaoka/Ava Gerber—Reflective paintings of mylar and resin/A sculpture installation. Through 2/12. Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-646-2070).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338). "Quirky," works by 33 artists that represent a di-

versity of concepts, imagery, and techniques; through 2/12.

Davis & Langdale—231 E. 60th St. (838-0333). Paintings, drawings, and watercolors that have appeared in *The New Yorker* over the past 75 years, by Bemelmans, Booth, Chast, Feiffer, Hokinson, Saxon, others; through 2/26.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767). Works by sixteen contemporary British ceramists; through 2/19.

Hirschi & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810). A survey chronicling the development of the fine and decorative arts in Boston between 1810 and 1840, with furniture by Emmons & Archibald, silver by Churchill & Treadwell, and artworks by Audubon, Cole, Stuart, others; through 2/5.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550). "Pasted Pictures: Collages and Abstraction in the 20th Century," with works by Arp, Cornell, Johns, Matisse, Pollock, Ryan, Schwitters, others; 2/3-3/11.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Works by European self-taught artists, among them Bois-Vives, Gill, Nedjar, Wilson, Wölfl; through 3/11.

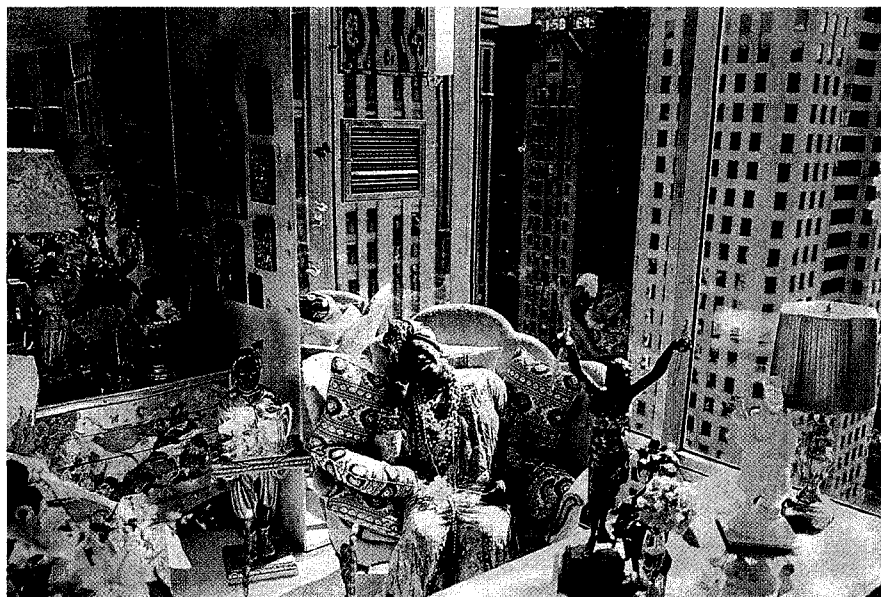
SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex—291 Church St. (212-431-5270). "Double Space," works that explore the concept of text as a construction by Angelmaker, Dikeou, Goldsmith, Pardo, Resnais, Robbe-Grillet, Sandback, Schneemann, Van der Stokker; through 2/5.

Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld—560 Broadway (212-941-6355). "Turning the Century," recent works by Boltanski, Burckhardt, Gerber, Sillman, Wexler, others; through 2/5.

CRG—93 Grand St. (212-966-4360). "Architecture and Memory," works by Appel, Kuitca, Mehretu; through 2/12.

Collins—83 Grand St. (212-226-1861). Paintings that have a minimal-pop aesthetic, by Basora,



Photography Over the Top

Whether they're in the photographer's native Mexico City or in a sparkling New York high rise, Daniela Rossell's Mexican nouveau-riche subjects—mainly family and friends—aren't afraid to flaunt their affluence for the camera. Above, psychic Annie DuBong relaxing in the artist's stepmother's Olympic Tower aerie (look carefully, and you'll see the 'New York' Magazine building in the background). At Greene Naftali, 526 West 26th Street; through February 19.

57th Street Area

Babcock—724 Fifth Ave. (212-767-1852). "Aspects of White," paintings, sculpture, and works on paper made with white materials, by Ajay, Grausman, Lipton, McLaughlin, Nevelson, Pavia, Ryman, Segal, others; through 3/31.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900). One hundred drawings from the years 1817 through 1998, by Auerbach, Degas, Delacroix, Klimt, Pollock, Rivers, others; encaustic paintings by Martin Kline; through 2/19.

PaineWebber—42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (212-713-2885), Mon.-Fri. 8-6. "Beyond Appearances: Images in Science at the Millennium," an exhibition of scientific and medical illustration from the Middle Ages to the late nineteenth century; through 3/31.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082). African-American masterworks by Alston, Delaney, Hayden, Lawrence, Pippin, B. Saar, Thompson, Tanner, others; through 3/4.

Isensee, Lozano, Rosenberg; through 2/5.

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (212-966-6170). Abstract paintings by Anuszkiewicz, Crawford, Dona, Marcaccio, Reed, Rockburne; through 3/4.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "The End: An Independent Vision of Contemporary Culture, 1982-2000," an exhibition surveying Exit Art's eighteen-year history; through 4/1.

Marcus—578 Broadway (212-226-3200). "Mood," paintings by Heindl, Huebler, Hudson, Levy, More; through 2/26.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Conversation exhibitions: Betty Woodman and Pat Steir, through 2/13, Byron Kim and Lisa Sigal, through 2/6; works by Thomas Beckman, Eyal Danielli, Jeffrey Sturges, through 2/6; works by Builder Levy, through 2/13.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Couples," works that address the condition of

coupledom by Arbus, Billingham, Bourgeois, Clark, Currin, Guston, Holzer, Nauman, Neel, Prince, others; through 3/4.

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937). "Space Invaders," works that explore the meaning of space by DeMar, Evans, Langsam, Spence, Schild; through 2/19.

Cristineros—529 W. 20th St. (212-206-0297). "Cyber Drawings," digitally produced works by Cottrell, Green, Moody, Risley, Sanchez, Watson; through 2/12.

D'Amelio Terras—525 W. 22nd St. (212-352-9460). Sculptures by Andre, Chamberlain, Flavin, Judd; through 2/12.

Feature—530 W. 25th St. (212-675-7772). New works by B. Wurtz; "Hairy Forearm," works by Batty, De Los Angeles, Ono, Wilson, others; through 2/5.

Golden—526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304). "Against an Infinite Horizon," with works by Corey, Han, Jaff, Kalymnios, Wolf; through 2/19.

Grimm—505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7762). Abstract paintings on paper by Diamond, McConaughy, Meyer, Parlato, Petersen; through 2/19.

Harris—529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666). "Luscious," three-dimensional abstract works by Fitzgerald, Harle, Hoke, Monti, Price, Richter, Shields, Soriano; through 2/5.

Luhning Augustine—531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100). Sculpture by Cardiff and Miller, Geers, Gober, Gonzalez-Torres, Kippenberger, Mucha, Tunga, Whiteread, Wolfe; through 2/12.

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819). "The Intuitive Eye: Selections From the Mendelsohn Collection," works by self-taught artists Darger, Dial, Doyle, Hawkins, McCarthy, Von Bruenchenhein, others; "Artist/Object," still-life photographs by Akin & Ludwig, Means, Martone, Russek; through 2/19.

Schoormans—508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159). "Lux," works by Flavin, Katz, Newton, Richter, Sugimoto, others; through 2/19.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219). "Hex Induction Hour by the Fall," with works by Accorci, Beck, Graham, Hyde, Koether, Noland, Ruyter, Uglov, others; through 2/12.

Weber—529 W. 20th St. (212-691-5711). Works by Alaez, Aycock, Civera, Lewis, Lin, Rashid, Opie, Zittel, others; through 2/5.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). Works on the theme of outer space by Alexopoulos, Jervert, Bransford, Hammond, others; photographs of the rich-and-glamorous set by Jessica Craig-Martin; collaborative project by Hanson & Sonnenberg; through 2/6.

Other

Bodell—13 E. 7th St. (212-477-1820). "Facts + Figures," works by ten artists that involve language, calculation, and various techniques of measuring, marking, and organizing; through 2/27.

Photography

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Picturing Guatemala: Images From the CIRMA Photography Archive, 1870-1997," the first exhibition to explore the history of photography in Guatemala, including, among other works, a photographic album by Eadweard Muybridge from 1875 and images by the nineteenth-century ethnographic photographers Emilio Herruger and Alberto Valdeavellano; through 4/16.

Barefoot—580 Broadway (212-625-8899), Wed.-Sat. 11-5. "Sequence, Order, Revolution," with works by Accorci, Appelt, Cumming, Disderi, the Bechers, Burden, Michals, Meatyard, Warhol, others; through 2/5.

Carl Chiarenza—Photographs of collages and montages fabricated by the artist in his studio; through 2/26. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-2211).

Giacomo Costa/Walker Evans—Large-scale panoramic photographs created entirely within a computer that depict barren landscapes supporting huge monoliths/Vintage photographs. Through 2/26. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Fred Cray—Color self-portraits; through 3/4. Ander-

son, 453 W. 17th St. (212-463-0970).

Cy DeCosse—Recent photographs of rare flowers; through 3/11. Stevenson, 338 W. 23rd St. (212-580-8169).

Todd Eberle—Photographs of computers taken at the Computer History Museum at NASA's Ames Base near Palo Alto, California; through 2/26. Miller, 526 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Martine Franck—Documentary photographs taken in China, France, Japan, the U.S., and other countries; through 3/4. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

William Gedney—Photographs taken during trips to

genocide in Rwanda through confrontational portraits of the killers and victims; through 2/19. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Fred W. McBarrah—Photographs of New York's Beat scene taken in and around Greenwich Village in the fifties and sixties; through 2/27. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (212-242-2581).

Deborah Mesa-Pelly—Staged photographs of fantastical narratives; through 2/12. Lombard-Freid, 531 W. 26th St. (212-967-8040).

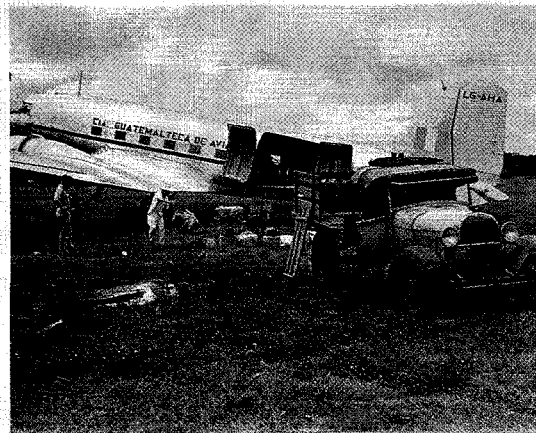
Duane Michals—A survey of the photographer's work from the late sixties to the present, comprising recent images influenced by the paintings of

On View The Whole Guatemala

To the average person, Guatemala may summon images of political upheaval, fabulous wealth and crushing poverty, Mayan temples, brilliantly colored woven textiles, and controversial Nobel Prize winner Rigoberta Menchu. Less known—indeed nearly unknown in this country—is the country's rich photographic history, now the subject of "Picturing Guatemala: Images From the CIRMA Photography Archive, 1870-1997" (Americas Society, 680 Park Avenue; through April 16). The exhibition's photographs, all drawn from the Centro de Investigaciones Regionales de Mesoamérica, one of the most important photographic archives in Central America, reveal Guatemala as a petri dish for photographers of all stripes.

Among the first to record the country were the German ethnographic photographer Emilio Herbruger, who lived in Guatemala in the 1870s and specialized in *cartes de visite*, and Eadweard Muybridge, who was hired to produce a tourist-attracting vision of Central America by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company in 1875. By the turn of the century, staged portraits—including those of dead children—were the rage, as exemplified by the works of Juan José de Jesús Yas, the first Japanese immigrant to Guatemala; his nephew José Domingo Noriega; and Tomás Zanotti. From then on, photography takes a distinctly photojournalistic turn (above, Sol Libsohn's *Aviateca flight unloading musical instruments in Chinajá*, 1949). Like much Latin American art, contemporary Guatemalan photography conjures its own fascinating past, as in the portraits of descendants of Mayans by Luis González Palma, on view in a related exhibition at Throckmorton Fine Art (153 East 61st Street; through March 18).

EDITH NEWHALL



eastern Kentucky in 1864 and 1972 that describe the daily life of one family; through 3/4. 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

Luis González Palma—Photographic portraits of Guatemalans; through 2/26. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Horst—Portraits, interiors, and fashion work by the German photographer (1906-1999), who spent much of his career shooting for Condé Nast publications, beginning with *Vogue* in 1932; through 3/4. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8 (voluntary contribution 5-8), Sat. and Sun. 10-6; \$6, \$4 students and seniors. "Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and U.S." A comparison of Farm Security Administration photography created in the U.S. and Socialist Realist pictures produced in the USSR; through 2/13.

Annie Leibovitz—Large-scale photographs of female nudes; through 3/4. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

Robert Lyons—Photographs that examine the 1994

Balthus, classic sequences from the late sixties, photographs with hand-lettered text, unusual portraits of artists, and works from such series as "Salute Walt Whitman" and "Questions Without Answers"; through 3/4. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

Marvin E. Newman—Seven photo-essays from the fifties and early sixties, among them *Chicago Snow Scenes 1951*, *Coney Island Beach Scenes 1952*, *Hal-loween 1955*, and *Prostitutes on Rue St. Denis, Paris 1960*; through 3/25. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

Nosei—530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695). Recent works by female photographers, among them Eyre, Laplante, Neshat, Pérez Bravo, Porter; through 2/4.

Daniela Rossell—Recent photographs of the artist's family and friends in Mexico City and Manhattan that show them amid the trappings of their affluence; through 2/19. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770).

Roth Horowitz—160A E. 70th St. (212-717-9067). "Witness," images of lynchings from the collec-

tion of James Allen, an Atlanta-based antiques dealer who has amassed an archive of photographs documenting the history of lynchings in the U.S. from 1880 to 1960; through 2/12.

Eric Schaal—Vintage press shots of Salvador's *Dream of Venus* pavilion for the 1939 New York World's Fair; through 3/4. Van der Donk, 601 W. 26th St. (212-691-5973).

David Seidner—Painterly images of orchids that comprise the late photographer's final series; through 3/4. Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

Aaron Siskind—Images of peeling paint, corroded surfaces, graffiti, and rock formations that represent the late photographer's explorations of abstraction; 2/3-3/18. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (989-7600).

David Stephenson/Tod Hido—Color photographs of domes and cupolas taken in Europe and Turkey and black-and-white images of stars in the night sky above Tasmania, Australia, where the artist lives/Twilight scenes of suburban homes and streets. Through 2/26. Saul, 560 Broadway (212-431-0747).

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811). Photographs of men, by Aschman, Bruce of Los Angeles, Mapplethorpe, Muybridge, Walls, Yang, others; through 2/20.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History—"Capturing Time: The New York Times Capsule." An exhibition presented in collaboration with the New York Times that features nearly 50 design proposals received in a *New York Times Magazine* competition; through 3/26. . . . "Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the U.S., Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. . . . "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children (admission to "The Butterfly Conservatory" is by timed entry; tickets, which can be reserved in advance and include museum admission, are \$14 adults, \$8.50 children).

Asia Society at Midtown—"Spiritual Perfection: Religious Sculpture of South and Southeast Asia." Sculpture from the Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection of the Asia Society; 2/3-4/1. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Mon.-Sat. 10-6; \$4, \$2 students and seniors (free Mon.-Fri. 12-2).

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"E.W. Godwin: Aesthetic Movement Architect and Designer." Architectural drawings, designs for decorative arts, textiles, ceramics, wallpaper, and other works by the nineteenth-century British designer; through 2/27. 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); \$2, \$1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Amnesia." Works by sixteen artists from South America who explore themes of memory, loss, desire, mortality, and the temporal nature of the body; through 2/27. . . . "Recent Acquisitions From the Permanent Collection." Works by contemporary artists of African, Asian, and Latin American ancestry; through 2/27. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$3, \$2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Eastman Johnston: Painting America." The first major exhibition of the nineteenth-century American artist's work in 25 years, including paintings and drawings of rural subjects, Civil War scenes, interior scenes, and por-

traits; through 2/6. . . . "Carved Memories: Tombstones of the Russian Jewish Pale, Photographs by David Gubernman." Images of Jewish tombstones in Russia taken over a period of 75 years; through 4/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy, Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Overcoming All Obstacles: The Women of the Académie Julian." Paintings, works on paper, and photographs by women artists who studied at the Académie Julian in Paris, among them Cecelia Beaux, Elizabeth Jane Gardner, Anna Klumke, and Käthe Kollwitz; through 5/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*." through 4/2. . . . "Donald Judd *Untitled*, 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*." through 6/18. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*." through 3/5. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter." through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$6, \$3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"The Body of the Line: Eisenstein's Drawings." The first U.S. museum exhibition of drawings by the groundbreaking Russian filmmaker (1898-1948); through 3/18. . . . "Together Now by Nic Hess." A site-specific installation that combines drawing and a two-dimensional structure built of adhesive tape by Nic Hess, a Swiss artist; through 2/26. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.-Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$7, \$5 students and seniors (admission free on Dec. 19, 1999); children under 10 not admitted.

Jewish Museum—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." A group of portraits of the London art dealer Ager Wertheimer and his family painted by the American artist between 1898 and 1908; through 2/6. . . . "Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890-1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. . . . "The Changing Face of Family: Photographs From the Collection of the Jewish Museum." Photographs illustrating the importance of family in shaping identities, by Avedon, Goldin, Hine, Steichen, Sultan, others; through 2/6. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5 free); \$8, \$5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Walker Evans." A retrospective of the American photographer (1903-1975) comprising some 175 vintage prints from public and private collections throughout the U.S. and Canada as well as from the photographer's archive, which was acquired by the Metropolitan in 1994; through 5/14. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and African Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition; through 9/3. . . . "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings." More than 30 scholars' rocks from the collection of the Richard Rosenblum family; through 8/20. . . . "Korean Ceramics From the Museum of Oriental Ceramics, Osaka." Forty-eight ceramic works dating from the twelfth to the nineteenth century; through 6/4. . . . "Rock Style." An exhibition exploring the influence of rock stars on fashion, featuring attire lent by rock artists and drawn from the collections of the Met's Costume Institute and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland; through 3/19. . . . "Only the Best: Masterpieces of the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, Lisbon." Works collected by the oil-industry pioneer and philanthropist Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869-1955) on loan from the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, including European paintings ranging from the

Renaissance to Impressionism, Egyptian sculpture, Roman medals, Islamic ceramics and textiles, illuminated manuscripts, eighteenth-century French furniture and silver, and objects by Lalique; through 2/27. . . . "Sean Scully." A selection of recent watercolors, pastels, and photographs by the American artist; through 3/12. . . . "Klee's Line." Works that display the artist's imaginative use of line; through 3/12. . . . "Celebrating the American Wing: Notable Acquisitions, 1980-1999"; through 11/12. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$10 contribution, \$5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$10, \$5 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: People." A survey of figural representation in early modernism, with works by Fernand Léger, Sol LeWitt, Pablo Picasso, Odilon Redon, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Places." Interpretations of site, both real and imagined, in paintings, sculpture, photographs, furniture, and objects, with works by Paul Cézanne, Maria Fernanda Cardoso, Paul Gauguin, Henri Matisse, Georges-Pierre Seurat, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Things." An exhibition exploring the presentation and representation of ordinary and extraordinary objects, with works by Constantin Brancusi, Marcel Duchamp, Michael Craig-Martin, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Projects 69: Julia Jacquette." Paper cups, plates, and napkins designed for MOMA's Café/Etc., a new space in the museum's lower level that combines multimedia projects, a bookstore, and a café; through 3/21. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.-Tues., Thurs. 10:30-5:45, Fri. 10:30-8:15 (4:30-8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$10, \$6.50 students and seniors.

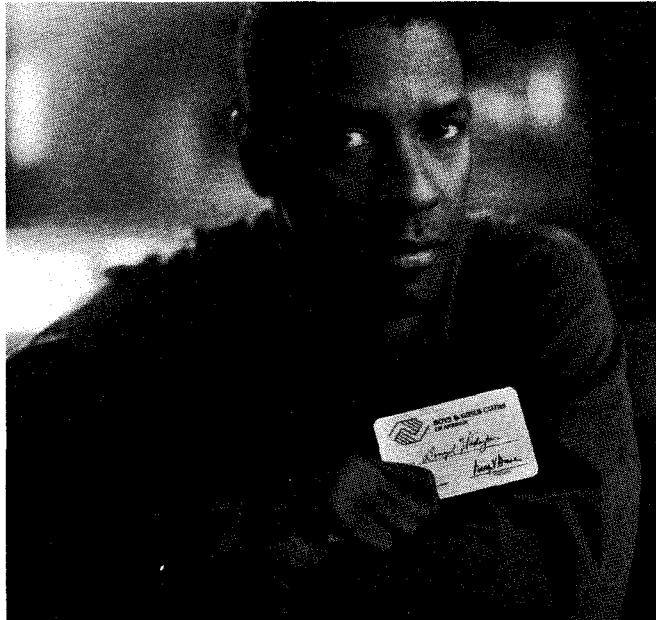
Museum of the City of New York—"This Land Is Your Land: The Life and Legacy of Woody Guthrie." An exhibition chronicling the life of the folksinger; 2/5-4/23. . . . "The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900-2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. . . . "Forgotten Gateway: The Abandoned Buildings of Ellis Island." A journey through Ellis Island's past and present through the photographs of Larry Racioppo and Shirley Burden; through 2/13. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910-1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5 suggested contribution, \$4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"The Corset: Fashioning the Body." Corsets from the sixteenth century to the present, as well as corset-inspired fashions, archival photographs, posters, books, caricatures, and advertisements that document the evolution of corsetry; through 4/22. . . . "Girlfriend! The Barbie Sessions by David Levinthal." Forty large-format Polaroid photographs of the doll that return her to her fashion-model roots; through 4/15. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.-Fri. 12-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Cildo Meireles." The first retrospective of the work of the internationally known Brazilian artist, including room-scale installations and walk-through environments, sculptures, and drawings spanning thirty years; through 3/5. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12-6, Thurs.-Sat. 12-8 (free Thurs.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Denzel Washington

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from 6-8); \$6, \$3 artists, students, and seniors.
New-York Historical Society—"New York on the Brink! The Fiscal Crisis of the 1970s." Documentary photographs, newspaper headlines, political cartoons, and objects relating to New York's notorious fiscal crisis; through 5/7. . . . "John James Audubon: The Birds of Winter." Fifteen original watercolor paintings by the naturalist (1785-1851) depicting birds that can be found in New York during the winter months; through 4/30. . . . "The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20. . . . "\$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration." Works drawn from all of the library's research centers, augmented by items on loan from the New York Academy of Medicine and other collections, ranging from medieval renderings of the universe to the first photograph of the moon; through 2/19. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues. and Wed. 11-7:30, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Juan Sánchez Rianstruções: Paintings of the Nineties." An exhibition of Sánchez's paintings curated by his students at the Robert F. Wagner Jr. Secondary School for Arts and Technology; through 2/13. . . . "The Promise of Photography: Selected Works From the DG Bank Collection." 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$5 suggested donation.

Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian—"Instrument of Change: Jim Schoppert Retrospective Exhibition, 1947-1992." Carved panels, sculptures, paintings, and poetry by the Tlingit artist; through 2/6. 1 Bowling Green (212-514-3712), 10-5 daily; free.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900-2000." Part two of a survey of American art and culture as seen through more than 500 works of painting, sculpture, photography, installation, film, video, and related historical and cultural materials covering the years 1950 to 2000 drawn from the museum's permanent collection and from private collections and public institutions around the world; through 2/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8 (pay what you wish 6-8 on the first Thurs. of every month); \$12.50, \$10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a \$2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Correspondences: Isamu Noguchi and Ellsworth Kelly." Sculptures and drawings by both from the Whitney Museum's permanent collection; through 4/7. . . . "Lee Boroison: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. 11-7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). Next auction on 2/11.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). Next auction on 2/15.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). Next auction on 2/9.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). Next auction on 2/9.

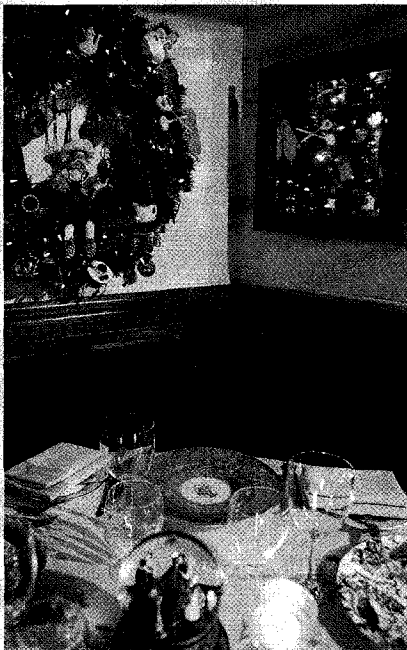
Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 2/3 at 10:30: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/29.

restaurants

Going Greek... Year of the Dragon... Pumped



ASK GAEL



I have the after-Christmas blues.

The Christmas spirit lingers on at Restaurant Two Two Two, in owner Marlies Jung's magical world of whirling ballerinas and Betty Boops on the Christmas tree and feathered "pine" wreaths hung with porcelain dolls, old-time toys, and miniature cats. An incurable collector, she was sad to pack it all away each January. So this year she and husband Frank Valenza decided to leave Christmas as is till summer. Not that the tiny, wood-paneled nook with its collection of music boxes and antique service plates wasn't already romantic enough. Besides the gourmands who crisscross town for Valenza's outrageous signatures—\$120 kobe beef, \$55 wild pheasant, and a wantonness of foie gras and truffles—thirtyish twosomes trade searing glances over the \$59 prix fixe or the \$39 concession to thrift. Valenza is almost always in situ, dispatching an extra goody to his regulars, like tonight's splendid elixir of mushrooms and cream. Our profligate foursome is wild for the \$40 foie-gras-and-truffle soup under a buttery pastry dome and a diabolically rich lobster-and-crab risotto, a \$49 distraction from too dry pheasant and chewy wild boar. (222 West 79th Street; 212-799-0400.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. 80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) (\$).

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, the crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the

type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. 310 West Broadway (212-965-3588). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés, Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. 451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups,

and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (212-227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. 323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. 4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

I Tre Merli—Bustling SoHo loft-like space, specializing in Northern Italian (specifically Genovese) cuisine. Try the homemade pastas and focaccia sandwiches. 463 W. Broadway (212-254-8699). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative bistro menu includes cornmeal-coated calamari with green-chile tartar sauce, shitake-seared salmon with cashew-scallion rice cake, and slow-roasted duck with blood-orange sauce. 179 W. Broadway (212-219-2010). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Laight Street and Dylan Lounge—White tapestries and blue lighting lend this coolly contemporary TriBeCa space a marine feel, which makes perfect sense in a seafood restaurant with an extensive raw bar. Choose among Nantucket lobster salad, ginger-octopus salad, and grilled whole snapper with pistou, or if you're still working up an appetite, have a cocktail in the adjacent Dylan Lounge. 62 Laight St. (212-334-2274). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. 211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zepole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location

of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. 90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. 105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V

Restaurant Omen—Step off this quiet SoHo side street, and you're suddenly transported to Kyoto—a feeling that's reinforced by the traditional menu and decorative calligraphy and ceramics. 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M-E) AE

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. 38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M-E) AE

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. 460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I-M) AE, DS, MC, V

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. Pier 17, third floor (212-227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. 93 South St. (212-509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Havell—Havell distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an intentionally shattered windowpane. 100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

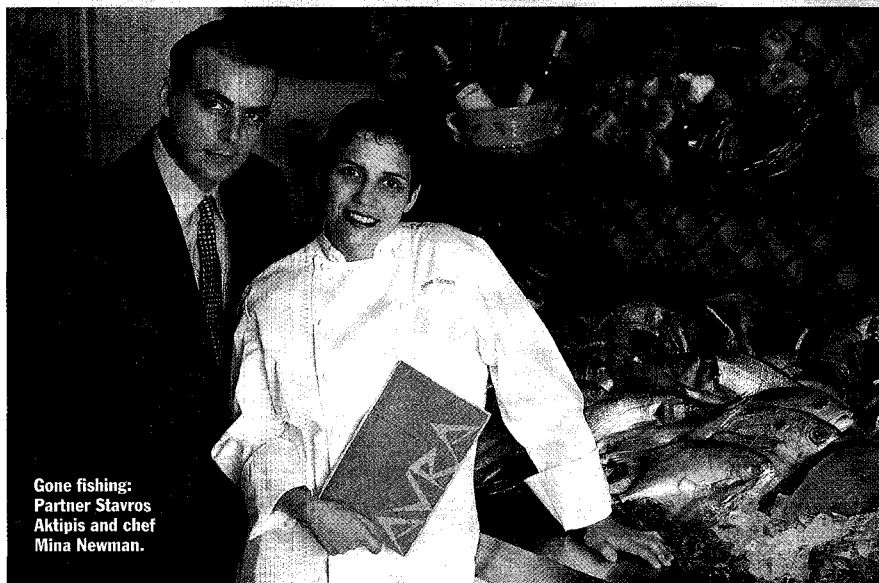
Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm

ed explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. 91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I-M) AE, MC, V

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en crouste, and cas-

Preview Hot to Trata

Next week, the team from Trata joins forces with Rue 57's Marc Packer to open Avra, a midtown spin-off of their Hellenic bit. Just as they are uptown, Fulton Street—fresh whole fish are priced by the pound (\$19.95 to \$34.50) and charcoal-grilled; but here, in a stage-managed simulation of a Greek farmhouse, chef Mina Newman (late of Layla) mixes things up with her inventive spin on Greek-Mediterranean standards. Spinach pie goes Gallic as spanakopita Napoleon; traditional grape leaves incorporate an unexpected sushilike stuffing of raw salmon, tuna, and cucumber. (141 East 48th Street; 212-759-8550.)



Gone fishing:
Partner Stavros
Aktipis and chef
Mina Newman.

weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. 112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I-M) AE, MC, V

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. 268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I-M) (\$)

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunt-

soulet. 314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. 17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. 69 MacDougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. 36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of

Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudi by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We love the white-peach sangria. 23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that ... ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Candela—These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs \$10.95, prix fixe. 116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, de-

pendable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. 122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Meli Melo—A forerunner on the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—\$28.50 for four courses, all night. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. 110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as

Ground Rules:

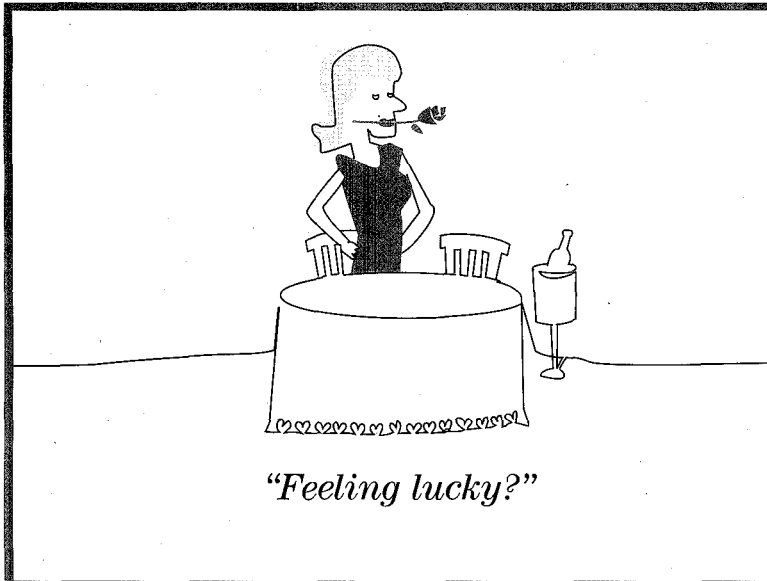
Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15–\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

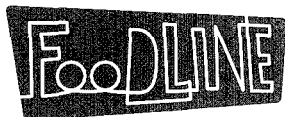
Novità—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.



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Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. 54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco-ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. 209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. 358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. 168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for preheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. 120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also of-

fers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. 9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. 219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

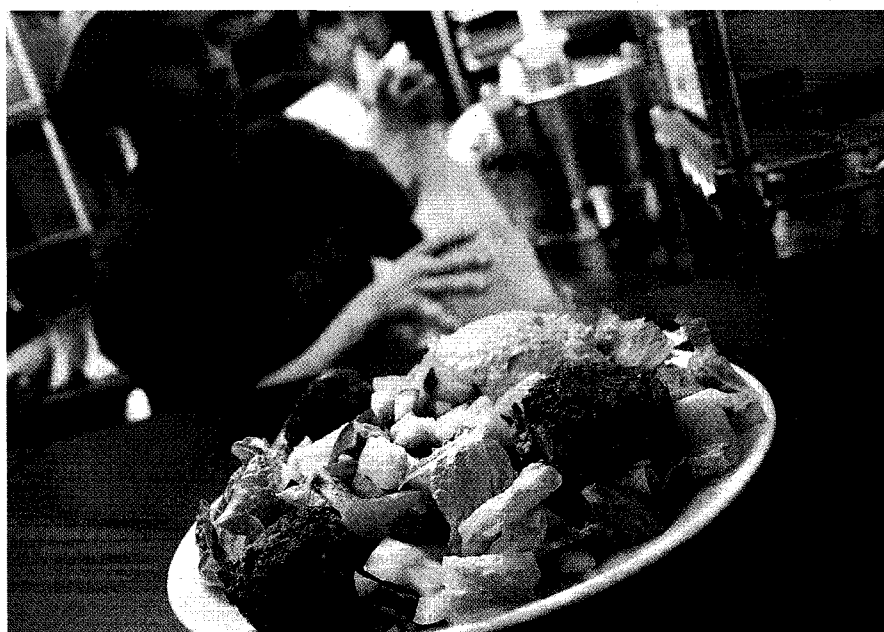
Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. 405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Leopard—This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. 253 E. 50th St.

(212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Mica Bar—This quiet side street in Turtle Bay is slowly becoming a spawning ground for luxe lounges. The most striking element of this new duplex is its enclosed deck bar, with a convertible roof that can open and close depending on the season. A menu of light Asian tapas features baked oysters, a variety of satays, and Hong Kong gravlax; the beverage menu, from sake cocktails to champagnes by the glass, is extensive. 252 E. 51st St. (212-888-2453). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. 23



Opening I Can't Believe It's Not Really Falafel!

The Pump alternately calls itself a physical-fitness restaurant and an unfried restaurant and, as such, appeals to a certain kind of Zoned-out, Atkins-addicted New Yorker—plus those few of us who haven't entirely abandoned last month's overoptimistic New Year's resolutions. A second, spiffy branch has opened just in time to offer absolution to repentant sinners in the form of yolkless baked omelets, seven-grain pancakes, whole-wheat pizza, surprisingly tasty baked falafel (pictured), and protein plates with intimidating names like Big Arms and Iron. An added bonus for inveterate couch potatoes: They deliver. (40 West 55th Street; 212-246-6844.)

(212-759-3735). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. 37 E. 50th St.

Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. 60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with

its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. 55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Quantum 56—The restaurant at the Drake Swissotel that used to be Lafayette has finally reopened, this time as a New American dining room and cocktail lounge under the culinary direction of chef Joseph Fortunato. His menu ranges from the familiar to the less so, in dishes like shepherd's pie, seafood hot pot, and buffalo carpaccio with horseradish aioli. 65 E. 56th St. (212-756-3800). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the \$14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. 135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, \$15.95 prix

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fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. 163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Palladin—Famed French chef Jean-Louis Palladin has finally made it to Manhattan, where his unique creations (octopus seiche in chili-spiked grapefruit juice, oxtail crêpinette with bone-marrow flan) are served in the dining room of a new theater-district hotel designed by Adam Tihany. 224 W. 49th St. (212-320-2929). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

St. Andrews—In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor consists of wine cabinets, old Scottish Rail posters, and pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features dishes like rack of lamb, tenderloin, and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. 950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Vago—This Northern Italian midtowner makes its own pasta and breads along with house specialties like warm sea-bass carpaccio, venison medallions sautéed with chestnuts, and roasted baby pheasant with black-truffle sauce. The wine list is extensive, and the dining room is adorned with frescoes, al-

abaster sconces, and cherrywood trim. 29 W. 56th St. (212-765-5155). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

57th–60th Streets

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. 11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frittes is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. 160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Mark's—Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted

lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka-worthy chocolate tea. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. 1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. 685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. 2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (212-874-2780). (I) (\$).

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. 373 Am-



Happening Symbol Pleasures

Eating steamed sea bass in a place named Pig Heaven might seem misguided, but New Yorkers have been known to do crazier things on New Year's Eve, or the eve of Yuan Tan, which comes this Friday to Chinatown and outlying participating restaurants. The recently renovated Upper East Side standby rings in the Year of the Dragon with festive decorations, a lion dance, and a special \$35 prix fixe menu (available through February 13) featuring the aforementioned sea bass with bok choy and sticky rice (the Chinese word for fish sounds like the one for abundance). Spread the wealth with dollar dumplings (symbolizing wealth and prosperity) and the "tray of togetherness"—eight candies, each representing a different blessing. (1540 Second Avenue, near 80th Street; 212-744-4333.)

Opening High and Dry

It's easy to forget, with all the focus on sun-drenched isles and oil-drizzled fish, that Greece even has a mainland. Which is why restaurateur Vasilis Katehis decided to build an adjacent wing with a separate entrance around the corner from his Aegean seafood restaurant and devote it to Greek mountain cuisine. Metsovo, named for a bucolic northern Greek village and winter ski resort, features a wood-burning fireplace, wine from small organic producers, several Greek cheeses (including smoked Metso-vone, akin to provolone), and a few regional dishes like baby goat with yogurt, roasted baby lamb, and the pittas, or meat and vegetable pies (pictured), for which the village is famous. (65 West 70th Street; 212-873-2300.)



sterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (212-877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—slow-cooked to order. 2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Juke-box is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) (\$).

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. 35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the \$29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. 222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. 1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Saraheth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. 423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. 328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) (\$).

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. 2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (212-234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in this elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fine weather and a fireplace to warm up the gray days of winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best expression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the paella marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. 114 Bay Ridge Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) (\$).

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. 255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) (\$).

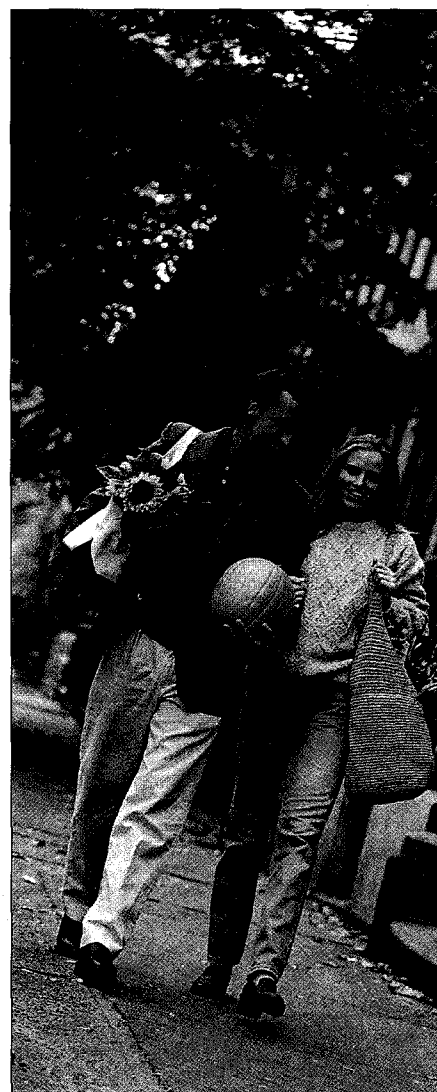
Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. 24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) (\$).

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. 1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.



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nightlife

Tibet Benefit... U-Ziq... Todd Barry

Concerts

"Tibet House New York Eighth Annual Benefit Concert"—With Trey Anastasio; David Byrne; Philip Glass; Patti Smith; Rufus Wainwright; more. 2/5 at 7:30. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800). \$25-\$100.

Small Stages

Bottom Line—2/4: Cork. 2/5: Cliff Eberhardt; the Kennedys. 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).

Bowery Ballroom—1/31: Fenix. 2/2: U-Ziq; Luke Vibert; B. J. Cole. 2/3: Travis. 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. 2/4: Giant Step presents Smith and Mighty. 416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). \$.

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat's "I Didn't Mean to Turn You On." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 2/1: Metropolitan Klezmer. 2/4-2/5: Loser's Lounge presents "No Time for Losers," a Queen tribute. 2/6: Brini Maxwell. Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Irving Plaza—2/3: Steel Pulse. 2/5: "Bob Marley Day," with Culture. 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Bump City; Brother Chameleon. 2/5: Itchy Trigger Finger; Butterfly Joe. 2/6: Skylooby; Quick Kill Formula. 17 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 2/2: Jah Works. 2/3: Basement Bhangra. 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 2/1: Peter Prince. 2/2: Soulive; New Deal. 2/4: Bob Marley birthday tribute with the Cannibus Cup Reggae Band. 2/5: Al Kooper. 161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). \$.

Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—Saturdays: A great house-music party called "School," with resident D.J.'s Melvin Moore, Neil Aline (of "BPM") and "Rendez-Vous"), and producer Matthias Heilbronn. 104 Ave. C (212-780-0202).

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights. Thursdays: A nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy." Alternate Fridays: loved-up house music from D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram at "N'Ice"; the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party." Saturdays: "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. 418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).

work," and "Legends." Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Wednesdays: "Underground Network" returns. Thursdays: "Legends," with D.J. Adam Scott. 12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).

Culture Club—As its name suggests, this downtown club is all about the eighties. Thursdays: "Flashhh-Back," with D.J. Grandmaster Flash. Fridays: "Here They Are Now," eighties music and occasional performances from the decade's icons. Saturdays: "Me! Me! Me!" total immersion in the "Me" decade made terrifyingly real by an actual Delorean that juts out from a *Back to the Future* movie poster. 179 Varick St. (212-243-1999).

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays: drag queens and gay rock-and-rollers get down at "Squeezebox." Saturdays: British-rock themed "Tiswas." Sundays: D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." 511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850). \$.

Flamingo—The East Village nightclub formerly known as Flamingo East is now simply Flamingo. Saturdays: techno party "Troo Skool." 2/5: Alton Miller. 219 Second Ave. (212-533-2860).

Guernica—The club formerly known as Save the Robots makes a bid for good-neighbordom with upscale loungey fare and hipster D.J. nights. Thursdays: Rotating D.J.'s spin at "Quickness." Fridays: House music with "Slippery." Saturdays: Brazilian and Latin beats with "Sound and Vision." Beginning 2/4: a monthly party promising "eclectic music" called "Love Supreme" with D.J.'s Wayne Pate and Gamall. 25 Ave. B (212-674-0984).

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-Vous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: Big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays: Things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." 166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). \$.

Limelight—Its club-kid heyday long gone, the sobered-up House of Gaten has been struggling to find a new identity for itself. Promoters have come and gone on almost a weekly basis, so it's wise to phone up and find out where you're getting into before you make the trip over to Sixth Ave. Wednesdays: British D.J.'s converge on "U.K. Blitz." Thursdays: A deep-house-and-garage-oriented "Body & Soul" knockoff called "Garage City." Fridays: "Beige" mastermind Erich Conrad presides over wannabe fashionistas and week-enders. Saturdays: The usual mix of drag queens, go-go boys and house-heads party at the unfortunately named "Fun Club." 660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (212-807-7780).

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekend-er-straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance



Performance Good Vibe(rt)

Since the early nineties, Luke Vibert (pictured, far left) has recorded decidedly non-dance-floor-friendly drum-'n'-bass albums under the monikers Plug and Wagon Christ. His new *Stop the Panic*, a collaboration with steel guitarist B. J. Cole (near left), veers even further from clubland by melding ambient bleeps, hip-hop beats, and kitschy organ samples into a bizarre, cohesive whole. February 2 at the Bowery Ballroom, Vibert will be joined by Cole as well as fellow electronica experimentalist U-Ziq. (See "Small Stages.")

Joe's Pub—2/1: Mike Ladd. 2/2: "Santaria Songs and Voodoo Rituals." 2/3-2/5: Sequitur. 2/6: Sasha Lazard; Dana Wheeler; Lisa Zane. 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory—2/1: Charles Gayle; Little Water. 2/2: Kelly Joe Phelps; Stacey Earle. 2/3: Joey Baron Trio; Fireball. 2/4: Delta; Prajna. 2/5: Dave Van Ronk; Odette. 2/6: Pachora; Ben Perowsky Trio. 2/7: What We Live; Leo Bigsby. 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). \$.

Manitoba—2/1: Johnnie Chan and the New Dynasty. 2/2: Gotham Playboys. 2/3: The Master Plan. 2/5: Adam Roth. 2/6: BBQ Bob and the Spareribs. 99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).

Maxwell's—2/1: Reading from Steve Dalachinsky. 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge—2/2: Earth to Andy; Meanwhiles. 2/3: Don Lewis Band; Eddie Woods Band. 2/4:

Black Betty—A wondrously eclectic nightclub in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: "D.J.-O-Rama," D.J.'s spinning everything from hip-hop to dance-hall reggae to funk. Sundays: "Jazz on Sundays." Mondays: "Rhythm on Mondays," anything with a groove from Afro-Cuban jazz to sixties soul. 2/7: The Ottos. 366 Metropolitan Ave., Brooklyn (718-599-0243).

Centro-Fly—The club formerly known as Tramp's is now a hot spot to groove to D.J.'s. And there's more good news: The new owners have already managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big-beat promoters "Plant" for Saturday nights and the "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo for Thursdays. 45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron-district nightclub has suddenly become a great dance-music destination, thanks to "Twelve West," "Underground Net-

on the bar. 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). \$.

Soundfactory—A curiously inactive presence in the city's club scene, Soundfactory has almost completely fallen off the clubland radar. But this should change with the recently introduced (and unimaginatively named) "Soundfactory Fridays," which offers big names from the worlds of techno, drum 'n' bass, and house. 618 W. 46th St. (212-489-0001).

Speed—One of the last Manhattan "megacclubs," Speed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Thursdays: "Midnight Turntable Knockers" a hardcore hip-hop party with DJ's like Doo Wop, Max Glazer, and S&S. Fridays: The main floor belongs to Hot 97's DJ. Enuff. Saturdays: DJ's Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Delour spins house for "Speed Saturdays." Sundays: A soulful-house party called "Sunday Mass," with DJ's Merritt and Father Chris. 20 W. 39th St. (212-719-9867).

Tunnel—Drug-bust drama aside, Peter Gaten's massive west Chelsea space hasn't made much of an impact on the New York club scene. Promoters seem to come and go on a weekly basis, Danny Tenaglia decamped to Vinyl, and Gaten hasn't even bothered to compete with Twilo's marquee Friday nights. But if you feel compelled to make the trip to Twelfth Avenue, there are a few decent nights at the club. Saturdays: Hide from the weekender crowd at the gay (but often mixed) party "Kurfew." Sundays: Find out what America's jeeps will be bumping with Funkmaster Flex's street-wise Sunday party. 220 Twelfth Ave., at 27th St. (212-695-4682).

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: World-class DJ's like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king DJ. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 2/4: Carl Cox; Jim Masters; Christian Smith. 530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from DJ. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which, at about seven in the morning, becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: renowned Japanese trance DJ. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. 6 Herbert St. (212-343-1379).

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow, thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the venue and check out DJ's like T-Pro and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? 141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Aves. (718-992-5974).

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Chico O'Farrill's

Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin and the Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 2/1: Duke Ellington Orchestra. 2/2: Eye Contact. 2/3-2/5: Dave Liebman Quartet. 2/6: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. 2/7: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 1/31: "Legends of the Swing Era." 2/1-2/6: Michael Brecker Quartet. 2/7: The Yoron Israel Connection. 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Rudy Mahanthappa Quartet. 349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. 174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).

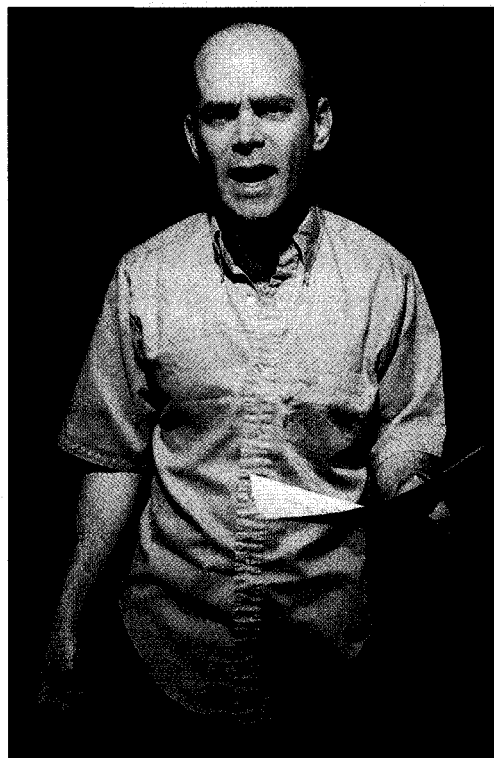
Iridium—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.-Thurs., with extra

Comedy Net Gain

Cheetos the way God intended them," says comedian Todd Barry, chewing on his second ear of cheese-slathered corn at Cafe Habana in NoLiTa. Unfortunately, the table is way too small, and "we're the only two people in here who've never designed a handbag." Barry is promptly punished for his bad attitude when a passing waiter accidentally drops a heavy ceramic mug on his knee, but he's used to abuse. After an appearance last year on *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*, Barry discovered an Internet newsgroup posting in which a midwestern woman named Jean listed him as "The Worst Guest of the Week," with "no charm, no humor, no wit, and a personality which can only be described as icky." Barry, who has also appeared on *Sex and the City*, *The Larry Sanders Show*, *Spin City*,

and his own Comedy Central special, addressed the attack on a later *Conan* appearance, only to find an array of insulting responses from Jean-and-friends. So Barry wrote his one-man show *Icky*, which runs Wednesday nights in February at 9:30 P.M. at the UCB Theater, 161 West 22nd Street (212-366-9176; \$5), as a rebuttal. "It was sort of like the bully on the playground pushes the little kid and the little kid pulls out a gun," says the little comedian. But Barry's trials were not yet over: Jean posted that she'd be visiting New York and planned to attend one of his performances. "I wasn't all that worried," he says, "because I knew in my heart that outside her own hometown, in a theater filled with rabid Todd Barry fans, she wasn't really going to get up and heckle me." In an equally impressive show of humility, Jean later admitted on the site that she enjoyed the show very much. (See "Comedy.")

ARIEL LEVY



midnight sets Fri. and Sat. 2/1-2/6: Hank Jones Trio. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-1211).

"Jazz Insights—The Music of Duke Ellington"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 2/1: George Avakian. *The New School*, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). \$25.

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.-Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; Sun. at 7 and 9. \$15-\$25 cover; \$10 minimum. 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with old-New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 33 University Pl. (212-228-8490).

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. \$15 cover, \$10 for students. 131 Duane Street (212-227-7777).

Cornelia Street Cafe—Sets at 9. 2/2: Ondine Quartet. 2/3: Johanna Grusser. 2/4: Sorgen/Rust/Stevens Trio. 2/5: Jean Michel Pile. 2/6: Iverson McHenry. 29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319).

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. 107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 2/1: M.O.B. Trio. 2/2: Brian Camelio Trio. 2/3: Elvis Sinatra. 2/4: Eliot Zigmond Quartet. 2/5:

museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays from 6-10. 2/4: Ron Horton Sextet. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start around 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 2/1-2/6: Eric Alexander Quartet. 88

curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 2/1-2/6: Buster Williams Quintet. 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). \$.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.-Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.-Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). \$12.50-\$24.50, two-drink minimum.

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subter-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

trict. Every Tues. and Sun., "New Talent Showcase." Sun.-Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is \$12 Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

KGB—Thursdays at 10: Ahna Tessler and Lauren Engel. \$5 cover. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-995-8502).

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St., (212-501-6016). Free.

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Cover is \$7-\$12. Shows: Sun.-Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30; Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).

Upright Citizens Brigade Theater—Wednesdays in February: Todd Barry in "Icky." 161 W. 22nd St. (212-366-9176); \$5.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.-Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. 59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill-area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Through 2/12: Wesla Whitfield. 450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. 13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. \$60. Eartha Kitt plays two shows nightly (Tuesday-Saturday) at 8:45 and 10:45. \$60. Pianist Peter Mintun performs Tuesday through Saturday, from 9:30pm to 1:30am. \$10. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

Danny's Skylight Room—\$20, plus \$15 minimum. 2/7: Ludmilla Ilieva in "Hidden Voices." 346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Mondays in February: Ludmilla Ilieva in "Hidden Voices." Thursdays: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." \$10 cover, two-drink minimum. 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788).

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are \$60, and there is a \$50 food and drink minimum. 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Wed.-Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. \$30 cover; \$20 minimum. 365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 1/31: Eric Michael Gillette in "Hook, Line & Singer." 2/1: Debbie Lesser in "Listen to My Heart." 2/2: Annette Hurt sings "The Grace Moore Songbook." 2/3: Colm Reilly in "Introduction." 2/4: Daniel Issengart with David Lamarche. 2/5: Lee Dratfield with Woody Regan. 2/6: Judy's First Anniversary Gala, hosted by Judy Kreston and David Lahm. 2/7: Eric Michael Gillette in "Hook, Line & Singer." 2/69 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).

"Our Sinatra"—Mon, Wed-Sat at 8, Wed at 2:30 P.M., Sun at 3 and 7. Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Sardi's—Saturdays in February: "The Nonstop Broadway Hootenanny 2000." 234 W. 44th St. (212-221-8444).



Previews Hello, Dalai

If the Beastie Boys' annual Tibetan Freedom Concert tries to politicize Generation X, the yearly Tibet House benefit aims at their radical-chic parents. This edition, February 5 at Carnegie Hall, features David Byrne, Patti Smith (pictured, left), Rufus Wainwright, and Phish's Trey Anastasio (right). (See "Concerts.")

Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its Crystal Room. Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 2/2: Assif Tsahar's Brass-Reeds Ensemble. 2/4: Joey Baron's Killer Joey. 2/5: The Tiny Bell Trio. 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). \$.

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the

ranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30; and Sun.-Thurs. at 9. Through 2/6: Colin Quinn; Darrell Hammond; Marc Maron; Keith Robinson; Rich Vos; Tom Papa; Godfrey. 117 Macdougall St. (212-254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.-Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat. (\$20 for 10:30 Sat. show), \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron dis-

in concert

András Schiff...The Kevin Wynn Collection

Classical Music

The Choir of St. Ignatius Loyola—Premieres a program of twentieth-century a cappella works inspired by Baroque music of Bach, Gabrieli and Schütz; conducted by Kent Tritel. 2/2 at 8. Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, 980 Park Ave., at 84th Street (212-288-2520); \$20-\$35.

András Schiff, Pianist—Plays Bach's six English Suites in Lincoln Center's "Great Performers" series, 2/2 at 8. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); \$38.

Continuum—Performs music by Franghiz Ali-Zadeh of Azerbaijan, 2/4 at 8. Miller Theatre at Columbia University, 2960 Broadway, at 116th St. (212-854-7799); \$15.

Artemis Quartet—Works by Beethoven, Ligeti and Mozart, 2/4 at 8. Weill Recital Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$31.

American Symphony Orchestra—Conducted by Leon Botstein, presents works by Romanian composer George Enescu, 2/4 at 8. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); \$18-\$45.

Nick Eanet, Violinist, and Hai-Ye Ni and Sophie Shao, Cellists—Works by Tchaikovsky, Telemann, and Primosch, performed by the Chamber Music Society with the Miami String Quartet. 2/6 at 5. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); \$25-\$35.

The Emerson String Quartet—Performs Shostakovich, 2/6 at 2. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); \$38.

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Works by Copland, Fauré, Kodály, and Martinu, 2/6 at 3. Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); \$18.

New York Youth Symphony—Conducted by Mischa Santora, plays works by Barber, Dvořák, and John Mackey, 2/6 at 2. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$7-\$40.

The Royal Philharmonic—Works by Brahms, Mozart, and Beethoven; led by Daniele Gatti. 2/6 at 3. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); \$25-\$47.

The Mannes Orchestra—Works by Nielsen, Dvořák, and Chopin; conducted by Samuel Wong. 2/7 at 8. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); free.

The Bach Choir of Bethlehem With the Bach Festival Orchestra—Presenting the Mass in B Minor, 2/7 at 8. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$15-\$50.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—*Les Contes d'Hoffman*, 1/31 at 7:30 and 2/4 at 8; *Der Rosenkavalier*, 2/1 and 2/5 at 7:30; *La Traviata*, 2/2 at 8 and 2/5 at 1; *Die Walküre*, 2/3 at 6:30. Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); \$25-\$225.

Teatro Lirico D'Europa—Puccini's *Turandot*, 2/4 at 8. Tilles Center Center for the Performing Arts at

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Previews

Bowing to the Inevitable

The Emerson String Quartet (pictured) likes to make grand gestures. They've already tackled the complete string quartets of Bartók and Beethoven, and this month, they take on all fifteen of Dmitri Shostakovich's quartets. "It's a journey," says violinist Philip Setzer. "Not just in terms of music but also in terms of the composer's life." Shostakovich wrote his first string quartet in 1935 in Stalinist Russia. "In a kind of convoluted, ironic way, the arts take on more importance in a totali-

tarian state than they do in a free society," says Setzer, and Shostakovich played a very subtle, not to say dangerous, game with the regime. Living under the threat of blacklisting, arrest, and death, he was not above composing a propagandist film score or two—but he also loved finding little ways to stick it to the Stalinists.

"Each movement in the Sixth Quartet ends with this very sappy cadence," says Setzer. "The first time you hear it, it's kind of sweet. The second time you think, *Oh that's cute—he used that again.*

The third time you begin to think *hmmm*, and by the end of the piece it has taken on another meaning: It's a twist of irony at the end of each movement, and the twist gets a little tighter each time you hear it." Shostakovich wrote the last quartet a year before his death in 1975, when he was being hospitalized for a painful neurodegenerative disease. "Parts of the quartet that seem very strange take on clear meaning if you imagine lying in a hospital bed, being fed intravenously and probably drugged out," says Setzer. "There's this extraordinary passage right near the end of the Fifteenth Quartet where he has all four instruments playing thirty-second notes—a lot of them. It must have been tremendously painful for him to write all that out. But he did." (See "Classical Music.")

ERIKA KINETZ



Long Island University, C.W. Post Campus, Route 25A, Brookville (516-299-3100); \$40-\$58.

Dance

Colorado Ballet—Works by Sir Frederick Ashton, Peter Pucci, and Stanton Welch, 2/1-2/4 at 8, 2/5 at 2 and 8, and 2/6 at 2 and 7:30. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); \$30.

Soulskin—Premieres *Bourn*, 2/3-2/6 at 8. Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (212-334-7479); (2/8 only \$20) \$10-\$15.

Mummenshanz—Excerpts from their new production, NEXT, 2/5 at 7. LaGuardia Performing Arts

Center, 31-10 Thomson Ave., Long Island City (718-482-5151); \$10-\$15.

Dance Visions—Presents *Isadora Duncan and the Jewish Intelligentsia*, 2/6 at 3. 92nd Street Y, Harkness Dance Center, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5553); \$10.

The Kevin Wynn Collection—Premieres *Corpuscle Madness*, *Territorial Boogie*, *Seems Like We Could*, and *Itapua (Joy of Life)*, 2/4-2/6 and 2/11-2/13, Fridays at 9 and Saturdays and Sundays at 8. Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (212-625-8369); \$15.

Dance and Paradigm—Works by Gus Solomons Jr., Carmen DeLavallade, and Dudley Williams, 2/3-2/5 at 8 and 2/6 at 3. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400); \$25.

the mix

Oliver Sacks... Cabin by the Lake... David Lehman

On View The Boulevard of Seams

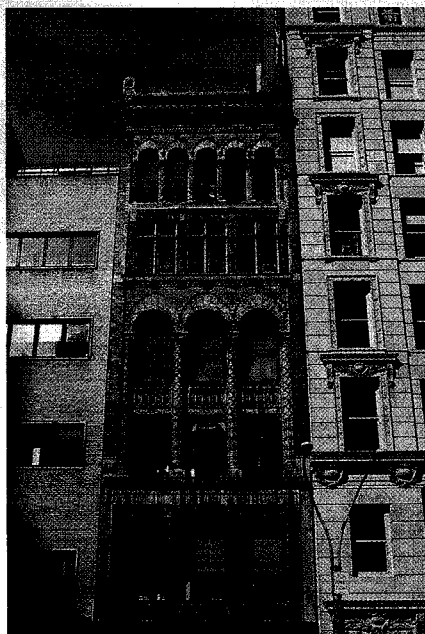
We all know what things of beauty come from the seedy zone between Penn Station and Times Square, but do we ever think of the garment district as something to look at in its own right? "Coming Into Fashion: The Architecture and History of the Garment District," an exhibition at the Municipal Art Society (457 Madison Avenue, between 50th and 51st Streets) from February 4 through March 15, seeks to reintroduce New Yorkers to the more elegant aspects of a neighborhood that still echoes with Manhattan's past life as a manufacturing town.

John Leonard's TV Notes

Cabin by the Lake (2/1; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) features Judd Nelson as a Hollywood screenwriter who is so busy drowning young women in his nearby lake, and then anchoring them in a genuinely creepy underwater "garden of flesh" that he scuba dives in daily to pinch and prune, that it takes him forever to finish his script about a serial killer who drowns young women. . . . Well, it's clever, cynical, sleazy, and a surprising amount of low fun, especially that garden. Features Hedy Burress as the Rhine maiden who fights back.

In the Name of the People (2/2; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) asks us to believe a lot of unlikelys: (1) that Richard Thomas and Amy Madigan, the parents of a murdered teenage daughter, would actually contemplate adopting the teenage daughter of Scott Bakula, who's on death row for having committed that murder; (2) that anybody else, including Bakula, would consider this a good idea; and (3) that Madigan, who played a Berkeley grad in *Field of Dreams* and went all the way to the Supreme Court for her client in the TV movie *Roe vs. Wade*, would ever have been in favor of capital punishment in the first place. Still, toward the end of these unlikelys, she says something that, if we actually adopted it as a principle, might change the whole way we think about justice and vengeance: "I want to make our daughter proud of us."

The Color of Friendship (2/5; 7:30 to 9:30 P.M.; Disney) also asks us to believe something unlikely, except it really happened, which is what makes the movie version so affecting. Imagine, in 1977, an African-American congressman, a staunch opponent of apartheid, agreeing to accept into his home a 13-year-old South African exchange student who turns out not only to be white but also the daughter of one of the Afrikaner cops who arrested Steven Biko. In real life this caused as much trouble for Ron Dellums as you'd expect, but nothing that shopping and *Roots* couldn't fix. Carl Lumbly plays Dellums; Penny Johnson, his terrific wife, Roscoe; Shadia Simmons, their lively daughter, Piper; and Lindsey Haun, the exceedingly blonde Mahree Bok.



A Storm in Summer (2/6; 8 to 9:45 P.M.; Showtime) disinters a sixties-liberal script by Rod Serling to cast Peter Falk as the embittered, Jewish owner of a deli in upstate New York who is obliged to entertain a needy black 9-year-old from Harlem, Aaron Meeks. Peter's son died in World War II. Aaron's brother is about to die in Vietnam. Neither will be made welcome at the country club from which Nastassja Kinski arranges these visits for the underprivileged. Nor does Aaron's grandmother, Ruby Dee, have nearly enough to do. (She should move in with Peter, instead of his idiot nephew Andrew McCarthy.) But Falk delivers a bravura performance all the way to the summer storm that will "end the heart and cleanse the earth."

Lectures and Panels

"Viva la Diva: Jewish Superstars of Song"—2/1 at 6:30 P.M.: Using clips from the collection of the Jewish Museum's National Jewish Archive of Broadcasting, this program examines the intersection of Jewishness and divadom in the television performances of Bette Midler, Roberta Peters, Beverly Sills, and Barbra Streisand. The Jewish Museum,

1109 Fifth Ave. (212-423-3271); free with museum admission.

Oliver Sacks—2/2 at 6:30 P.M.: Sacks, the best-selling author of *Awakenings* and *The Island of the Colorblind*, will speak on light and perception. The Great Hall, Cooper Union Foundation Building, E. 7th St. (212-353-4157); free.

"Speak Little and Do Much: Religious Values in the Presidential Race"—2/2 at 7 P.M.: The lecture will examine the role religious values play in this year's election, featuring a presentation by activist Rabbi David Saperstein. The Jewish Theological Seminary, 3080 Broadway, at 122nd St. (212-678-8000); free, reservations required.

"The World and Music of Johann Sebastian Bach"—2/5 at 10 A.M.: As part of the "Passion of Johann Bach" festival, guest speakers, performers, and Bach authorities will discuss Bach's profound musical impact in a variety of contexts during this daylong seminar. Lincoln Center's Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St. (212-621-6800); free to festival ticket holders.

"Cultivated Impasses: Writing on Modern Art 1960-1980 With Max Kozloff"—2/7 at 6 P.M.: A panel will discuss Kozloff's book, a collection of art criticism of this period, centering on the waning avant-garde and its social and political repercussions. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South. (212-592-2010); free.

"The Rise and Fall of Public Health in the Twentieth Century"—2/7 at 6 P.M.: Featuring Elizabeth Fee of the National Library of Medicine, the lecture is part of the Burroughs Wellcome Retrospective on Medical Science in the Twentieth Century. The New York Academy of Medicine, 1216 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-822-7273); free, advance registration required.

"A Dancer's Home: Why American Ballet Theatre?"—2/6 and 2/7 at 8 P.M.: This program explores the collaborations between international stars and the ABT, with performances and discussion with acclaimed ABT artists. The Peter B. Lewis Theater at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-423-3587); \$10-\$15.

The Written Word

Mary Wilson—2/1 at 7 P.M.: Wilson, an original member of the Supremes, will read from an updated volume of her work *Dreamgirl and Supreme Faith*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (212-595-6859); free.

Donald Spoto—2/1 at 7:30 P.M.: Discussing and signing his book *Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis: A Life*. Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

Andrew Miller—2/2 at 12:30 P.M.: Reading from his book *Ingenious Pain*. The New York Public Library Donnell Library Center, second floor, 20 W. 53rd St. (212-221-7676); free.

Herbert Mitgang—2/3 at 7 P.M.: Reading from his book *Once Upon a Time in New York*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (212-595-6859); free.

Lisa Merrill—2/4 at 7 P.M.: The theater historian reads from *When Romeo Was a Woman*, a biography of actress Charlotte Cushman, the most famous Romeo of the 19th century—and a lesbian to boot. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Lynn Emanuel and David Lehman—2/3 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Then, Suddenly*—and *Daily Mirror*,

GAME WEEK

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS		ORL MSG 7:30 P.M.		POR MSG 7:30 P.M.			MIA HBC 1 P.M.
NETS			ATL FSNY 7:30 P.M.		BOS FSNY 7 P.M.		GSW NO TV 1 P.M.
DEVILS			NYR MSG 7:30 P.M.	NAS NO TV 7:30 P.M.			
ISLANDERS	LA FSNY 10:30 P.M.		NAS METRO 7:30 P.M.	PIT FSNY 7:30 P.M.			
RANGERS	NAS MSG 7:30 P.M.		NY MSG 7:30 P.M.	ATL METRO 7:30 P.M.			
	1/31	2/1	2/2	2/3	2/4	2/5	2/6

respectively. Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (212-777-7343); \$5-\$7.

"The Anchored Angel"—2/2 at 8 P.M.: Jessica Hagedorn, Bob Holman, Molly McQuade, Bino Realuyo, and Ellen Tabios will read from the book *The Anchored Angel: Selected Writings From José García Villa*. The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-0910); free.

Peter Lanesman, Barry Yourgrau and Binnie Kirshenbaum—2/4 at 8 P.M.: Landesman will read from *Blood Acre*, Yourgrau from *Haunted Traveler*, and Kirshenbaum from *Pure Poetry*. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South. (212-475-3424); free, jacket required.

Tours

"Attractive Astoria"—2/5 at 11:45 A.M.: Adventure on a Shoestring's snacks-and-sights safari of Astoria, Queens, the world's largest Greek city outside Greece. Includes a Greek-wine-tasting, visits to a Greek food emporium and bakery, and a tasty optional lunch at a local restaurant. Meet at 11:45 A.M. at the northwest corner of 49th St. and Seventh Ave. in Manhattan or at 12:30 P.M. at the southwest corner of 31st St. and 30th Ave. in Astoria. (212-265-2663); \$8, not including cost of food.

"Chinatown—The Year of the Dragon"—2/5 and 2/6 at 1 P.M.: Explore the largest Chinatown in the Western Hemisphere, focusing on the history, culture, architecture, and famous landmarks. Meet at the southeast corner of Broadway and Canal St. (212-270-5277); \$10.

"Old Money vs. New Money: The Origins of Fifth Avenue and Central Park West"—2/6 at 1 P.M.: A tour contrasting how each area's architecture reflects the history of its early communities. Call to RSVP and for the meeting place (212-465-3331); \$12.

"From Pages to Pavement"—2/6 at 2 P.M.: Learn the truth behind the fiction by visiting seven actual scenes from bestselling novels set in Gaslight Era New York. Meet at the Washington Square Arch at the southern end of Fifth Ave. (212-969-8262); \$10.

Benefits

Second Stage Theatre Gala—2/1 at 7 P.M.: The company will present the New York premiere of Stephen Sondheim's first musical, *Saturday Night*, with dinner immediately following at Bryant Park Grill, 20 W. 40th St. The Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-685-1095); \$500-\$2,500.

Albert Einstein College of Medicine's Eleventh Annual Family Day Carnival—2/6 at 11 A.M.: The carnival, featuring games, rides, magic, music, arts and crafts, a raffle, and lunch, will benefit research programs in cancer immunotherapy and vaccine development at the Albert Einstein Comprehensive Cancer Center. Dezerland, 270 Eleventh Ave., bet. 27th and 28th Sts. (718-430-4241); \$25-\$50.

"Heart of New York Gala"—2/8 at 7 P.M.: Paula Zahn emcees this American Heart Association event to raise funds for the fight against cardiovascular disease and stroke. The Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Ave., between 49th and 50th St. (212-878-5298); price \$500-\$25,000.

Events

"New Life Expo: The Symposium for Natural Health"—2/4-2/6; Fri. 3:30-10 P.M., Sat. 10 A.M.-9 P.M., Sun. 11 A.M.-8 P.M.: Featuring lectures and booths on more than 150 topics, such as anti-aging medicine, yoga, nutrition, integrative medicine, environmental products, and herbology. Hotel New Yorker, 481 Eighth Ave., bet. 34th and 35th Sts. (212-787-1600).

First Saturday at the Brooklyn Museum of Art—2/5, 5-11 P.M.: Celebrate Black History Month with performances by South African composer, vocalist, and bassist Bakithi Kumalo, the Umbigada band and the Dinizulu Dancers, plus lectures on African and African-American art. The Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (914-638-5000); \$2-\$4.

"Celebrate Buenos Aires!"—Through 3/26: The celebration kicks off with a free tango-music performance on 2/1 at 8 p.m.; 2/14 at 6 p.m., tango lessons with live musical accompaniment;

2/25 at 12:30 p.m., a lecture with professors Thomas Reese and Carol McMichael Reese on the exhibition "Buenos Aires 1910: Memories of the World to Come." World Financial Center, 225 Vesey St. Call 212-945-0505 for a complete list of free events. \$10.

Exhibitions

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910-1955"—Through 2/27: An exploration of costume couture. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); recommended donation, \$5.

"NYC Century"—Through 7/9: One hundred objects reflecting a range of perspectives on the twentieth-century New York City experience. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-6272); \$5.

Online

New York on the Web—Now you can access back issues and articles by just clicking on a link at www.newyorkmag.com. And check out our site exclusives: This week, "Surf Report" reviews a spiritual self-help site and a Website for digital-camera enthusiasts. Discover Gotham's finest and plan the perfect getaway with "Best of New York" and "52 Weekends," now online and easily accessible. Our "Gift Guide" will help you find just the right present, all year round.

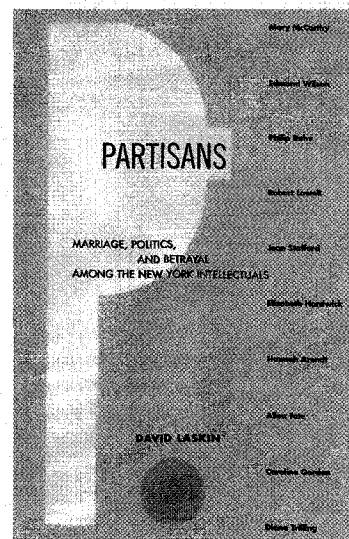
Sports

Lucky Seven-Mile Reversible—2/6, at 9:30 A.M.: The NYRRC hosts another race for long-distance soldiers while normal citizens groggily hunt

In Print Mind-Body Heat

It is difficult to resist superimposing the faces of Carrie, Charlotte, Samantha, and Miranda onto the bodies of Mary McCarthy, Diana Trilling, Jean Stafford, and Elizabeth Hardwick when you read David Laskin's *Partisans: Marriage, Politics, and Betrayal Among the New York Intellectuals*. Mentally exchange Cosmos for gin and Mr. Big for Edmund Wilson, and aside from minor details like that—and the fact that the women who wrote for *Partisan Review* were intellectuals/novelists instead of publicists/journalists—you'll find the sexed-up, city-slicker girl power that Laskin details smells awfully contemporary. But he's not so sure. "I think these women stubbornly clung to the idea that they didn't need to be liberated, that they had whatever status they'd achieved by virtue of their talents," he says. "Whereas nowadays, women take for granted that position of equality and are leading more exciting lives that leave men gaping with envy." Possibly. "In previous generations, men had mistresses, but not among intellectual peers in their own group. These women were just as cerebral and just as promiscuous as the men." But if we are to believe his book, Laskin's pre-feminists could run circles around the *Sex and the City* crew; they were living out the swaggering, free-love fantasy that Mary McCarthy never stopped writing about. Still, Laskin isn't sure. "Women now are more discreet because they've become comfortable in their own skins," he says. "There's less one-upsmanship, less of a locker-room quality about it." Apparently, it's been a while since he was a single young woman on the loose in this city.

ARIEL LEVY



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Happening It's a little early to start thinking about spring flowers, but many an orchid is blossoming right now. The Horticultural Society of New York (128 West 58th Street; 212-757-0915) celebrates the winter-bloomers on February 3 at 6 P.M. by opening an exhibition of Robin Selfridge's orchid paintings (*Glove*, *Laelia Cattleya*, pictured) and hosting the lecture "Growing The Orchid Thief" by Susan Orlean, whose book is now out in paperback. On February 17 and March 16 at 6:30 P.M., the orchid-a-thon continues with classes in windowsill planting.

down Sunday papers in their galoshes. Race starts at 9:30 A.M. at the Engineer's Gate, East Drive at 90th St. Prizes awarded to top male and female finishers in horoscope divisions and various age groups. Complimentary bagels and hot chocolate at the award ceremony at P.S. 6, 45 E. 81st St., between Madison and Park Aves. Numbers and long-sleeve shirts may be picked up at the NYRRC, 9 E. 89th St., 2/3-2/4 from noon to 7 P.M., 2/5 from 11:30 A.M. to 4 P.M., or on race day from 8 to 9 A.M. Nonmembers, \$17; limited race-day entries, \$22. Call 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org for more information.

Five Borough Bicycle Club—The 5BBC sponsors three rides this week. 2/5: "Loop the Loop" tours the loops of Central Park and Brooklyn's Prospect Park. Covers 45-50 miles, mostly flat. Meets at 8:30 A.M. at the American Youth Hostel, 103rd St. at Amsterdam Ave., and returns by 4 P.M. Also, "Fast Flapjack No. 3" takes you through Pelham Park on the way to Larchmont for a stop at an IHOP restaurant. Pace is a rather brisk fifteen-to-eighteen miles per hour. Bring a lock and money for brunch, as well as a MetroCard and a Metro North/L.I.R.R. bike permit just in case. Meets at 9 A.M. at the Plaza Hotel, Central Park South at 59th St. 2/6: "Frostbite Ride No. 10" crosses the Brooklyn Bridge en route to Astoria, Queens, where you'll tool around the neighborhood and sample some of the Greek cuisine. Twenty-five miles; meets at 9 A.M. at City Hall.

Pro Bowl—2/6, at 5:30 P.M.; ABC: The best from the NFC and AFC clash—mostly sartorially—in this annual afterthought, the NFL's all-star game. There are many reasons why the game never works as the type of major event the NBA or Major League Baseball host each year—spousal declarations that the season's over, teams' two-page playbooks, players' thinking more about Hawaii beaches than football. But it just might be those uniform-helmet combinations that send viewers back to the shack to catch up on twenty weekends' worth of chores.

Photograph courtesy of the New York Horticultural Society.

kids

Mimes...Film Festival...Skating

Children's Events

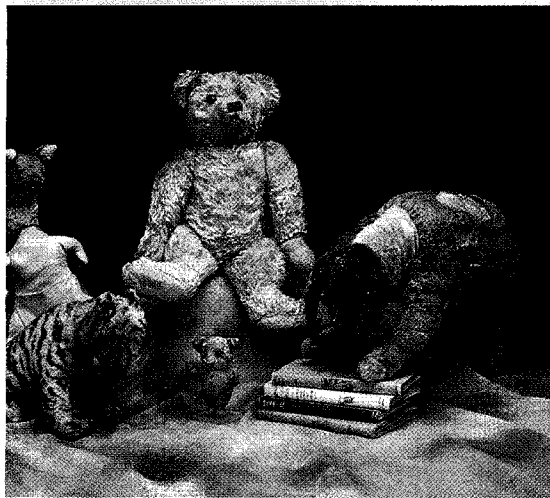
Oh, Bother—The original stuffed toys that inspired A. A. Milne to write bedtime stories about Winnie-the-Pooh and friends are on display at the Central Children's Room, on the second floor of the **DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER**, 20 W. 53rd St. Pooh, Piglet, Eeyore, Kanga, and Tigger are enclosed in a glass case and can be viewed daily.

Leonard and Minky, a modern ballet performance about the love between two cats. Through 2/13 at the **DANCE THEATER WORKSHOP**, 219 W. 19th St. Thurs.-Sat. at 8 P.M., Sun. at 3 P.M. (212-924-0077); \$15.

On the Rocks—The **KATE WOLLMAN ICE SKATING RINK** is open to the public every day through March. Skating is outdoors, and lessons are available. For further information, call 718-282-1226. Admission is \$4 for adults, \$2 for seniors and kids under 14. Skate rentals

Happening Bear Essentials

Winnie-the-Pooh isn't just the product of an illustrator's imagination. The honey-loving bear—along with his friends Tigger, Eeyore, Piglet, Kanga, and Roo—were based on the real stuffed animals (pictured, minus Roo, who was apparently lost in an apple orchard some time ago) that were given as gifts to English author A. A. Milne's son Christopher Robin in the twenties (Pooh himself had been purchased at Harrods). Sometime after Milne's death in 1956, the stuffed toys were given to his New York publisher, E.P. Dutton, which in turn donated them to the New York Public Library in 1987. Two years ago, a British pol stumbled upon the furry crew and,



claiming they looked "very unhappy indeed," demanded they be repatriated; needless to say, Mayor Giuliani would countenance no such emigration. Since then, there has been a rapprochement of sorts. Disney has helped to reconstruct the oak bridge in England's Ashdown Forest, located in southern Sussex County, where Pooh and friends introduced the world to the game of Pooh Sticks (it just reopened to the public after being closed last year because of wear and tear), while the five original toys remain on display in a climate-

controlled case at the Donnell Library Center. Visitors to the permanent exhibit are invited to look through first-edition copies of Milne's Pooh books and can add their comments to a guest book that has been signed by admirers from across the globe. (See "Children's Events.")

TARA MANDY

For library hours and further information, call 212-621-0636; free. ●

Kids' Cuts—Sixty short and feature-length children's films will be premiered over two weeks during the **NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL**. The festival begins on 2/4 at 6 P.M. at the DGA Theater (110 W. 57th St.), with *Castle in the Sky*. All other festival programs will be screened at the Cantor Film Center, 36 E. 8th St. For information, schedules, and tickets, call 212-349-0330. Tickets range from \$6 to \$10. (See Cue Movies for more details.)

Tale of Two Cats—Former mayor Ed Koch narrates

are \$3.50. The rink is located inside Prospect Park in Brooklyn; enter at Parkside and Ocean Aves.

In the Bag—The **PAPER BAG PLAYERS** present *Molly Wiggle and Minnie Shake* at the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. The 90-minute collection of skits and sing-along songs runs Saturdays and Sundays at 2 P.M., through 3/12. Tickets are \$15 and \$20, and can be purchased by calling 212-772-4448; for children ages 4-9.

Gorgeous Garbage—Armando Luna shows children how to make art from bottles, cans, paper, and twigs at the **CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY's** art workshop "Discovering Art in the Park," 2/5 from

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

1 to 2:30 P.M., at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, inside Central Park at 100th St. near Fifth Ave. To register, call 212-860-1370; free. ●●

Flight Patterns—More than 400 butterflies soar freely through the air at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY's** Butterfly Conservatory. Admission is by timed entry only: Sun.-Thurs. 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. and Fri.-Sat. 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through 2/27. Tickets, which include museum admission, are \$14 for adults, \$10.50 for students and seniors, \$8.50 for children under 12. For more information, call 212-769-5100.

Jiminy Cricket!—Miss Majesty's Lollipop Playhouse presents *Pinocchio* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Both performances involve audience participation and are appropriate for children ages 2-10. Saturdays and Sundays through 3/5. *Snow White* is at 1:30 P.M.; *Pinocchio* is at 3:30 P.M. **THE GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE**, 39 Grove St. (212-741-6436); \$8.50.

Some Pig—Wilbur the pig faces the slaughterhouse until his friend Charlotte the spider weaves him a way out, in **THEATREWORKS'** presentation of *Charlotte's Web*, 2/5-2/6 at 12:30 P.M. The Auditorium at Equitable, 787 Seventh Ave., nr. 51st St. (212-627-7373); \$19. ●

A Walk in the Park—Learn about the history of Central Park during an hourlong tour led by **CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY** volunteers. The tour uses old photographs and engravings to help visitors imagine the park in the nineteenth century, when sheep and goats reigned. Every Saturday through March, from 1 to 2 P.M. The tour departs from the Dairy, mid-Park at 64th St. (212-794-6564). Ages 8 and up; free. ●

Speaking Frankly—The **NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER** presents *The Diary of Anne Frank* through 2/6, Fridays at 7 P.M., Saturdays at 2 and 7 P.M., and Sundays at 3 P.M. Central Presbyterian Church, 593 Park Ave., at 64th St. (212-888-0696); \$12. ●

May Flowers—It's already spring at **THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**: Birch trees, tulips, daffodils, and other spring blooms are all part of the indoor "Prelude to Spring Bulb Show," 2/4-4/23, at 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., Bronx. Tues.-Sun. from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. "Winter Garden Passport" tickets are \$7 for adults, \$4.50 for students and seniors, \$2 for children ages 2-12. For further information, call 718-817-8700.

Horse Power—England's Travelling Light Theatre Company presents *Tir Na n'Og*, the tale of a magic white horse that sends a poor Irish family back to meet its ancestors, 2/4-2/13 at **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200). Tickets are \$10, \$20, and \$25.

All's Quiet—Swiss mime troupe Mummenschanz presents *Next*, a four-person show, containing no words and no music, about figures that can be broken down and built up again, 2/5 at 7 P.M. **LA GUARDIA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER**, 47th Ave. at Van Dam St., Long Island City. For tickets, call 718-482-5151. Tickets are \$10 and \$15. ●

After-School Special—The New York City Board of Education presents *Prime Time With P.J.*, an after-school reading radio show that airs on **WNYE-FM** (91.5) Mondays at 3:30 p.m. and Fridays at 4 P.M. The commercial-free half-hour show is geared toward children ages 4-9 and features authors, storytellers, and book discussions. For more information, call 800-PJ-04087.

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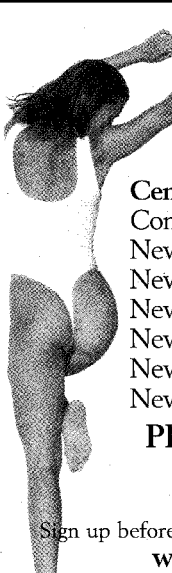
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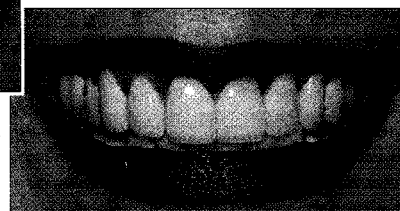
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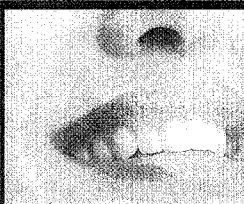
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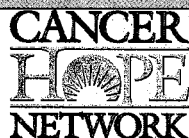
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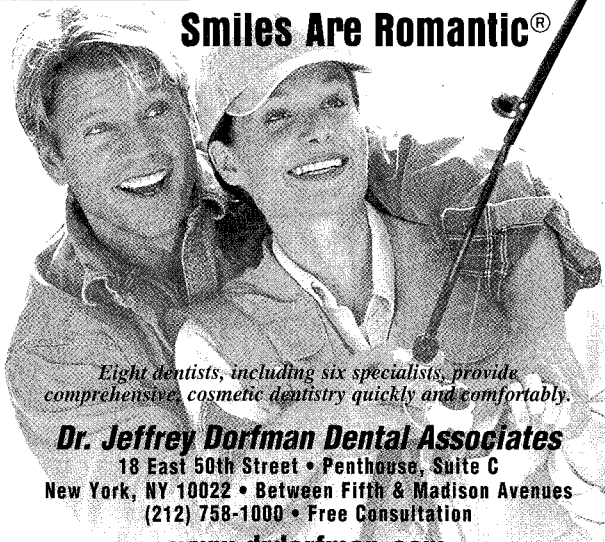
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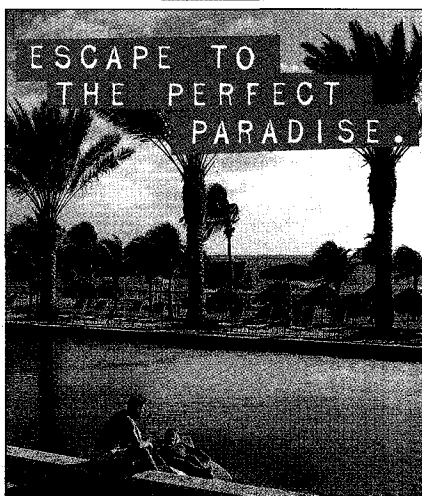
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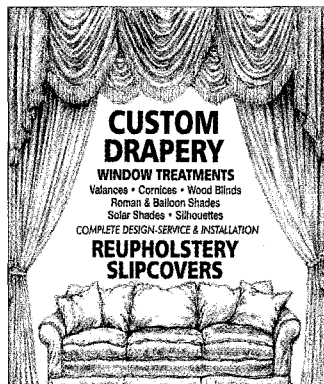
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The Best Is Yet To Be—Glamorous, vivacious, amusing, optimistic, successful and unfettered Manhattan redhead (50); lives well, enjoys theater, cinema, NY Times, Channel 13, "Fargo", Sinatra, Beatles, Mozart, poetry, lush countrysides, European travel, London and lazy Sundays. Seeks exceptional, attractive and perhaps somewhat younger male counterpart. Sense of humor and kind heart essential. Photo/phone, please. 3116 ☒

Beautiful Blond—5'5", 120 lbs, former actress, now trial lawyer, 46, looks 35, loves to play sports (golf), looking for bright, sincere, handsome, successful, single white male, 40s. Photo, please. 3128 ☒

Art Dealer—52, seeks marriage-minded, Northeast Asian woman, 32-42. 3103 ☒

One-Of-A-Kind Guy—Seeking his one-and-only girl. 6'2", very attractive, successful professional - enjoys reading, culture (movies, theater, ballet and museums), sports and romantic restaurants. My one-and-only girl is under 40, very attractive, in good shape and shares some of my interests. She is sensitive, kind and caring, and seeks permanent relationship with responsible and loyal guy. We will be best friends first and then lovers. Recent photo a must and note with phone appreciated. 3118 ☒

A Pleasurable Journey—Native New Yorker, 30 year old Jewish man-boy, financially inclined and financially successful seeks passionate partner for a journey of sorts. I want to travel the world for pleasure, not merely business. A huggable bear, I seek a flower in bloom. Open-minded exploration of the joys of the world, intermixed with our mutual professional and personal journeys, should keep us busy. A warm touch, a warm heart, a warm kiss - offered and sought. Age and race irrelevant. Note and photo politely requested. 3133 ☒

Tall, Professional Single Male, 47—Athletic, sense of humor, fun-loving, adventurous, respectful, caring, morals, romantic, compassionate. Enjoys the best of life and the simplicity - NYC culture, outdoors, travel. Financially secure, healthy in mind, body and soul. Seeks same in 25-44, slim lady for friendship first; down-to-earth, not selfish, who longs for an honest, no-games commitment, for life everlasting. Photo, letter and home number. 3111 ☒

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Brunette Head Turner/Media CEO—Very pretty, fit, successful, 37, Jewish woman seeks Jewish soul mate, 32-45, for lifelong commitment. Note. 3102 ☒

Very Pretty, With Much Charm—My friend is mid 40s, intelligent, caring, well-educated. Happy to spend quiet evenings at home and comfortable in social gatherings. She'd like to meet a business or professional man, emotionally and financially secure, who loves to live and is ready for a lifelong relationship. Albany, NY. Please reply. 3130 ☒



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Here I Am - Where Are You?—Tall, leggy blond, single white female, seeks tall, single white male, 40-50, nonsmoker, for friendship, laughter and long-term relationship. Interests include travel, the arts, dining out and sports. Note/photo, please. You'll be glad you did. I'm waiting. 3098 ☐

Successful, Good-Looking Surgeon—White, Christian, 39, active, fit, upbeat, regular guy seeks intelligent, caring, together professional lady under 32, never married, for friendship, fun and more. Photo/note a must. Non-New Yorker a plus. 3106 ☐

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Handsome Judge, Jewish—Athletic, artistic and cultured, seeks pretty, slim professional, 38-48, with similar qualities and interests, for serious relationship. 3087 ☐

Very Pretty, Sexy, Slim, 32—Selective, bright (MBA), fun, savvy and witty Jewish female seeks equally cool, smart and funny Jewish male - handsome, fit, educated and established. Photo/note. 3124 ☐

Seeking Asian-American Beauty—25-35, for serious relationship. I'm a successful, handsome, athletic CEO with an exceptional lifestyle. Photo/note. 3127 ☐

Beautiful Inside And Out—5'6", slim, sophisticated, intelligent, loving, active, self-sufficient, unspoiled, youthful 50s, grown children. Loves laughter, stimulating conversation, dancing, the arts, sports, family. Seeks upbeat, tall, attractive, loving, single white male with character, sense of humor, independent, successful, fit, 50-62, nonsmoker. Photo/phone/note. 3114 ☐

AAA/Aaa High Quality—Jewish female, 39, successful Wall Street exec, athletic, sexy and a lot of fun. Love to travel, bike and ski, drink wine and cook. Seek kindhearted, spontaneous and humorous guy to share time with. Note/photo. 3068 ☐

Kind, Passionate Woman—38, with brown hair, blue eyes...likes NYC, New England, dining out. Seeks educated, tall, dark and handsome gentleman, 38-44, to share nice things in life. Letter/photo/phone number. 3079 ☐

Mid 40ish Guy To Meet 30ish Gal—Someone who likes great movies, fun in the city, enjoys outdoor activities, good restaurants and good books. Photo. 3117 ☐

Handsome, Nice Guy—Single, white male, 33, 5'11", 155 lbs, in excellent shape. Seeks white, very pretty, in-shape, health-conscious, sweet woman between 25-39, for lasting relationship. Note/photo. 3105 ☐

Female—White, 34, 5'4", slender, small frame, light brown hair, fair, active, independent, varied interests, entrepreneur, believes in living life to the fullest, with integrity. Seeks boyfriend who is open to marriage, white, age 35-49, trim, 5'8"-6'1", established. Note/photo. 3097 ☐

Slightly Worn Overachiever—Phasing out of the public life into Judaic studies, will marry slim, pretty, happy, low-key, 50-plus, Orthodox (but not crazy) Jewish female, after non-frenetic courtship. Photo a must. 3086 ☐

New Century, New Beginnings—Lovely-looking, nouveau 60, successful, idealistic, many interests, Manhattan-based, financially independent, would like to meet ethical, intelligent, humorous, successful, attractive man of my dreams. 3123 ☐

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STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Jewish, GQ Catch—(33, 5'9"), looking... Classy, sophisticated, self-made financier seeks unique lady - someone who is beautiful/shapely, professional and intelligent (always sexy), with brains for business. She should be someone who likes dining, Off-Broadway, old movies and romance. You are someone who has a balanced life, understands busy schedules, success, and knows what she wants. Note/photo a must. NY/NJ. 3078 ☐

Wanted Alive!—Good-looking, professional Jewish male, 37, 5'10", 160 lbs, dark hair, refined, with old-fashion values and scruples, looking for adorable, thin, nonsmoking female counterpart, mid 20s-late 30s. Note/photo, please. 3077 ☐

Join My Dream—Handsome, eclectic man seeks natural woman. Country lover/city dweller, warmhearted, stable and spontaneous, seeking beautiful woman, 35-45, with a great smile, to share long walks, movies, lofty ideas and lasting love. Note/photo/phone, please. 3081 ☐

My New Year's Resolution—Is to meet more people. I spend way too many hours at the office, so I've placed this ad. I am an attractive, fit female, 34, 5'7". I enjoy running, hiking, traveling and exploring NYC. If you are a single white male, 32-42, relatively health-conscious nonsmoker with similar interests, please write. 3071 ☐

Strawberry Blond Beauty—5'7", very trim and pretty, warmhearted, high-spirited, outgoing, easygoing, accepting, friendly. Enjoys almost everything, and makes things more fun for others... Intelligent, successful Christian woman, nonsmoker, seeks special man, 40-55, for loving relationship. Photo a must. 3119 ☐

Tall, Pretty Blond—34, 6', green eyes, fit, designer. You are tall (6' plus), well-educated (Ivy preferred), fit professional with healthy lifestyle, 32-42. Note/photo a must. 3089 ☐

Gorgeous TV Network Executive—Sexy, smart and seeking the right successful professional guy to live, love and laugh with, 35-45. Photo a must. 3096 ☐

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Attractive Italian Lady—Fun-loving, cultured widow, living in north Miami, seeks gentleman of retired age (70s), financially secure, for companionship, travel, to enjoy a new beginning. Note/photo. 3092 ☒

As Good As It Gets—Financially secure Jewish entrepreneur wants you to be his last date. If you're a pretty woman (not necessarily Julia Roberts), petite, slim, 46-50, want to live a fine lifestyle a la Scottsdale, and enjoy cruises, please furnish photo ID to board my ship. 3074 ☒

Very Pretty, With Much Charm—My friend is mid 40s, intelligent, caring, well-educated. Happy to spend quiet evenings at home and comfortable in social gatherings. She'd like to meet a business or professional man, emotionally and financially secure, who loves to live and is ready for a lifelong relationship. Albany, NY. Please reply. 3130 ☒

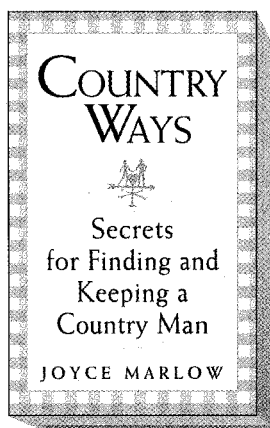
Independent, Wealthy—Attractive man wants to share life with warm, attractive, educated woman, 40-50, who appreciates the richness and beauty of a singular relationship. I am honest, creative, self-assured, with a sense of humor, who enjoys living both in NYC and warm climates. Sunsets, flowers, theater, games, sports and relaxing are my pleasures, with dedication to that very special woman my passion. Please send photo/letter if our interests coincide. 3095 ☒

Super-Smart, Definitely Handsome—Successful man, 36, is waiting for a super-smart, definitely attractive, nurturing woman with a free spirit to arrive. This is a good time to show up. 3108 ☒

Whatever Will Be—Will be transformative. Attractive, mercurial female, 41, desires a close and deep bond with handsome and vital male, 35-45. 3085 ☒

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Sophistication, Stunning, Substance—Tall (5'9"), slim, model type, smart, a youthful 43. Entertainment career, entertaining personality. Sophisticated, classy, witty - yet warm and down to earth. Loves the arts, theater, beaches, country. Jewish, but you needn't be. Please be bright, fit, charming - and well-meaning. 3110 ☒



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Electrifying, Kind, Caring—Successful and funny American beauty seeks 50ish, sexy, stable, funny and sweet gentleman of means and humor, to share magical times. MsDesserts@aol.com 3076 ☒

Pretty And Feminine Gay Woman—30s, successful professional, fit and stable, seeks like woman with wit, charm and integrity. NJ/NY. 3126 ☒

Beautiful Russian—Jewish woman, 30, 5'7", long hair, model type, educated, with warm, loving heart, mother of one daughter, seeks kind, successful white man. Photo/note. 3084 ☒

Seeking The Ultimate Paradox—An aristocratic woman, 28-45, who doesn't care about dollars; someone striking, who's tired of being just another fabu babe; someone hilarious, who can be extremely serious about a relationship. What you will find in return is an exceptionally open, honest and caring man. 3094 ☒

Perceptive, Caring, Self-Assured—Tall, attractive, emotionally and financially secure Jewish male, 49, seeking a female, 35-50, who is caring and respectful of other people, who likes herself and who can communicate. Photo/phone. 3072 ☒

My One True Companion—37-year-old, Christian, professional white male seeks undiscovered treasure for chemistry, compatibility and commitment. I'm physically and financially fit, very affectionate, able to communicate, generous, romantic, sensitive, ambitious and eclectic. I am seeking a best friend, lover and partner for family and forever love. I believe that anything is wonderful with the right person. Photo/note, please. 3129 ☒

Attractive, Humorous, Kind Male—37, health-care professional, 5'9", fit, blue eyes, brown hair, unpretentious, seeks warm, down-to-earth single female, 25-40, with interest in art, film, travel. Photo/letter. NY or NJ. 3120 ☒

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Send check to: New York Magazine Party
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Checks must be received by Friday, February 11th. Tickets will be mailed and a list will be at the door. For more information call **212.462.3371**

Strictly Personals

A Beautiful Woman (Actually True)—Very bright, '43, trim and petite. Warm, cheerful personality. Seeking highly intelligent, emotionally stable man for lifelong relationship. Note and home phone number. 3122 ☎

This Charming Strawberry Blond—Wants the person I can build a future with. Still looking for the right one. Timing is everything and it waits for no one! I'm not looking for the average, just looking for the best - male, 40s plus, humor, intelligence, looks; articulate, very financially and emotionally secure, sincere, reliable, with good values. Passion for learning, the arts, living and giving. Send letter, phone and photo a must. 3109 ☎

Pretty, NJ Prep-Schooled Sweetie—Shapely, wholesome, divorced Jewish female, youthful, fit, late 40s, petite, with Master's degree. Enjoys golf, tennis, cooking, dancing, sparkling conversation. Let's cuddle and nurture our relationship. Seeking Jewish male, established, easy-going, kind heart, romantic, and ready for a loving, loyal life together. Letter/photo/phone, please. 3121 ☎

Beautiful, Brown-Eyed Brunette—Slender, romantic health professional seeks warm, educated, attractive gentleman, 55-65, for dining, dancing and travel. 3083 ☎

Bewitching Blue-Eyed Babe—Born 1960s, seeks brainy, brawny boy, 32 plus. Brief bio/black & white/birthday. 3069 ☎

Ivy Leaguer Wanted—By granddad, for blond, blue-eyed, athletic, feminine granddaughter. No earring(s), under 30, checkable references. Marriage-minded. NY area preferred. 3107 ☎

Stop—In the name of sex, love and rock & roll. Natural beauty with brains desires her counterpart - a 50-plus man with wisdom and integrity, inherently kind, with a zest for life. 3073 ☎

Ever After...—A spirit of joy, a heart of hope. The glass slipper fits this ever-so-rare lady if you are a Prince Charming. Know the story, you know me - and please be over forty three. Written words speak volumes. Write and I shall reply. Fairytales@optonline.net 3090 ☎

Elegant, Upscale North Shore Beauty—Shapely and sweet, seeks 65-75-year-old, attractive, kind man who needs to be loved, is caring and financially secure, to experience a quality life together. 3080 ☎

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Once an usherette at RKO Chester, she has demonstrated men's cologne, been a semi-professional crossing guard, and delivered registered mail. Yet she won a Hurley for her role in *The Porch* and is likely to be a nominee for this season's *Annoying Dorothy*. She lives in Bedford with her four Nipsey Russell terriers. Who is she? The subject of tonight's *Biography* . . .

Above, the origin of specious. Competitors are invited to invent (in fewer than 70 words, please) a suitable introduction for a televised life story.

Results of Competition 959, in which you were asked for original "swifties."

Report: Thousands of these. And not a thing wrong with any of them, save duplication. In short: Yankees win ruthlessly. Great diet, he expounded. Prisoner on stairs condescendingly. The VP allegorically. Viagra dolefully. Filted bride unceremoniously. No lawsuit, he exclaimed. Midas guiltily. Chinese food wantonly. Pancakes surreptitiously. Transplant halfheartedly. Camping intensely. Just to mention too many. Thank you, weakly.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

"Let's play a trick on Ollie," said Stan foolhardily.

Cara Salvatore, Germantown, Md.

"Mr Stallone, meet Mr. Marvin," he said slyly.

Herb Martinson, Crofton, Md.

"The Vermont ruling on gay marriages is music to our ears," they said cogently.

Phil Di Maggio, West Glover, Vt.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions of *New York* to:

"Take me to the fairy king," he implored.

Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

"My birthday festival isn't until tomorrow! Today, I'm still 9!" exclaimed Lolita pretentiously.

David Eisner, N.Y.C.

"I think I've discovered an NFL-caliber player," the recruiter exclaimed profoundly.

Emma Tombaugh, Scotch Plains, N.J.

And Honorable Mention to:

"I've established a charity for Russian radiation victims," said Cher nobly.

Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

"Oh, okay, then, go ahead and leave me," Gatsby said lackadaisically.

Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

"Paul, Zola is a role you were born to play," said Sam Goldwyn munificently.

Mark S. Greenberg, N.Y.C.

similarly: Dr. & Mrs. Myron Leiman, Mineola, N.Y.

"That's not a purebred," she muttered.

Skip Card, Tacoma, Wash.

"Ha—I got a job for our band," Miles giggled.

Sam Glantzow, Las Vegas, Nev.

"There's no smog in Paris," she uttered debonairly.

Belinda Folsey, Los Angeles, Calif.

"You won't recuperate as well at home," she said inhospitably.

Al Baltz, Salem, N.Y.

"I found their Website," Dot said calmly.

Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

"All Web addresses begin with 'www,' " I commented.

Dot Edwards, Galena, Mo.

"Furthermore, I support the Eighteenth Amendment," he added dryly.

David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

"I just cannot seem to find my way around here," she said amazedly.

Laura Johnson, Knoxville, Tenn.

"Pierre, I'm lost," she said ruefully.

*C. R. Roberts, Tacoma, Wash.
similarly: S. Presby, Teaneck, N.J.*

"You won't have any trouble getting a needle in me, nurse," he said vaingloriously.

Meghan Foley, Cranston, R.I.

"I'm a stranger here myself," he said outlandishly.

Maggie Mulhearn, Monticello, N.Y.

"I dub thee Knight of the Realm," she said, changing the subject.

Tonda Marton, N.Y.C.

"Bring out the pie with four and twenty blackbirds," the king said ravenously.

Thelma Blitz, N.Y.C.

"He's been knighted, he's been knighted," she whispered surreptitiously.

Raphael Shells, Sunnyside, N.Y.

"I'm stuffed, but I think I can still manage dessert," said the cannibal manfully.

Michael Levin, N.Y.C.

"The NEA only gave me a lousy five bucks," said Karen Finley.

Margarita Levin, N.Y.C.

"Get off the field, yer outta the game!" yelled Robert Benchley.

Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

"Zhivago or Jekyll?" he meditated paradoxically.

Saul Kahan, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Great, I found my safari helmet!" said he pithily.

Tina Lippman, Seattle, Wash.

"You'll need to see the dentist. I'm the dental hygienist," she said implacably.

Stephen Walfish, White Plains, N.Y.

He brushed and flossed precariously.

Albert Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

"Sad I can't address this to the executive producer," the *Saturday Night Live* assistant said forlornly.

Andrew Miller, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

"The great white shark is quite dangerous," he said superficially.

Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

"I don't want to go to the party," the diva announced unabashedly.

Benjamin Billingsley, N.Y.C.

"The penalty for attempting to take this item out of our country is rather considerable," said the customs officer offhandedly.

Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

"Sir, a letter of surrender from the *Nautilus*," he said submissively.

Nita Lamborghini, Newburyport, Mass.

"It seems to have quieted down on the western front," Erich remarked.

Greg Edwards, Denton, Tex.

"This paper deserves an A, not a B," the teacher remarked.

Norm Kuperberg, N.Y.C.

"Record the hour and the minute," she said without a second thought.

Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

"Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes," said General Putnam aimlessly.

Jeanne Pavon, Mahwah, N.J.

"Hey, let's get naked," they said all together.

Brian Bracey, Atlanta, Ga.

"First I remove all the window glass," he said painstakingly.

Lisa Giordano, Madison, Ala.

"Serves you right for wearing those ridiculous shoes," she said with callous indifference.

William Moore, Yläkalliontie, Finland

"*Sunday in the Park With George* is about Georges Seurat," he explained pointedly.

Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.

"I don't miss fresh herbs in my sour cream," she said chivalrously.

Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

COMPETITION

"Well, at least she didn't take *everything*!" said John Bobbitt testily.

Leonard Greenberg, Sterling, Va.

"I hate this stinkin' job!" the plumber lamented incessantly.

Mary Beth Crowgey, Roanoke, Va.

"I see through your little scheme!" she cried in a fit of pique.

John A. L. Sisto, Block Island, R.I.

"You're overcooking the shish kebab!" he lambasted.

David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

"I always cook chops on both sides," she revealed.

Robert D. Levine, Woodside, N.Y.

"I'm just an average poker player," he said winsomely.

*Judy Blanchard, Novi, Mich.
similarly: Mary T. Helmes, Cincinnati, Ohio*

"What a good boy I am!" said Jack with aplomb.

Adeline Neal, Arlington, Va.

"Lord of the Dance is even better," asserted Michael flatly.

*L. Hoffman, White Plains, N.Y.
similarly: Robert Warner, N.Y.C.*

"Another liqueur?" she asked cordially.

Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

"Can you tell it's frozen dough?" she asked needlessly.

Steven Weiss, Scottsdale, Ariz.

"We've buried them again," cried the three kittens intermittently.

*Elaine Stallworth, New Port Richey, Fla.
similarly: Sophy Alter, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

"The world is my stuffed oyster," she said farcically.

Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

"I'll just have to kill the king," Regis sighed.

Pablo Zouras, Vienna, Va.

"It's a four-door," said Ann.

Andy Staff, Truro, Mass.

"I don't care what anyone says, I love my Honda," she said of her own accord.

Percy Allen, Boynton Beach, Fla.

"Do you like my new German car?" she whispered audibly.

Catherine Lume, Maspeth, N.Y.

"I don't know why I bought this car," she said capriciously.

Steven Scher, Bronx

"I'll see your five and raise you ten," he said morbidly.

John Grady, Dallas, Tex.

"Hamlet's a complete fraud," he said disdainfully.

*Eric Persson, Mundelein, Ill.
similarly: Tom Colman, N.Y.C.*

"The bloom is gone from my life," Roth declared.

Jim Cavanaugh, St. Simons Island, Ga.

"I can't give other than gold and frankincense," he demurred.

Bill Beebe, Bethlehem, Pa.

"Bo, you're so fired," he said candidly.

Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

"Son, have I got a joke for you," she said majestically.

Elaine Amdur, Kingston, Pa.

"Someone left the cake out in the rain; I'll have to bake another," he retorted.

Mary Schmidt, Birdsboro, Pa.

"I am pro-auction," she said forbiddingly.

Zach Williams, University Heights, Ohio

"Bingo!" he shouted benignly.

David Sitrin, Annandale, Va.

"Don't fuss, I'll skip my hair appointment," she said without ado.

Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

"It always leaks when it rains," Joan said ruefully.

Sarah Jenkins, Redondo Beach, Calif.

"I hope you agree that this house needs ventilation," said Alice fanatically.

Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

"May I borrow your compact?" she said after a little reflection.

Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

"It's an Irish conifer," she opined.

*Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.
similarly: Eric A. Barr, Reading, Pa.*

"Me, I have a great cattle ranch in Argentina," Ernesto said pompously.

Jonathan Smit, N.Y.C.

"I'm always on the lookout for a good hero sandwich," he said subconsciously.

A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

"Now I can sell these luxuries over the Internet!" said M. Fabergé excitedly.

Annabelle Sperling, Stamford, Conn.

"I gift these large bottles of wine to you with resentment," said Anna magnanimously.

Albert C. Hurwit, Hartford, Conn.

"I played the role of main nag," Magnani proclaimed anagrammatically.

Alan Levine, Massapequa, N.Y.

"I must have it all," Ivan agreed.

Eleanor Stein, Kokomo, Ind.

"I did not have sexual relations with that woman," said the president fallaciously.

Norman Charles, N.Y.C.

"I knew she would leave me after my presidential term," he cried, exhilarated.

Jacqueline Taeschler, N.Y.C.

"It's time to free Madison Avenue," he ad-libbed.

Sima Fuchs, Teaneck, N.J.

"Th-th-th-that's all, folks," he said blankly.

Janet Herron, Miami, Fla.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 962, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by February 11. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the March 6 issue.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

P	A	P	A	C	Y		P	I	T	E	O	U	S
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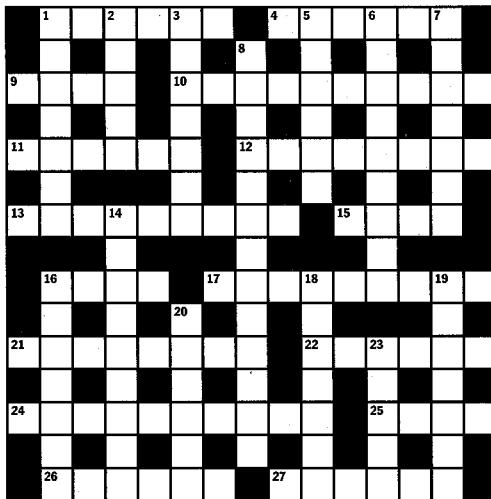
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The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 Lower or upper garment. (6)
- 4 Tearaway's daylight robbery. (3,3)
- 9 Picture held firm in frame. (4)
- 10 Number given bill for sleeping accommodation. (4-6)
- 11 He shoots out from hiding. (6)
- 12 Sets aside Tom's battlescars? (8)
- 13 Cracking assistant to a huntsman. (7-2)
- 15 I returned to receive the king—a terrible person. (4)
- 16 See the key goes to the agent. (4)
- 17 Arrest in case is not ordered. (9)
- 21 Fly doctors to South American capital. (8)
- 22 In depression, find somewhere to drink. (6)
- 24 Hair dressers? (10)
- 25 Give a signal and slow down. (4)
- 26 Undertake challenge. (4,2)
- 27 Shutter usually closed at night. (6)



DOWN

- 1 Having cut down, Jack, terribly thin, gains a stone. (7)
- 2 Raise the standard bowler's approach. (3,2)
- 3 Clasp down in French Army. (7)
- 5 Umpire corrupt? Yes, corrupt. (6)
- 6 Talons hug brutally in attack. (9)
- 7 A sunny spot? (7)
- 8 One does not wish one's children to be brought up in it. (8,5)
- 14 Two noises not amounting to much. (9)
- 16 He and I are inseparable. (7)
- 18 Meet, and come up to expectations. (7)
- 19 Wreck aground despite exercising caution. (2,5)
- 20 Oriental wear for doctor in family circle. (6)
- 23 Refuse to be seen out with Capone. (5)

'I Come From Arkansas': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Largest American Indian tribe
- 7 Purse fastener
- 12 Served, with "out"
- 18 Steel, originally
- 20 Irritable
- 21 "Again!" at concerts
- 22 Checked cotton cloth
- 23 First woman senator from Arkansas
- 25 Antipole of SSW
- 26 Simpson trial judge
- 27 Unity
- 28 Editor from Arkansas
- 36 In a cold manner
- 37 Woebegone
- 38 Anatomical ring of color
- 39 Esau's land
- 43 Selection
- 45 Crumpets' go-with
- 47 Killer snake
- 48 Sticky mud
- 49 "Tiki"
- 50 Swiss scenery
- 52 Truism
- 54 White House resident from Arkansas
- 56 Priestly title: abbr.
- 57 Effortlessness
- 58 Wild hog
- 59 H.S. math.
- 60 Iran's ex
- 62 Activist from Arkansas
- 66 Thames school town
- 67 Even score
- 68 Response to the preacher
- 69 Speck
- 70 Actress from Arkansas
- 76 Fiddle sticks
- 77 Revenue agcy.
- 78 Affectations
- 79 Numbered rds.
- 80 Sport — (trucklike vehicles)
- 82 Author John from Arkansas
- 84 Volvo rival
- 85 Vulcan's volcano
- 86 Bankroll
- 89 Nephritic
- 90 She played Cleo
- 91 Everybody
- 93 Part of NATO
- 95 Jittery

DOWN

- 96 Male dreamboat
- 99 Words in a simile
- 101 Moisture the roast
- 102 General from Arkansas
- 105 Holds in high regard
- 110 Slapstick missile
- 111 Have a go at
- 112 Hoopster from Arkansas
- 116 Went by, as time
- 121 Sauce with fish
- 122 Famed Express
- 123 False teeth
- 124 Heavily adorned
- 125 Zoo attraction
- 126 Flower feature

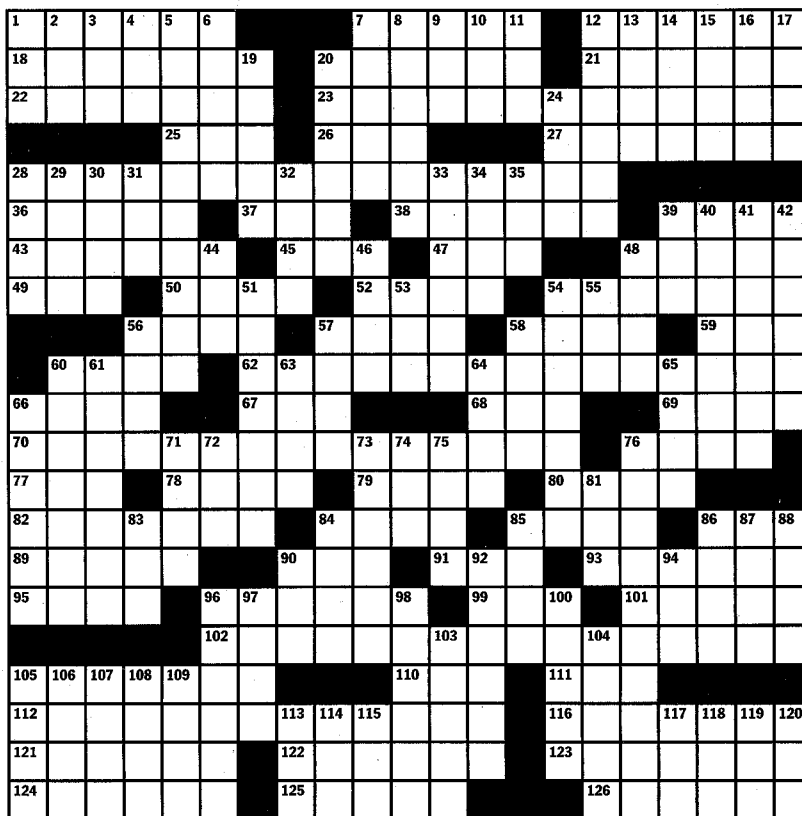
DOWN

- 1 West African nation: abbr.
- 2 Greek nickname
- 3 Between Wernher and Braun
- 4 "Sense and Sensibility" director — Lee
- 5 Singer from Arkansas
- 6 Chimp's kin
- 7 Packing box
- 8 Michael Jackson's sister
- 9 Aardvark's tidbit
- 10 Glide the slopes
- 11 Southey's predecessor as poet laureate

DOWN

- 12 Durbin of '30s-'40s films
- 13 Concerning
- 14 Radar sweep
- 15 Hockey's Gordie
- 16 Historic periods
- 17 Rulers of old Tunis
- 19 Australian birds: var.
- 20 Byron's "Harold"
- 24 Monk's hood
- 28 Rube
- 29 Reflected sound
- 30 Columbia's mascot
- 31 Samuel's teacher
- 32 Hamelin's scourge
- 33 Readied for impact
- 34 Remainder
- 35 Comics caveman

- 39 Angled annex
- 40 Deny
- 41 Brunch offerings
- 42 Scanty
- 44 Actress Taina
- 46 Some distance away
- 48 Overly dry
- 51 Before the start of the semester
- 53 "Unaccustomed — am ..."
- 54 Source of copra
- 55 Henry V, when prince
- 56 Numerous
- 57 First place
- 58 Fictional Adam
- 60 Had the leading role
- 61 — around (clowning)
- 63 Commits perjury
- 64 Band bookings
- 65 Andy's radio sidekick
- 66 Expatriate of a sort
- 71 Humorist Mort
- 72 — Maria (liqueur)
- 73 Carioca's country
- 74 Tony-winner Hagen
- 75 McEntire of country music
- 76 Coach from Arkansas
- 81 This is dynamite
- 83 Make a statement
- 84 Half a prison name
- 85 "Lohengrin" heroine
- 86 Launder
- 87 Westernmost U.S. island
- 88 Henna user
- 90 Rawls or Costello
- 92 Bemoan
- 94 Ingest
- 96 Look up to
- 97 Potion portion
- 98 Opposite of energized
- 100 Behaved
- 103 Medici city
- 104 Van Gogh locale
- 105 Start of Idaho's motto
- 106 Surgery souvenir
- 107 Needing mending
- 108 The Sundance Kid's girl friend
- 109 Coup d' —
- 113 How the weasel goes
- 114 Tax-deferred acct.
- 115 Bowler's target
- 117 School-affiliated gp.
- 118 Addition result
- 119 "Look — thou leap"
- 120 Home room



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